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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 1896

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PHILADELPHIA

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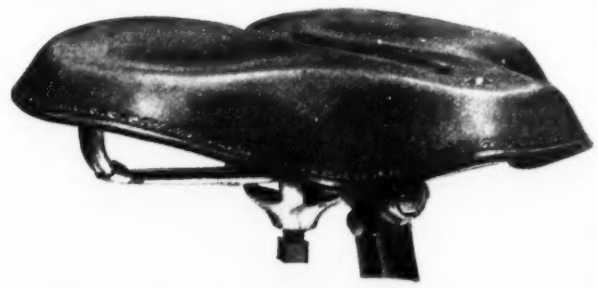

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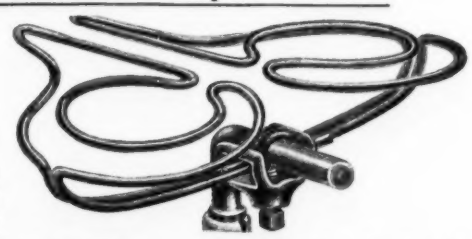

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS

By James Whitcomb Riley

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS, WITH YOUR
EERIE EYES SO CLEAR AND PURE
GAZING, WHERE WE FAIN WOULD SEE
INTO FAR FUTURITY,—
TELL US WHAT YOU THERE BEHOLD,
IN YOUR VISIONS MANIFOLD!
WHAT IS ON BEYOND OUR SIGHT,
BIDDING TILL THE MORROW'S LIGHT,
FAIRER THAN WE SEE TO-DAY,
AS OUR DULL EYES ONLY MAY?

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS, WITH FACE
LIKE AS IN SOME WOODLAND PLACE
LIFTS A LILY, CHASTE AND WHITE,
FROM THE SHADOW TO THE LIGHT;—
TELL US, BY YOUR SUBTLER GLANCE,
WHAT STRANGE SORCERY ENCHANTS
YOU AS NOW,—HERE, YET AFAR
AS THE REALMS OF MOON AND STAR?—
HAVE YOU MAGIC LAMP AND RING,
AND GENII FOR VASSALING?

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS, CONFESS
YOU'RE DIVINE AND NOTHING LESS,—
FOR WITH MORTAL PALMS, WE FEAR,
YET MUST PET YOU, DREAMING HERE—
YEARNING, TOO, TO LIFT THE TIPS
OF YOUR FINGERS TO OUR LIPS;
FEARFUL STILL YOU MAY REBEL,
HIGH AND HEAV'NLY ORACLE!
THUS, THOUGH ALL UNMEET OUR KISS,
PARDON THIS!—AND THIS!—AND THIS!

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS, WE CALL
TRUCE AND FAVOR, KNOWING ALL!—
ALL YOUR MAGIC IS, IN TRUTH,
PURE FORESIGHT AND FAITH OF YOUTH—
YOU'RE A CHILD, YET EVEN SO,
YOU'RE A SAGE, IN EMBRYO—
PRESCIENT POET—ARTIST—GREAT
AS YOUR DREAMS ANTICIPATE.—
TRUSTING GOD AND MAN, YOU DO
JUST AS HEAVEN INSPIRES YOU TO.

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

* II—THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE

THE Second Article of the Constitution deals with the Executive Department of the Government. It declares that "the Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America," and that "he shall hold his office during the term of four years." These conclusions were not arrived at in the convention without difficulty. Should the Executive be single or plural—one President or several? Some of the ablest men in the convention wanted a plural Executive. One President too strongly reminded them of the King from whose tyrannical and cruel grasp the Colonies had just escaped. Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, wished that the number should be left to the determination of Congress. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, "strenuously opposed a unity in the Executive magistracy." He regarded it as "the fœtus of monarchy." And on the final vote three States —New York, Delaware and Maryland—voted against the proposition that the Executive consist of a single person. Experience has so fully justified the conclusion reached by the convention in this matter, that no change has ever been suggested. The incumbent has never satisfied every one, but the discontented have never sought relief by giving him a double. Executive direction should always be single. When anything is wrongly done we must be able to put a hand on the man who did it. The sense of responsibility begets carefulness, and that sense is never so perfect as when, after full consultation, the officer must go alone into the chamber of decision. In all of the recent reform city charters this principle is made prominent—by giving the Mayor the power to appoint the city boards and officers, and so making him responsible for the efficiency of the city government. Two Presidents or three with equal powers would as surely bring disaster, as three Generals of equal rank over a single army. I do not doubt that this sense of single and personal responsibility to the people has strongly held our Presidents to a good conscience and to a high discharge of their great duties.

IT was proposed in the convention to provide an Executive Council that should exercise a measure of restraint upon the acts of the President; but the suggestion was wisely rejected. A many-headed Executive must necessarily lack that vigor and promptness of action which is often a condition of public safety. Senator Sherman is reported, perhaps erroneously, to have very recently expressed the opinion that each Cabinet officer should be independent in the administration of his department, and not subject to control by the President. The adoption of this view would give us eight Chief Executives, exercising, not a joint, but a separate control of specified subdivisions of the Executive power, and would leave the President, in whom the Constitution says "the Executive power shall be vested," no function save that of appointing these eight Presidents. It would be a farming-out of his Constitutional powers. It is not my purpose to state here my views as to the true relation between the President and his Cabinet—that subject will be considered in its order—but only to point out that the responsibility under the Constitution, for the Executive administration of the Government in all its branches is devolved upon the President. A Cabinet independent, after appointment, of the Executive, and not subject, as in England, to be voted out by the Legislature, would be an anomaly. Mr. Stevens, in his "Sources of the Constitution of the United States" (p. 167), gives an interesting account of an interview with President Hayes from notes made at the time, in the course of which President Hayes said that

> "In matters of a department, he [President Hayes] gave greater weight to the opinion of the Secretary of that department, if the Secretary opposed his own views; but on two occasions, at least, he had decided and carried out matters against the wishes of the Secretary of the department affected. He had done so in the case of his Secretary of the Treasury, whose opinion he usually valued. In each case, knowing the certainty of diverse views from the Secretary, he had not asked those views but had announced to the Secretary his own policy and decision."

AS to the term of the Presidential office, the conclusion of the Constitutional convention has been less fully acquiesced in. In the convention, opinions shifted from a long term, with a provision making the person chosen ineligible to a reëlection, to a short term without any such restriction. On June 1 the convention, in committee of the whole, voted for a term of seven years, and on June 2 a provision was added making the incumbent ineligible to a second term. The vote on the question of a seven-year term stood, in the affirmative, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Virginia; in the negative, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Connecticut; Massachusetts was divided. On the question of making the Executive ineligible after seven years, Massachusetts, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina voted in the affirmative; Connecticut and Georgia in the negative, and Pennsylvania divided. On the 19th day of July, the subject being again before the convention, it was voted, nine States in the affirmative (Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia), to one (Delaware) in the negative, to make the term six years. On July 26 the original proposition of the committee of the whole "that the Executive be appointed for seven years, and be ineligible a second time," was reinstated and was passed. On September 6, by a final vote, the term was fixed at four years, and no restraint was put upon the eligibility of the President for as many terms as he might be chosen. The fears of those who said that the power of the office was such as to enable an ambitious incumbent to secure an indefinite succession of terms have not been realized. In practice the popular opinion has limited the eligibility of the President to one reëlection. But some of our leading and most thoughtful public men have challenged the wisdom of the four-year term, and have advocated six years, usually accompanied with a prohibition of a second term. And unless some method can be devised by which a less considerable part of the four-year term must be given to hearing applicants for office and to making appointments, it would be wise to give the President, by extending the time, a better chance to show what he can do for the country. It must be admitted, also, that ineligibility to a second term will give to the Executive action greater independence. It seems unlikely, however, that any change in the Presidential term will be made unless some unexpected event should stir into action a thought that is now of a theoretical rather than a practical cast. Our people are wisely conservative in the matter of amending the Constitution.

THE provisions of the Constitution relating to the manner of choosing the President are of peculiar interest, for the reason that while we still follow the letter of the Constitution we have practically adopted a new, and to the framers of the Constitution, an unthought-of method. Various methods of choosing the President were proposed in the convention. Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, one of the most learned and useful members of the convention, stood for an election by the people, and proposed that the States be divided into a certain number of election districts, and that in each the people choose "electors of the Executive magistracy." Mr. Roger Sherman was for an election by Congress. Mr. Rutledge suggested an election by the Senate. Mr. Gerry proposed that the President should be chosen by the Governors of the States or by electors chosen by them. Mr. Wilson proposed an election by electors to be chosen by lot from the National Legislature. He did not move this as the best mode, but still thought the people should elect. As a member of the Pennsylvania convention he said, "The convention were perplexed with no part of this so much as with the mode of choosing the President of the United States." It was finally determined that electors should be chosen in each State, and that they should meet and elect the President and Vice-President. How the electors should be chosen, and how many each State should have, was next a subject of debate and division. It was finally determined that "each State shall appoint in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress." Indiana has thirteen Representatives in Congress and two Senators, and chooses, therefore, fifteen electors of President and Vice-President. Rhode Island has two Representatives in Congress and two Senators, and chooses four electors of President and Vice-President, and so of the other States. The number of Representatives that a State has in Congress is determined by its population, and the population is determined by a census taken every ten years. The unit of representation—that is, the number of people that shall be entitled to a Representative in Congress—is not, however, permanently fixed, but is fixed by law every tenth year, after the census returns of population are in. The Constitution provides that the number of Representatives shall not be greater than one for every thirty thousand people, and upon that basis the House of Representatives would consist of two thousand three hundred and thirty-three members, estimating our total population at seventy millions. The Electoral College would, of course, have the same number of electors, plus eighty-eight—the whole number of the Senators. It has been found necessary, in order to preserve a manageable and efficient legislative body, to increase the unit of representation; and, under the law of February 7, 1891, the whole number of Representatives is fixed at three hundred and fifty-six—one for each 175,905 of population. The whole number of electors of President and Vice-President is four hundred and forty-four—three hundred and fifty-six plus eighty-eight.

THE manner of choosing the electors is left by the Constitution to the Legislatures of the respective States. The method most used has been to choose the electors by a popular vote in the whole State—each voter voting for the whole number of electors to which the State is entitled. The practice of the political parties is to allow each Congressional district to nominate an elector, who is designated a district elector, and in a State convention to nominate the two electors given for the Senators, usually called electors-at-large or Senatorial electors. But all of these are put on the State ticket and are voted for throughout the whole State, and usually are all elected, or none; though in a few instances some one elector on a party ticket has been chosen and the others defeated. But this method of choosing electors has not been universal. In some States the electors have been chosen by a vote of the Legislature, and in Michigan in 1891, the Democratic party being in the ascendency in the Legislature, and the Republicans probably having a majority on the popular vote in the whole State, a law was passed giving to each Congressional district the right to choose an elector, and to the State the right to choose the two electors-at-large. By this method those Congressional districts that had a Democratic majority could choose electors of that party and thus divide the electoral vote of the State. So it would be in the power of a State Legislature already chosen to take the choosing of the electors into its own hands. I think it is greatly to be desired that a uniform method of choosing Presidential electors should be adopted, so as to free the selection as much as possible from partisan juggling. The purpose of the convention was to provide for the selection of a body of well-informed patriotic men, who should elect as President the man whom they should think the best fitted for the high office. Their choice was not to be constrained by pledges, nor limited by nominating conventions. But while we still use the letter, the spirit of the Constitution has been subverted. Presidential candidates are nominated in National party conventions, and the electors are regarded as honorably bound to vote for the nominee whatever may be their individual opinion as to his comparative fitness. An elector who failed to vote for the nominee would be the object of execration, and in times of very high excitement might be the subject of a lynching.

THE origin of the Electoral College has been the subject of much speculation. The only American precedent is found in the first Constitution of Maryland, where provision was made for the choice of State Senators by electors chosen by popular vote in specified districts. In the Massachusetts convention Mr. Bowdoin said: "This method of choosing the President was probably taken from the manner of choosing Senators under the Constitution of Maryland." An attempt has been made to find the suggestion of the Electoral College, as we have come to call it, by some in the method then in use of choosing the German Emperor, and by others in the method of choosing a Pope, by the College of Cardinals. Sir Henry Maine thinks that the members of the convention "were to a considerable extent guided by the example of the Holy Roman Empire." And as Maryland, where the Electoral College was first used, was a Catholic colony, the suggestion seems plausible. But there was this difference: our electors are not a permanent body, but fresh men chosen every four years. We are in the habit of speaking of the Presidential election as taking place on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in every fourth year, but in fact no vote is given for President and Vice-President at that time at all. The names of the party nominees for President and Vice-President are printed on the ballots, but, in fact, no voter votes or can vote for them. He votes for certain men whose names are on the ticket as electors; and, by the act of February 3, 1887, these men assemble in each State at the Capital on the second Monday of January and vote for a President and Vice-President. These votes from each State are sealed and sent in duplicate to the President of the United States Senate, one copy by mail and the other by special messenger. So that, in fact, our President is elected on the second Monday of January in every fourth year, though we are not in doubt as to who is to be chosen, because the electors are morally bound by the nomination in convention.

THE original provision of the Constitution did not allow the electors to vote for a President and Vice-President. They were required to vote for two persons, at least one of whom should be a resident of another State than their own. Either of these persons might become President, for the person having the highest number of votes, when the votes of the States were opened by the President of the Senate and counted, if that number were a majority of all the votes, became President, and if it happened that two persons had a majority and an equal number of votes, as it might, then the House of Representatives was required to choose one of these persons to be President—the vote being by States—each State, by a majority of its members, casting one vote. This provision for a vote by States, which is still retained, is a singular one; as in the Electoral College, as we have seen, the larger States had a larger vote than the smaller ones. The person having the next highest number of votes in the Electoral College was to be Vice-President—and of these, if two had an equal number, the Senate was to choose one of them to be Vice-President. It was by this crude and awkward method that Washington, Adams and Jefferson were chosen. In 1800 the candidates for President and Vice-President on the Federal ticket were Adams and Pinckney; on the Republican ticket Jefferson and Burr. Jefferson and Burr each received seventy-three votes; Adams received sixty-five, and Pinckney sixty-four. This result necessitated an election by the House of Representatives, and Mr. Fiske says that "such intrigues followed for the purpose of defeating Jefferson that the country was brought to the verge of civil war." In 1803 Congress proposed an amendment—the twelfth—which was adopted in 1804, and has ever since been in force. The votes are now given in the Electoral College for a President and Vice-President separately. The person voted for as President having the highest number of votes, and a majority of all the votes, is elected; and so of the Vice-President. If no person has a majority of the votes for President then the House of Representatives is required from the three having the largest number of votes to choose a President—the vote being taken by States as before. If a Vice-President is not chosen by the electors the Senate elects him from the highest two on the list. In 1837, there being no majority for Vice-President, the Senate elected Richard M. Johnson, the Democratic candidate.

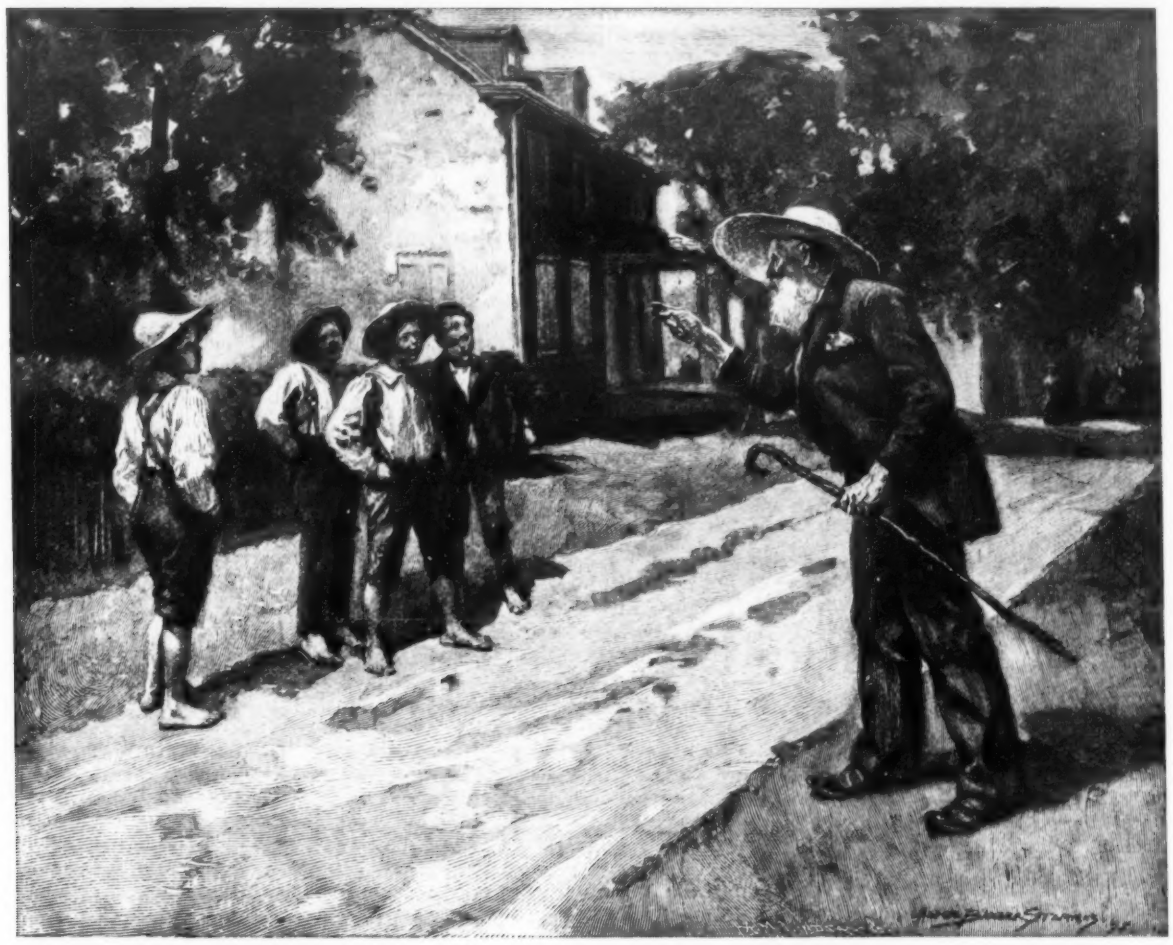
THE Constitution requires that the President shall be a natural-born citizen of the United States, or a citizen at the time of the adoption of the Constitution; but practically, no one now except a native-born citizen is eligible to the Presidency. At the time of the adoption of this provision that allowed any foreign-born citizen, who was a citizen when the Constitution was adopted, to become President, there were conspicuous statesmen and patriots, such as Hamilton, who were foreign born, and whose services in securing our freedom and in organizing the Government were such that it would have been ungracious to have made them ineligible to the Presidency. The President must be thirty-five years of age, and have been fourteen years a resident of the United States. In case of the death, resignation or inability of the President, or his removal from office, the powers and duties of the office devolve upon the Vice-President, and in the case of the removal, death, resignation or inability of both the President and Vice-President, Congress is empowered to declare what officer shall act as President—and that officer acts until the disability is removed or a President is elected.

The first law passed by Congress fixing the succession was in 1791, and its provisions were that in case of the death, resignation or disability of both the President and Vice-President, first the President *pro tempore* of the Senate should succeed to the office of President, and next the Speaker of the House of Representatives, until the disability should be removed or a new election be had.

The Presidential and Vice-Presidential offices have never in our history both become vacant during a Presidential term. Several Presidents have died in office—Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield, but the Vice-President took

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 29 OF THIS ISSUE)

* The second of a series of papers upon our Government and its functions, its relations to the people, and their relations to it, which ex-President Harrison is writing for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The articles began in December, 1895, and will appear in successive issues during the year.



"I'm too old a man for you to speak to me like that, boys"

NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

*III—CYRUS EMMETT, THE UNLUCKY MAN

By Mary E. Wilkins

Author of "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," "Pembroke," etc., etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IT is not probable that Cyrus Emmett's relations intended any sarcasm toward a helpless and inoffensive infant when they gave him the name of the great Persian conqueror, but that alone has proved a mockery of his lot in life. Poor Cyrus Emmett has not been able to conquer even the petty obstacles of the narrow sphere to which he was born—even in this humble village of humble folk, who regard the luxuries of life very much as they do the moon, as something so beyond their reach as to make desire ridiculous. Cyrus Emmett has the superior lowliness of the utterly defeated. Not one of the other villagers but has had at some time or other his own little triumph of success, which gave him that sense of power which exalts humanity. He has married the prettiest girl or has made a great crop of hay, or he has grown the finest grapes, or built himself a tasty house, or been deacon or selectman. Cyrus Emmett has never known anything of these little victories, which, being well proportioned to the simple contests, perhaps produce as fine a quality of triumph as did those of the great Persian whose name he bears.

"Through the village street, his back bent with years"

Poor Cyrus, when a boy at school, never quite got to the head of his class, although no one studied more faithfully than he, and at the end of the term he knew his books better. Once Cyrus would have gone to the head; he spelled the word correctly, but the teacher misunderstood. Once the two scholars above him had the mumps and were absent, and he would then have taken his place at the head had he not slipped on the ice on his way to school, and sprained his ankle.

Always, when he could spell a word, and the scholars above him were failing, and his heart was beating, and his head swimming with anticipated triumph, when he leaned forward and waved his arm frantically, and could scarcely be restrained from declaring his wisdom before his turn, the next boy gave the correct answer and went to the head. If Cyrus had not been so near success his disappointment would not have been so great.

Cyrus made a signal failure in his boyish sports. He could never quite reach the bottom of a hill without a swerve and roll in the snow when almost there, and that, too, on an experienced sled, and with no difference in his mode of steering, that one could see. If there was a stone or snag heretofore unknown on the course Cyrus discovered it and cut short his career; if another boy was to collide with any one it was with him.

At a very early age Cyrus began to excite a feeling compounded of contempt and compassion among everybody with whom he came in contact.

"Cyrus Emmett is a good boy, and tries hard, but he never seems to make out much," they said.

"Try again, Cy," the boys shouted when he toiled up the hill for the twentieth time after a hard toss in the snow. And Cyrus would try with fierce energy, and upset again amidst exultant laughter from the top of the hill. There has been, from the first, no lack of energy and perseverance in Cyrus Emmett. It is possible that he might have gained more respect in his defeats if there had been. There is, after all, a certain negative triumph in declining to bestir one's self against excessive odds, and sitting down to the buffetings of fate, like an Indian, maybe with a steady fury of unconquerable soul, but no struggles nor outcries. Cyrus, however, has never ceased to kick against the unending pricks of Providence, and fall back and kick again, and fall until his neighbors seem never to have seen him in any attitudes but those of futile attack and defeat. Had he sat stolidly down on his sled nor tried to coast at all, and defied his adverse fate in that way, it is quite probable that he might have gained more respect.

Cyrus' father was a farmer; a thrifty man, and considered quite well-to-do, as he owned his place and stock clear, with a little balance in the savings bank, until Cyrus was old enough to enter into active coöperation with him in the farm management. Then things began to go wrong, but seemingly through no fault of Cyrus', nor indeed of any living man.

First the woodland caught fire, and all the standing wood and fifty cords of cut went up in flame and smoke. Then there was a terrible hailstorm, which seemed to spend its worst fury on the Emmett farm, and laid waste the garden and the cornfields. Then the Emmetts' potatoes rotted, although nobody's else in the village did. That year half the little balance in the savings bank was drawn; in two years more the Emmett account was closed. The old man died not long after that, and his son inherited the farm; his wife had died long before, and a maiden sister of his had kept house for him.

The year after his father's death Cyrus' barn was struck by lightning, and burned to the ground with several head of cattle and a valuable horse. Then Cyrus mortgaged the farm to build a new barn and buy stock, and it is one of the tragic tales of the village that the new barn had not been finished a week before that also was burned because of the hired man's upsetting a lantern, and only two cows were saved. Then Cyrus borrowed more, and the neighbors went to the raising of another barn, and lent a hand in the building. They also contributed all they could spare from their small means and bought Cyrus another horse.

But it was not long before the horse sickened and died, and the lightning struck again and badly shattered one end of the new barn, and killed a cow, beside stunning Cyrus so severely that he was in the house for a month in haying-time. Then the neighbors gave up. "It's no use tryin' to help Cy Emmett, he wasn't born lucky," they said, and they had a terrified and uncanny feeling, as if they had been contending against some evil power.

Once Cyrus had what seemed for a little while a stroke of luck, such as all the village people have known at least the taste of—he drew a prize. The village does not approve of lotteries, and Cyrus had been brought up to shun them, but that time he was tempted. A man went the rounds selling tickets at a quarter of a dollar apiece on a horse which he represented as very valuable. The man was a third cousin of Deacon Nehemiah Stockwell, and people were inclined to think he was reliable although they had not seen the horse. He represented, also, that the money obtained was to go toward the building of a Baptist church in East Windsor.

Cyrus had just lost his horse, and he had a quarter in his pocket and he bought a ticket and drew the prize. It went around the village like wildfire, "Cy Emmett has drawn the horse." Pretty soon two men were seen leading the horse through the village. It seemed odd that he should be led instead of ridden, that it should require two men to lead him, also that he should be so curiously strapped and tied about the head and hindquarters. However, he looked like a fine animal, and tugged and pranced as well as he could under his restrictions, thereby showing his spirit. He was said to be very valuable; Cyrus Emmett was thought to be actually in luck that time.

However, poor Cyrus' luck proved to be only one of his usual misfortunes. The horse was a white elephant on his hands; he could not be harnessed, and he threw every rider who bestrode him. As for working the farm he might as well have set the fabled Pegasus at that. He kicked and bit—it was dangerous even to feed him.

Finally he took to chewing his halter in bits, and escaping and terrorizing the village. "Cy Emmett's horse is loose!" was the signal for a general stampede. At last he had to be shot.

Cyrus Emmett, when he was a little under forty, had the mortgage on his farm foreclosed, and went to live in a poor cottage with a few acres of land attached. He has lived there ever since, and he is now past sixty.

Cyrus' ill luck seems to have followed him in his love affairs. When he was quite a young man he fell in love with Mary Ann Linfield, but she would not have him. She married Edward Bassett afterward.

It was all over town one morning that Mary Ann had jilted Cyrus. Her mother ran in to Miss Lurinda Snell and told of it. Cyrus did not marry until his old aunt, who kept his house, died; then he espoused a widow in the next village, and she has been a helpless cripple from rheumatism ever since their marriage.

Cyrus has to toil from dawn until far into the night, tilling his few scanty acres, caring for two cows and hens, peddling milk, and eggs, and vegetables, nursing his sick wife, and doing all the household tasks.

It is a curious thing that although Cyrus pays painfully, penny by penny, for all his little necessaries of life, that he has no credit. I doubt if a man in the village would trust him with a dollar's worth, and he is said to purchase such infinitesimal quantities as a dozen lumps of sugar, and two drawings of tea, and a cup of beans, because he has no ready cash to pay for more.

Poor Cyrus Emmett goes through the village street, his back bent with years and the hard burdens of life, but there is still the fire of zeal in his eyes, and he is always in spirit trying over again that coast down the hill, although he always upsets before he reaches the goal.

The boys call out, "Hallo, Cy," when they meet him, and he makes as if he did not hear, although they are, after all, friendly enough, and intend no disrespect. It is only that his lack of progress in life seems somehow to put the old man on a level with themselves.

Once he stopped and said, half angrily, half appealingly, "I'm too old a man for you to speak to me like that, boys." But they only laughed and hailed him in the same way when they met again.

They say that luck is always sure to turn sooner or later. Perhaps later means sometimes not in this world; but if poor Cyrus Emmett's luck does turn in his lifetime there will be great rejoicing in this village.

"He is said to purchase such infinitesimal quantities as a dozen lumps of sugar"

* The third of a series of character sketches which Miss Wilkins has written for the JOURNAL, and which Alice Barber Stephens has illustrated. The others will appear in following issues.

Wilhelmina

FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH—BY A. J. M. STEINMETZ, OF THE HAGUE

THE LITTLE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

By Arthur Warren

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. DE THULSTRUP AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

HOLLAND is a little country, but it is a remarkably prosperous one. It is a sleek, fat, well-fed country, fabulously washed and brushed and combed and "tidied-up." Everything is relentlessly spick and span; even the tails of the stabled cows are tied up with knots of brilliant ribbon. It is a comfortable country and it is a marvelous one. It has an importance altogether out of proportion to its size. It is considerably less than a third as large as Pennsylvania, and its population is only about three times that of New York City, yet it has great colonial possessions, which are nearly twice as large as the German Empire, and within them dwell over thirty millions of people. The sovereign of this vastly interesting country and its huge dependencies is a charming little girl not sixteen years of age.

SWELL AND A TINY TURNOUT

The Queen of Holland is a bright-faced, blonde little lassie who passed her fifteenth birthday on August 31, 1895. She is rather pretty and has a slender, graceful, young figure. I have seen her dressed in the peasant costume of Zeeland, and she looked for all the world like one of George Boughton's dear, delightful Dutch maidens, except that her cheeks were not ruddy. She has a very delicate, clear complexion; her hair is pale brown, and long and wavy; her eyes are blue and there is a delicious twinkle in them which suggests that the young girl has a fair sense of humor. Her Christian names are Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria. Her father was the late William the Third, King of the Netherlands; her mother, who was the second wife of that monarch, is the daughter of Prince George Victor, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and sister of the Duchess of Albany, the widow of Queen Victoria's son, Prince Leopold. King William the Third, of Holland, died in November, 1890, and his little daughter, who was then just past ten, succeeded to the sovereignty, her mother being made Queen Regent. I suppose that if Wilhelmina the First were asked by some staunch democratic maiden of her own age whether in the dignities of Queenship there is much satisfaction for a little girl she would answer "No." To be sure, there is some amusement to be got out of her position, but not so much as if the girl were the daughter of a rich Dutch burgher, or of a farmer in that wonderful country where the peasants are like walking jewelers' shops, and where the land flows with canals and honey. For one thing, the playmates of the child Queen can be very few, and, as there is no bevy of brothers and sisters in the family, the girl's life has so far been spent almost entirely among persons much older than herself. She has to study hard and upon subjects which do not usually come within the range of a girl of her years—political economy, for example, the national constitution, and the legal relation of Royalty to the State.

HER FIRST EQUINE PET

FAMILY OF FAVORITE DOLLS

Although the Dutch Court is a comparatively small one the members of it see little of the young Queen, and know less about her. She is very closely guarded by her mother, her governesses and her professors, so that she may be kept beyond the reach of partisan influence and Court intrigues until, at least, she is old enough to act upon her own judgment. So because she is a child Queen she lives in a fashion more secluded than is the custom with young girls even in the Netherlands. Queen Wilhelmina is a clever girl, and, like most Royalties nowadays, an excellent linguist. She knows four or five languages besides her own, and of these English is her favorite. She reads English easily and speaks it fluently. Her education has been chiefly in the charge of an English lady, Miss Winter, of whom the girl is very fond, and who is more like a friend or elder sister in her attachment than a professional companion or instructor. The Queen is very frank and engaging in her manner, and she can also be unusually dignified for a child when she has occasion to be.

The little Queen of Holland rises at seven o'clock every morning through the year. She breakfasts at eight, and at nine o'clock punctually her lessons begin. The study she likes best is history. Her principal instructor is Dr. Salverda de Grave, a French scholar of repute. The morning studies are stopped at half-past eleven, and then the Queen goes for a drive. No matter what the weather is nor what the season, she drives in an open carriage. At half-past twelve she has luncheon with her mother. After luncheon she takes another short drive accompanied by the Queen Regent, or by Miss Van der Pall, one of the superintendents of the child's education. When the Queen returns from her second drive she has lessons again until four o'clock. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion, the latter an innovation dating back but a couple of years or so. Then until dinner-time the Queen is free to amuse herself as she pleases. She roams in the palace gardens, or perhaps has an outing with her ponies, or perhaps she plays with her dolls. At half-past six dinner is served. Once or twice a week when the Queen is at The Hague the gentlemen and ladies of the Court have the honor of dining with her. Always, if the weather be fine, Queen Wilhelmina gets into the open air again for half an hour's drive or walk. Her hour for retiring is as regular as the hour for rising. She is in bed by ten o'clock each night, and the lights are out. This part of the daily regime is the one which pleases her least of any. Few interruptions to the child's studies are permitted. Whenever or wherever she goes a portion of each day is given up to her books and to her tutors. Wilhelmina is an assiduous student of music, but has little taste or talent in that direction, consequently she will never be much of a vocalist nor a very skilled performer. From her mother and from the Dutch Court chaplain the little Queen receives religious instruction.

Juvenile sovereigns can be very trying to their elders. Notions of their own importance are apt to crop up rather rapidly in their young heads. Wilhelmina is not an exception. She had held her Queenly title for scarcely six months when one morning, at an unconscionably early hour, she left her room and knocked at the door of the Queen Regent's chamber.

"Who is there?" asked her mother.

"The Queen of the Netherlands," was the grandiloquent reply.

"Oh!" said the Queen Regent, "I am afraid it is too early to receive the Queen of the Netherlands, but if my little daughter Wilhelmina is there she may come in."

Little Wilhelmina is as full of fun as any youngster of her age in any land. She is getting quieter now, but until a year or two ago she had a prodigious liking for practical jokes.

A girl of fifteen, even if she is a Queen, cannot be expected to wholly overcome her fondness for dolls. Queen Wilhelmina has a contingent of dolls which she dresses in every kind of costume known to the Netherlands. Among these is one which she calls the Queen of Doll-land. She dresses it in miniature robes of Royalty, puts it on a miniature throne and appoints a number of other images to serve attendance upon it. From one birthday celebration she returned home weary with the continued bows she had made in response to the enthusiastic salutations of the loyal Hollanders. She brought out all the inhabitants of her Doll-land, set the sovereign of them in their midst, and made her bow and bow and bow till the headgear of the waxen creature was sadly disarranged. "Now," said Wilhelmina, "you shall sit in a carriage and bow till your back aches, and see how you like being a Queen!"

WILHELMINA'S SLEEPING-ROOM AT HET LOO

It is a custom on the Queen's birthday to invite the children of the Court people to the palace, where they spend a great part of the day romping in the garden and rowing on the lake. Then they go off for a drive in a long procession of vehicles with the little Queen and her mother at their head. Then, after picnicking and an amazing display of fireworks, the youngsters are taken to their homes, and their Royal hostess is sent off to bed. From time to time the Queen's young relatives come to stay with her for a few days. Then there is great sport among the small fry. They mount the Queen's ponies, and, setting all rules of Court etiquette at defiance, devise impromptu races, and go banging helter-skelter about the palace grounds, making as much noise as so many street urchins.

The Queen has six little Shetland ponies, and in her wagonette she often drives four-in-hand. She manages the reins with dexterity. The favorite among her ponies is a Scotch piebald named Gryselle. But as an equestrienne she has outgrown this smart little creature, and for riding she now has an Arabian horse, on which, every morning, she goes for a gallop accompanied by an attendant. But her most faithful attendant is her dog Swell. Swell is a red Irish setter. He sleeps at the door of his mistress' chamber; he keeps guard at the portal of her schoolroom until she is released from her lessons; he accompanies her on her walks and drives; goes with her when she moves from one of the Dutch palaces to another; and he makes one of the party on the annual visit to Switzerland. Swell, by-the-way, though always delighted to accompany his mistress on her drives, has a rooted objection to entering her carriage in the decent manner which becomes an attendant of a Queen. He has his own notions of deportment, and although he is ready enough to come to heel at other times, yet when invited to go for a drive he will not pay the slightest attention to his mistress' calls, but he waits till the carriage is in motion and then he takes a flying leap, alighting on the seat beside her Majesty, wagging his tail and sniffing with proper pride. When the afternoon lessons are over Swell is on the watch to escort the young Queen to the park where her playrooms are.

There is no other country in the world which gives such an impression of general prosperity as Holland. Everybody there seems well-to-do, and so, although the country is very small, and very fat, and very droll, and almost under water, you need not be surprised to learn that its Royal family is rather more comfortably housed than are most of the Royal families of Europe. There was a time when I began to think that there must be as many Royal palaces in Holland as there are windmills, and even now I am not quite certain how many palaces there are. But there are enough and to spare. There is a big palace at Amsterdam, and another at Het Loo, and there is a palace at The Hague, and a palace at Soestdyk, near Utrecht, and there is the famous "House in the Wood" just outside The Hague. This is doing very well for a toy country with a toy Queen. The palace at Amsterdam is not externally beautiful; it is a big, barrack-like structure.

Emma

QUEEN REGENT

THE PALACE AT HET LOO

It was a town hall in the great days of old. It has streets on each side of it, and not so much as a blade of grass nor an inch of gravel between its outer walls and the traffic of the thoroughfares. It is in the busy centre of a busy city, and it is so badly adapted for a Royal dwelling that the Queen Regent and her daughter remain there only one week in the year. While in residence at Amsterdam the Royal family keep open house for their relatives and friends, and festivity is the order of the day. The etiquette is not then so strict as at most other European Courts, and the sovereign is more accessible to the people. Eligible persons who wish to pay their respects to the Queen Regent call at the palace and write their names and their errand in a book provided for the purpose. Five days later, all things being equal, they are requested to present themselves for audience.

The palace at Het Loo is the favorite residence with the Dutch Royalties. It is the young Queen's summer home in Gelderland. It is, I believe, the oldest of the Dutch palaces. It is a large, comfortable-looking building, with a quadrangular court which is profusely dotted with beds of flowers. A great wood of superb trees comes up to the very walls of the Royal mansion. The place is near Apeldoorn, and a fair journey from Amsterdam, as journeys go in tiny Holland. It is a secluded spot, and here the Royal family have all the advantages of country life, and are free from the persistent attentions of town-dwellers and sightseers. There is a large park at Het Loo, and it makes a capital playground for the little Queen. A portion of the park is set apart especially for her pleasures. Here she has her gardens, her dogs, her birds, her swans, and here the tame deer come and feed at the hands of the young Wilhelmina. In this little domain there is a Swiss chalet which serves as a kind of playhouse for the Royal girl. It is prettily furnished, and gives her juvenile Majesty the chance, which most young girls would appreciate, of "playing house" on a very realistic scale. On summer afternoons the Queen in the chalet receives her mother and one or two ladies of the Court, pours tea for them and plies them with cakes of her own baking. The chalet has become by this time quite a museum of toys which the Queen has outgrown. Here she keeps her happy family of thirty dolls, who ought, if they are appreciative images, to be very learned, since up to two years ago the Queen used to repeat to them her daily lessons. Near the chalet there is a little garden where her pretty Majesty cultivates flowers. There is also a miniature farm in which she takes a great interest, even working there sometimes with hoe and spade among the vegetables. This little girl, who is to presently reign over the kingdom, is thoroughly Dutch in her taste for flowers and farming. She would, indeed, make a model housewife one of these days, if she were not to be called to sit upon a throne, for she is as well-trained as Dutch maidens usually are in the practical details of housekeeping.

If you ask when a young Queen "comes out," I, for one, will find it difficult to tell you. The young Queen of Holland has been "out" ever since her father's death left her, five years ago, at the head of the realm. To be sure, she has not yet "come to the throne," as the saying is. The big throne under the ample canopy in the great palace at Amsterdam has not yet felt the pressure of her pretty form. Nor has her Majesty, Wilhelmina, yet been crowned. She has still nearly three years to wait until she reaches her legal majority (eighteen), before the ceremony of coronation can take place, before she can become officially the chief personage of her kingdom. Meanwhile a Regency reigns in Holland, if a Regency can be said to reign, and Wilhelmina's mother is the Regent. Although the girl is still in her minority she has recently begun to appear at public festivals; she has responded repeatedly to the salutations of her loyal countrymen, and latterly she has been present at a few ceremonial dinners. She is a remarkably intelligent talker for so young a child. She has, indeed, taken a great fancy to these Court dinners, and, naturally enough, she likes, as one would say, to feel her Queenship.

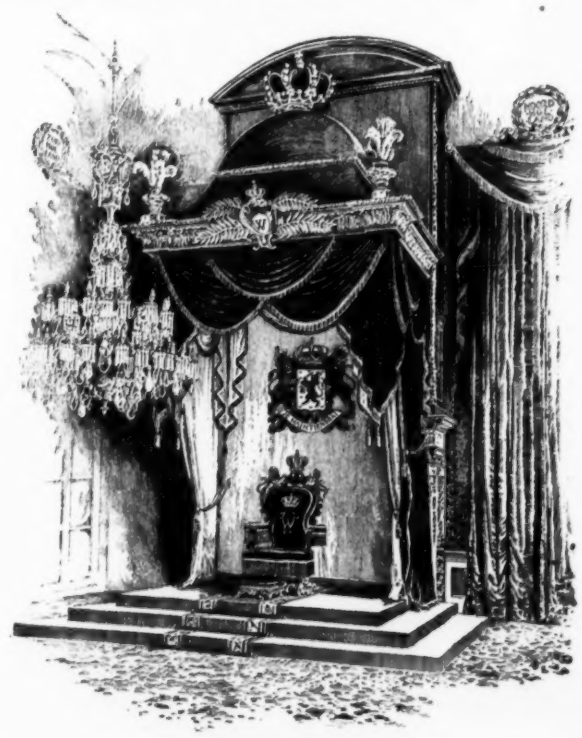
Queen Wilhelmina is a patriotic little party. She is quite sure that in the Netherlands she has the finest kingdom in the world, and that the Dutch are the bravest and best of peoples. All this is as it should be, and the Dutch themselves share the amiable belief. Clever little linguist though she is, the Queen speaks only in Dutch when conversing with her mother, to whom, of course, the language is a foreign one. Wilhelmina likes to dress in peasant costume, and there she shows good taste, for the Dutch peasant costumes are much more picturesque and attractive than the fashionable gear which is usually furnished by the dressmakers of Holland. In most parts of the country there is a lingering fondness for the old styles of peasant dress. The wonderful golden trinkets which dangle at the temples of the women of Zeeland; the marvelous helmets of silver and gold worn by the women of Friesland; the prodigious silver buttons and buckles and breastpins, and the long chains of coral beads and silver links, with which the dames and damosels bedeck themselves, are precious heirlooms which in some sort are marks of importance and dignity. No people are more tenacious of ancient customs in dress and demeanor than the plump, domestic Dutch folk. So they applaud their little Queen's fondness for the time-honored fashions in gowns and headgear. Thus she becomes doubly dear.

They all call her in Holland "our little Queen." There is a genuine affection for her throughout the country, and with good reason, for she is a very lovable child. The sweetness of her nature shines out through her face. She has the most winsome smile that you could wish to see. She appreciates her position thoroughly, that is to say, as thoroughly as a girl of her years can appreciate such an exceptional condition as Queenhood, and she is amusingly particular about the dignities which encompass her. For all that, she is delightfully considerate of others. Her servants worship her, Dutch children adore her, and everybody who comes into contact with her speedily becomes very fond of her. Somebody has said that the Dutch are at heart Republicans, and that their loyalty is not so much to the throne as to the occupant of it for the time being. Be that as it may, they are unquestionably loyal to this little girl, partly because she is a little girl, and a very charming one into the bargain, and then again because she is of the House of Orange. To the House of Orange the Dutch owe their national life, and they are not unmindful of their debt.

I saw some very interesting evidences of Dutch loyalty when her small Majesty visited the Province of Zeeland for the first time. It was about a week before her fourteenth birthday. The Zeelanders were at great pains to welcome the bonnie girl. Every town she visited was decorated from top to toe. At Flushing, for example, every street and lane, every alley and back garden, every window, every door, had its bunting, its flowers, its lanterns or candles. Along the curbstones, at intervals of six feet, young trees were set out for the occasion; from tree to tree hung festoons of evergreen, and from the festoons there swung Chinese lanterns and bunches of artificial flowers. The queer little town, with its odd little houses and its droll little people, made the daintiest holiday spectacle I have ever beheld. Everywhere one saw busts, photographs and prints of the little girl set in banks of flowers; everywhere the legend, "Orange ën Nederland." All the children wore orange-colored ribbons inscribed "Welcome to our little Queen," and from all over the prosperous Province trooped the peasant folk in their best bibs and tuckers.

You should watch the Dutch as they cheer their little Queen. I saw her young Majesty arrive at Flushing, and pass from the railway station at the docks to the steamship "Nederland," which was to take her out to the men-of-war lying in the Scheldt. The girl Queen, dressed all in white, and carrying a bouquet with white streamers, walked down the quay with her mother, followed by a large company of officers in brilliant uniforms, and by dignitaries in Court dress. There were crowds of peasant folk and townspeople to witness this Royal progress. And how they cheered their little Queen! When she had reached the upper deck of the vessel, where the throng could see her plainly, they all set to, with perhaps more energy than harmony—but that did not matter so long as the spirit prompted them—singing a national air. It was a pretty sight to see this pretty child welcomed with an ovation by crowds of the plain people. And when the steamer paddled out to the Scheldt the cumbrous men-of-war, flying all their bunting and with all their yards manned by sailors cheering, shook the air and the waters with their cannonading. Then did the loyal Zeelanders run as fast as their legs could carry them along the dikes, striving to keep pace with the swift steamer, and crying at the tops of their voices, "Long live our little Queen!" The sternest Republican that ever lived would have joined in the cry. He must have been moved by the spectacle of a people hailing Godspeed to a pretty child. With real enthusiastic pride the loyal Hollanders see their winsome little sovereign budding into lovely womanhood, and with patriotic fondness they discuss the probability of her early marriage, although Wilhelmina is yet fancy free.

BACK FROM HER DAILY DRIVE



THRONE OF THE NETHERLANDS

FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT

*II—MEN AS LOVERS

By Lilian Bell

Author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," etc.

MEN seldom make good lovers. I deeply regret being obliged to say this, as they are about all we girls have to depend upon in that line, but it's the solemn truth. I don't pretend to say why this is so. I suppose it is because they are just men, and a man never dwells upon the sentimental side of life, nor understands the emotions, unless he is either a poet or a Miss Nancy, and it's almost equally dangerous to marry either of those.

Pray, do not be offended, my friends, the poets, at being mentioned in the same paragraph with a Miss Nancy, until you discover the exact meaning of that effective term of opprobrium. A Miss Nancy is a poet without genius, one who has a talent for discovering the fineness of life, but who lacks the wit to keep his views from ridicule. It is not a step of the seven-league boots between the sublime and the ridiculous. Sometimes it is only an invisible step of the tiniest patent leathers.

I never could understand why a man who plays a good game of whist should not know how to make love. There are so many points in common. You can play a game of whist with only enough skill to keep your partner's hands from your throat, or you can play it for all there is in it. Why do men never make love for all there is in it?

Now I am not a whist-player. Ask those who have played with me, and see the well-bred murder in their eyes as they remember their wrongs. They will tell you that I can take all the tricks—not just the odd, but three, four and five tricks—yet I am not playing whist. I am just winning the game, that is all. If my partner, in an unthinking moment, says, "Let's win this game," we win it. But it is like saying to the cab driver, "You make that train." We make the train and say nothing about taking off a wheel or two in the process. Once, after a game of this kind, my partner said to me, "Allow me to congratulate you upon a most brilliant game—of cards!" Consider my professional feelings as a whist-player!

Now you must not think me either stupid or blundering. I play with magnificent effrontery, often rushing in where angels fear to tread, but, somehow, effrontery is not the best qualification for a whist-player. I am too lucky at holding the cards, and play each one to win. I am lavish with trumps. I delight to lead them first hand round, but I have not the courage of my convictions, for I always feel little quivers of fear when I do it, because when my trumps and aces are gone, then I'm gone, too. I have no skill in *finesse*, in the subtlety, the delicate moves which are the inherent qualities of a game of whist. To tell the brutal truth, I play my own hand. Could anything be worse, dear shade of Sarah Battle, even if I do win? In short, my manner of playing whist is the way some men, most men, all men make love.

Now you know, brothers—I call you brothers to prove how very friendly my feelings are toward you, even if I do show you up from our side—you know that a good whist-player is only slightly interested in the play of the great cards. His fine instinct comes into play when the delicate points of the game are in evidence; when it is a question of who holds the seven of clubs, if he leads the six in the last hand, or of the lurking place of the thirteenth trump. I never can remember anything below the jack, and I give up playing whist forever at least once every month. But I am so weak that I return to it again and again, as a smoker does to his briarwood. I feel partly vexed and partly sorry for myself when I realize that I cannot play—I can only win. I have seen lots of men win very superior girls, but they have done it in a manner which would disgust a good whist-player. Yet they, too, keep on with their indifferent love-making with the same fatal human weakness which sees me brave the baleful light in my partner's eyes night after night—when I am in a whist-playing community. Many men make love because the girl is convenient and they happen to think about it. It never would occur to me to hunt up three people at a country house, and ask them to play whist. But if three are at a table, and there is no one else, I drop into the vacant place, which could be filled much better by a skilled player, with pathetic willingness.

I wonder if a man ever deliberately made up his mind to marry and then hunted up his ideal girl? Alas, alas, if he did I never heard of him. But I have seen scores of them drop into vacant chairs at the girls' side, and make love just because they were handy.

We hate this "handy" love-making, we girls. You needn't think we don't know it when we hear it. Sometimes we are not so stupid as we pretend. But we never let you see that we are clever enough to understand you, because you don't want us to. You dislike to think that a look is going straight through you, because it hurts your little vanity to feel that your arts are so transparent. And I don't blame you. We girls are just as bad. If we are pretending to you that we have been waiting all our lives for just you, we hate to have you discover that we have employed those years of waiting very satisfactorily to ourselves, so much so that a casual observer would not have suspected the emptiness of them.

So your funny little pretenses are all very well, provided you don't let us catch you in them. Only—possibly you don't know how many times we do catch you. That is one of the chief points. You never know how many times we see through you and beyond, and know just why you did certain things much better than you yourselves knew it. Of course, it wouldn't be wise for us to tell you this individually, for that would break up the meeting, but there is no harm in letting you know in bulk.

I suppose there is not a man in the world who would not be surprised if he knew that we do not consider men good lovers. We have accepted them, and been engaged to them, and married them, and pretended to them, and, what is still worse, pretended to ourselves that they were satisfactory, but the truth is they were not, and they are not, and this is the first time we have dared to say so.

Now don't expect, if you go to your wife or your sweetheart and ask her if this is so, that she is going to tell you the truth about it. I wouldn't either. I would pretend that the others might be unsatisfactory as lovers, but that you—well, you just suited me, that's all. I'd have to, you understand, to keep you going. And that is what your sweetheart will do. If she didn't you would get cross and sulky, and there would be a week of unhappiness for both of you, and then the girl would apologize and back down from her position, and then you would go on exactly as you did before.

No, if you are going to profit by this at all, don't talk it over with any woman you love. Talk it over with some clever woman whom you might have loved if you hadn't seen this other girl first—you needn't bother to tell her this, she knows it already—and she will tell you the truth, because she has nothing to lose. You won't give *her* up because she tells you a few disagreeable truths about yourself. A man will always take more from a woman whom he has no business to love, than he will from his own sweetheart or wife.

I wonder why things are so. Is it that ideal love is only founded upon the truth and the superstructure is built of fabrications? Is it that we women are much more artistic, and cleverer at masquerading the truth, that we make so much better lovers than the men? Oh, the scores and scores of men who have told me what their wives thought of them, and then the looks these wives have shot at me across the flowers on the dinner-table! Only one glance, which no man caught, telegraphing, "Do I, though? You are a woman and you know. You know what I would have if I could, but how I have had to make him believe that he was all of that, because he is my husband." Not that she is dissatisfied with him. Not that she would give him up. Not that she would leave him or have anybody else if she could. She loves him all she can, and he loves her all he wants to. He has won the game, but he has not played for all there was in it. Emphatically he has not.

I never have been able to make up my mind whether ideal love was the best, or if love with a great deal of common sense in it wasn't the most philosophical and better in the long run. But to those of us who are romantic it is fearful to think of deliberately turning our backs on terrapin, and lobster, and ice cream, and meditating upon plain bread and cold potatoes. You men don't recognize the romantic streak which, of more or less breadth and thickness, runs through every woman, making her love good love-making. You are so terribly practical and common-sense and every-day. We girls like flowers, and mental indigestibles, and occasional Sundays. We don't know why we do, but we do, and we can't help it, and if you are going to make love according to Hoyle you've got to recognize this fact, and pamper us in our folly. Don't we pamper you?

Now I know perfectly well how some of you are going to work at it. You will begin by thinking, "Yes, that's true. I've got a girl like that, and, by Jove, I'll humor her!" Bless your dear hearts! Your intentions are always of the best. If only you knew how to carry them out! But the first time you come across a little unreasonable, sentimental folly of hers you will take her hand in yours and say, "Yes, dear, I understand just what you mean. I know exactly how you feel on the subject, and I am perfectly willing to do what you want me to. But, don't you see, if I do, it would look just a little queer to mother (or the boys, or the other fellows, or to Jessie and the girls, or to—you may insert the name for yourself), and while I want to please you I hardly think that is quite the way to go about it, so if you will be the dear, sensible little woman that you always are, we will simply take a nice little walk instead of going to Europe, and I will try to make it just as enjoyable to you. You know I shall be with you, Darling, and haven't you often said that you were perfectly happy wherever I was?" And Darling will begin a little weak argument in favor of Europe, although she sees that your mind is made up. But you have seen her weaken at your smooth talk, and you give her some more, and if that doesn't do, why you kiss her and then she's gone. And before you leave her she has assured you that she really would "just as soon" or "much rather" (according to the girl, and how well she knows the part to play) take a walk than go to Europe, and you come out whistling and thinking what a dear little thing she is and how much you love her. Oh, you've won! Nobody denies that, but look at your partner's face if you want to know how you've done it.

Why didn't you do as you said you were going to? Why didn't you do it her way? Why don't you study your sweetheart and get to know her and to know the real woman, the side she never shows to you nowadays? Because just as soon as she sees your way of doing, she is going to hunt up a new method of managing you. It is all your own fault that you are managed (as you all know you are), and your fault that you get pale gray truth instead of the pure white. It starts out pure white, but it is doctored before it gets to you.

You never are satisfied to do anything else in the slovenly way in which you make love. I know a man who is just an ordinary man in everything else, but to see him drive his spirited horse is to know that he has the making of a good lover in him. He is full of enthusiasm in studying her disposition. He will interrupt the most interesting conversation to say, "There, Pet, that pile of stones won't hurt you. Go on now, like the pretty little lady that you are. Here's a nice bit of road. Hold your head up and just let's show what you can do. That's right. That's my beauty. See how she reaches out. Isn't she handsome? Quiet now, Pet. Take this hill easily. We know you could keep up that pace for an hour, but you mustn't tire yourself all out just because you have a willing spirit. See her look around to see if I am pleased with her." "Dear me, that's nothing," I said. "Any woman would do as much if you treated her that way." He is over thirty-five, so he grinned appreciatively. He spends hours studying that horse's traits. He is always saying that she won't back, or that she hates this and is afraid of that. His horse never has to do anything that she doesn't want to; but his wife does.

You men wouldn't do business or even play golf without many times the thought you put into your love-making. Of course, now I am not talking of the sleepless nights or the anxious days you had before you knew whether she loved you. No, indeed, you did enough thinking and worrying then to please anybody. But I am referring to the girl whom you are engaged to, perhaps you are married to her and have been for forty years. You are not too old yet to know that you have not been a successful lover. I know that old story that men are so fond of telling just here about a man running for a car before he has caught it. Yes, we know all that. But we want you to keep on running. However, on the other hand, I know that ideal love is a difficult thing to manage from our point of view. It is a fearful strain to live up to it. In fact, nobody can do it. But I never could see why you had to stick to one or the other. Why can't you mix the two?

Ideal love is a beautiful thing to think about or to live in for a few weeks or months—according to your temperament. It cannot be equaled for the first part of an engagement or the honeymoon. But it is like going to the theatre and seeing the grandeur of the old gray castle, and the perpetual moonlight, and the devoted love of the satin duchess for the velvet duke. You know that it is just acting, and that the villain is not really going to swim the moat with his band of steel warriors, and burn the castle, and capture the duchess and marry her by force. Yet I love to pretend. I dearly love to take two pocket handkerchiefs with me and sop them both—and I'd like to cry out loud, only I never do—but I always have to pull my veil down and feel my way out of the theatre. I love to throw myself into it, and it always annoys me when the acting is so bad that I can't. If any man sees any moral in that, let him heed it and believe that I am only one of ten thousand other girls who would like to throw ourselves into the illusion of it, only your acting is so bad that we can't.

If only men would realize that the material side is what we girls care the least for. Pray don't think, just because you have built us Colonial houses, and have our clothes made for us, and never allow butchers' bills to annoy us, that you have done your whole duty by us. It never occurs to most of us, who have these dear American men for lovers and husbands, that we could ever really get cold or hungry. You would have a fit if you thought anybody belonging to you didn't have all the clothes they wanted and the best the market affords. But you think it is a huge joke when we say that we are mentally cold and hungry a good deal of the time, and that you are a storehouse with all that we need, right within your hearts and brains, only you won't give it to us.

When you want to surprise us with a present what do you do? You buy us a sealskin or a diamond ring. Is *that* what you think we want? Perhaps some of you have a wife who only wants such things and who cares for nothing else so much. If so, give them to her. If her higher nature is satisfied with plush, let her have it. Smother her in sealskins, weigh her down to earth with jewels. But the rest of us? What are you going to give us?

MISS LILIAN BELL

*The second of a series of articles written by Miss Bell for the JOURNAL. The first article, "The Man Under Thirty-five," appeared in the December, 1895, issue. Others will be published during the year.

"I wonder if we shall ever meet again!" said Longfellow

EXPERIENCES OF A PROFESSIONAL TOUR

By Mary Anderson de Navarro

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. DE THULSTRUP AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

* NUMBER III

FEW theatre-goers of to-day realize the difference between the old traveling star, and stationary stock company systems, and the present one, when every star has his or her own support. Though one could cite numerous individuals who have soared high in the theatrical firmament in spite of it, the effect of the former system could not but be pernicious in its influence on dramatic art generally; principally, because of the lack of time on the part of the members of the stock companies to study and digest their work, and so give to it the respect and importance due to it as an art. Besides, it seemed to me anything but conducive to intellectual or artistic growth, or to originality. It fettered and cramped one, and its conventionalities frequently descended to mere tricks. One of these much practiced at the time, was for the actor to stand in the centre of the stage as far back as possible (in the lime-light if there was one) so as to force the other artists, in listening to him, to turn their backs upon the audience, thus concentrating all the attention upon himself; then say his speech, whatever it might be, beginning *pianissimo* and ending *fortissimo;* after which he was to sweep grandly into the corner and wait for his applause, which usually came from "the unskillful" and made "the judicious grieve." Before learning the remedy for this trick, which had in it nothing resembling the manner of "Christian, pagan or man," I often had an "Ingomar," "Colonna," "Master Walter" or "Macbeth" take me by the hand, swing me below him, then spring back three or four steps, and keep me during all of his speeches with my back to the audience, literally forcing me down the stage until I was almost in the footlights. Dion Boucicault unfolded to me the antidote for this evil, which was "simply turn your back upon the bellowing artist, and in ignoring him, cause the public to do likewise." It was amusing to see how humbly the old-stager came down from his central position, and turned his back to the public, even that, to get you to look at him. These practices often grew into conflicts between actors playing lovers' parts. Each player acted for himself, and ignored the *ensemble*. From this and other equally pernicious traditions I soon learned that the training of those companies was worse than no training at all.

Like the animals in Noah's Ark they were composed of twos and twos, "leads" "juveniles," "heavies" "walking," "utility," etc., and if the theatre was prosperous, a dozen or two "thinkers" of both sexes. The vocation of these was apparently to listen, think, sympathize with the joys and sorrows of the hero and heroine, and gesticulate wildly and indiscriminately. They were accused by utility persons, who were a round higher on the ladder, and who occasionally made such remarks as, "Yes, my lady," or, "The chariot waits, my lord!" of carrying their gestures in a box, and using the same on all occasions. Each week brought a different star, with a round of new plays, to these companies (long runs were almost unheard of then), and they had frequently to memorize their parts while standing in the wings during the performance, awaiting their cues—"winging a part," it was called. Rapid study, a hurried rehearsal daily, the rearranging of their costumes for the ever-changing plays, left them no free time to reflect upon the characters they were to enact; and for this uncommon amount of work they gained but a meagre salary and a facility for memorizing, which is the smallest part of an actor's art.

We visited yearly all the Southern and Western cities which boasted such companies: Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, etc.

AS "PERDITA"

[Copyrighted by Mora, New York]

AS SHE APPEARED IN "HERMIONE"

These two characters, "Hermione" and "Perdita," in "The Winter's Tale," constituted the dual role in which Mary Anderson closed her stage career

[Reproduced, by permission, from the "Magazine of Art"]

Though the experience was very hard I learned little by it, except many of the most irritating of the old-school traditions, and to identify the art with unceasing drudgery. In the smaller towns, where a traveling circus or a minstrel show was the general form of entertainment, we took a limited company of our own. The inhabitants usually stared at us as though we were the menagerie of one of their yearly shows. Though we produced nothing but strictly legitimate plays we realized with humiliation that we were classed with the lowest grade of entertainers. I remember one afternoon a small street urchin recognized me, and, calling together a crowd of boys, shouted in great excitement, "Come along, boys, here's the circus; come on and have a free look at the circus!" He evidently became an admirer, for after the morning's performance we saw his ragged figure in the crowd that came to have a look at "the circus" as it left the theatre. He was standing near the carriage, and, as I entered it, he looked at me wistfully, and, holding out his dirty little hand, said: "I say, Mary, do give us a kiss!"

Such publicity in the streets became very painful to me. I dreaded being stared at and vulgarly remarked; and though I dressed as simply as possible to avoid attention, such incidents were of constant occurrence. On another occasion, while driving to the hotel in an omnibus with the company, the conductor poked his head in at the window and accosted my mother—she being the most dignified-looking of the party—with, "I say, Miss! what time does your show commence?" "Show," being a word connected, in her mind, with the fat woman and waxworks, was more than she could bear. She looked at him indignantly, and in crushing tones answered, "My good man, this is not a 'show'!" "Well, Miss, what in thunder is it then?" "An intellectual treat!" This answer so mystified her questioner that he remained silent for the rest of the drive, apparently turning over in his mind whether or not he should ask for a free pass to such an ambiguous entertainment as an "intellectual treat." This expression became a byword in the company.

Those "barn-storming" tours were full of incident, accident and amusement. I can never forget an afternoon performance when two young men, who had evidently begun making their New Year's calls early in the day, so disturbed the actors and public with loud remarks that it was with difficulty we finished the scene. When it was over, Mr. John W. Norton, who was part manager and leading man, ordered the offenders to be removed—which had to be done by force. Being pressed for time the following day, I hurried across to the theatre alone. There I found two hard-featured, collarless fellows upon the stage. One of them approached me, and in a rough voice said: "We are here in the name of the law to seize your baggage or arrest you." I was too dumfounded to ask them why they wished to make me a prisoner, for horrible visions of false accusations of murder or robbery rose up before my startled mind, and probably made me look as guilty as though I had committed both. The first old woman, the comedian, and a few utility people were on the stage. In the presence of these unshaven guardians of the law they were even more alarmed than I. The situation was terrifying. On recovering a little presence of mind I quickly resolved on escape at any cost. Extreme politeness was my first move in that direction. With a beating heart, but smiling face, I placed two chairs for the unwelcome visitors by the stove. Taking one myself I began questioning them about their families, while anxiously looking for the appearance of some rescuer. Though their replies were discouragingly curt this ruse succeeded, for when, answering an imaginary call from the wings, I asked for a moment's grace they readily assented. I knew of a side exit through an alley, often used to escape the curious crowd that generally collected about the stage door. I walked calmly across the stage, and once outside ran like one possessed to the hotel. There I found Mr. Norton, who hastily escorted me to our rooms, advising my mother and me to remain in them with locked doors. Two more frightened women it would be difficult to imagine, for we had no idea what the threatened arrest meant. Later on we learned that all the trouble had been caused by the ejected disturbers of the day before. Some influential friends went bail for me. There was a trial, and I am happy to say the offenders only received two cents damages. Why they received even this—being disturbers of the public peace—must, I suppose, remain forever an added mystery to the clouded working of the law.

The tragedy into which my name was dragged, unconscious though I was of its perpetrator, occurred soon after. I allude to the mournful event which created so much

* The last of the three chapters of Mrs. de Navarro's stage career memoirs to be published in the JOURNAL; the preceding two appeared in the December and January issues. Copyright, 1896, by Mary Anderson de Navarro.

sensation at the time, when a young and attractive girl imagining her lover attached to me wounded him, and killed herself, after having sought in vain to take my life.

Many of those early days were as fraught with danger and excitement as with discomfort and weariness. I have often smiled at the general belief that my path has been one of roses. During a visit to Canada, while resting in Toronto before beginning a week's engagement, I heard a grand opera for the first time. My pleasure in the music was so great that I had to be constantly reminded not to rise and cry out with enthusiasm. The operas were "Faust," "Trovatore" (old-fashioned, yet ever fresh) and "Martha." Brignoli in the leading *rôles* was admirable, though he had, through growing obesity, lost much of the grace which for many years had made him such an idol with women. His fresh, beautiful and impassioned voice soon swept one into forgetfulness of his looks and inferior acting. In those days I always took with me an old friend in the shape of a guitar, upon which, as a child, I had picked out, with much labor, a sufficient number of chords to accompany a few favorite songs. One day Brignoli passed our rooms while I was singing "The Irish Immigrant's Lament." He requested an introduction, and tried to persuade me to start for Milan at once for a year's training, and then to become an opera singer. "But," said I, "I am already on the stage. I act 'Juliet,' 'Lady Macbeth,' and all kinds of fine tragic parts." "Leave them all alone," he answered. "With your voice you would have a far more distinguished success on the operatic than on the dramatic stage." Though delighted to know from him that I could sing I assured him that I would not let go my hold on the robe of Melpomene for the glories of all the other Muses put together.

The difference between the audiences in Canada is very marked. In Toronto and Ottawa they are reserved, and much harder to arouse than at Montreal, where the French element gives to the public a glow of Continental warmth. The enthusiasm there over my work, crude as it was, caused the people to take the horses from my carriage and drag it through the streets. This and other marks of their favor were shown, I felt, not for what I then did but for what they thought my future promised; for I was full of youthful exaggeration, and impetuosity often swept me far away from my characters. Still this kindness was none the less appreciated, as the encouragement of early efforts often fires the spark of ultimate possibilities. Many English friends in Canada prophesied success for me in London. After a flash of enthusiasm on the subject these flattering predictions were put aside, for I had no wish to act out of America.

The critical judgment of the Eastern States, in matters dramatic, was thought by the theatrical profession to be very great, and an artist was not considered in the first rank until he had been stamped with the approval of a Boston or a New York audience. Contented with the South and West as a field of work and improvement, I never thought of the East until attractive offers from several managers induced Dr. Griffin to accept engagements in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. To me the world seemed to hold no greater artistic centres than these cities, for the thought of visiting Paris or London had never seriously entered my mind. The excitement of acting in Philadelphia, Boston and New York was intense. My first character at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was "Evadne." At the rehearsals everything was so much brisker and more business-like than what I had been accustomed to, and the whole atmosphere so entirely new, that I was weighed down with apprehension lest the audiences should be different also. Fortunately the familiar faces of some of the "metropolitan artists," who had been with me "barn-storming," made me feel less strange. My surprise at the night's performance, when double recalls continually greeted me, was only equaled by the pleasure I felt when the press verified the success of the night before.

During that visit we saw much of R. Shelton Mackenzie, the friend and biographer of Charles Dickens. He was as interesting in himself as in his reminiscences of Sheridan Knowles, Dickens and many other eminent men, whose names and works had been familiar to me for years. He was a plump little man, with shining brown eyes, and a ruddy face surmounted by a wig of sleek, red hair, which often, in moments of excitement, got awry, causing him much annoyance. I remember how he used to jerk it into place, remarking that it was "a great bore," as it invariably limited his enthusiasm. Upon my asking why he did not discard it he answered that if he suddenly got rid of such a shock of hair every one would realize that he had been indulging in a wig. I assured him that any one glancing at his locks would easily discover their true nature. When we returned to Philadelphia the next year he appeared with a shining bald head fringed with silvery hair, which gave him an almost Pickwickian cheeriness and benevolence of face—Nature bringing out a frankness and charm of countenance which the false hair had completely hidden. Wigs are certainly great enemies of the human face, even upon the stage. They are useful in saving one's own hair from the curling-tongs, and necessary for illustrating different periods; but they generally mar facial expression, and frequently add to the years they are supposed to conceal.

The unexpected kindness of press and public was a stimulus to renewed effort, and a marked progress was the result. Still, most of my work was, to me, sadly immature and inartistic, and I felt it would take years of practical experience to remedy my lack of an early training. In New York, however, there was great help in store for me, in the valuable advice of Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. William Winter. Their insight into dramatic effect was a revelation. Mr. Boucicault entirely rearranged the business of "Ingomar," and gave me many suggestions for my general work—usually in an abrupt manner, for he had but little patience with what displeased him, and is said to have frequently made his leading artists shed tears under his rigorous direction.

The following letter from the author of "The Shaughraun," was written after the appearance of some severe criticisms in two New York papers. It is very characteristic:

"*Dear Miss Anderson:*

"I had written this intending to take it to the theatre last night, but was too sick to go out. The 'Herald' and 'Times' this morning have increased my nausea. Don't be moved by them to lose any confidence in yourself. I knew Julia Dean well, and she is as inferior to you as I am to Shakespeare or Sheridan. They find fault with you for your lack of art, which, if you had it, they would recognize as a blemish in one so young. 'Julia' is neither a heroic part nor a dramatic one. She is nondescript and unnatural, full of stage-trick and mannerism—of all characters the least fitted to you. That is clear. I don't think I shall like you in it, any more than I should like to see a crinoline and chignon on the Venus of Milo. Wash the blank verse out of the dialogue, and put 'Clifford' and 'Master Walter' into pants, and 'The Hunchback' is a society play (and not a very good one either). What the devil brings you into such a piece anyhow? Stick to parts where your arms are not bound with shoulder-straps, nor your feet tied together with pullbacks or frills. You want sweep and stride. I think you could play 'Rosalind,' and give it an altitude which few in our times have seen; but you should give it a long study. Yours sincerely,

"DION BOUCICAULT."

The difference of opinion about "The Hunchback" is extraordinary. Many persons, among them Fanny Kemble, speak of it as a great play, while the majority of theatre-goers look upon it as stilted and impossible. Personally, I have always had a very great liking for the part of "Julia." To me, the drawing of the character from beginning to end is without blemish. She represents so womanly a type, that most young women can hardly help sympathizing with her feminine inconsistencies. The language is undoubtedly bombastic at times, still the substance is good, and the sentiment genuine.

From Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson and Clara Morris I also learned much. Long practice of their art, constant observation, and years of study in the school of hard experience had made them the best of critics.

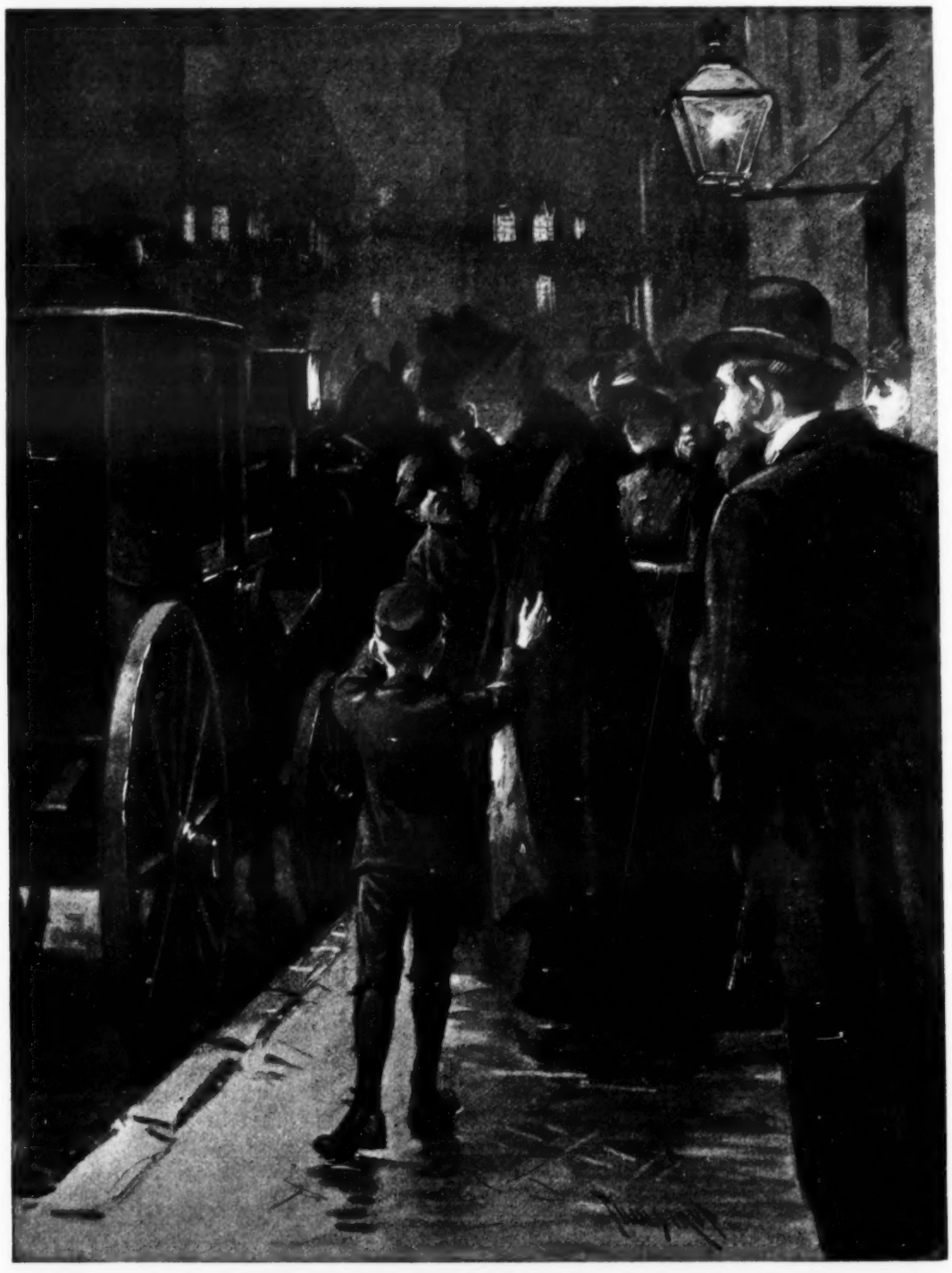
Up to that time I had allowed the daily newspaper criticisms to influence my night's work. An old actress advised me to give up reading press notices while acting; her theory being that any marked comment, whether in praise or blame, necessarily made one self-conscious of the point or points criticised, thus marring the spontaneity of the performance. Thereafter, articles containing useful suggestions made by capable critics, who clearly stated why the work was good or bad, were carefully put aside, and when the season was over and study recommenced, often proved profitable. This habit of not reading press notices while acting was kept up till the end of my stage career.

The usual feeling of loneliness and apprehension on entering each of the large Eastern cities—we had friends in none of them—was of short duration in Boston; for soon after our arrival James T. Fields brought a letter from his friend, Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, inviting us to his house near Cambridge. The influence we each exercise over every one with whom we come in contact, either for good or ill, is not to be denied. Longfellow's was only for good. Surrounded by the calm of his peaceful home, it seemed as though the hand of evil could not reach him. Every conversation with him left some good result. His first advice to me, which I have followed for years, was: "See some good picture—in Nature if possible—or on canvas; hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as to astonish even yourself."

He loved to surround himself with beautiful things. I have seen him kneel before a picture which had just been presented him, and study every detail and beauty of his "new toy," as he called it, with a minuteness and appreciation which few would understand. A portrait of Liszt he was particularly fond of, and he explained how it was painted for him, as he had first seen the master, descending a dark staircase in his own house, the light of a candle which he held high shedding a golden glow over his silvery head, leaving the rest of the figure in shadow. However infested with care or work a day might be, a visit from him was sure to beautify it. I once mentioned to him that his poem, "The Hanging of the Crane," was a great favorite of mine. "I am so glad you like it," he said simply; "few seem to know or care for it, and it is a particular pet with me." The poet was very fond of a good comic story, and had many amusing ones of his own experience. He was particularly delighted at the ingenuity of an enterprising vendor of patent medicine, who, vaunting the "marvelous effects" of his drug, no doubt in the hope of inspiring the poet, invited him to write a verse for the label, promising him a percentage on each bottle, and a free use of the medicine for himself and family. Persons of genius have often to pay dearly for their prominence. On one of his birthdays he was astonished at seeing a wagon containing a piano drive up to his house, followed by a strange young lady in a carriage. The latter informed the housekeeper that she wished it to be put in a room where it would "sound well," as she had composed a piece of music in honor of the poet's birthday, and meant to play it to him on her own instrument.

Longfellow was a great lover of music, and Wagner appealed to him strongly. We heard several operas together in Boston after my engagement there. He generally arrived before us, armed with flowers and full of delightful anticipation. On one of these occasions some one sent a magnificent bouquet to our box. Not knowing the donor I did not take it up. He insisted on my doing so. "Put down my simple ones," he said, "and take up those beautiful flowers. It will gratify the giver, who is no doubt in the house; try never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure. It will make you happier and better." Kindness was the keynote of his character.

A few months before his death, being unable, through illness, to leave the house, he sent for us again. The usual warm welcome awaited us. Luncheon over he showed me a "new toy," and tried to be amusing, but there was a veil of sadness over him, and I noticed how feeble he had grown. "Until the spring, then!" he said, as we parted, "if I am still here. I wonder if we shall ever meet again! I am old and not very well!" He apologized for not seeing us to the carriage, as was his wont, but stood at the window watching us leave. Its sash was covered with snow. His face looked like a picture set in a white glistening frame, for the sun was shining, and his hair and beard were nearly as white as the snow itself. I can see him still, standing there, waving his last farewell. Soon after the English-speaking world was saddened by the loss of one of its sweetest bards.



"I say, Mary, do give us a kiss!"

A sketch of "Mary Anderson as She is To-day," depicting her home life in England, her diversions, appearance and family, will appear in the March issue of the JOURNAL.—EDITOR.

"He saw her, for the first time, in the formal costume of a woman of the world"

THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

VI

AFTER that first interview between Mrs. Bertrand and Jerome, Louie and her guardian compared notes, and found that they were both possessed by the same belief: that the man to whom Mrs. Bertrand had been married was separated or divorced from her, but not dead.

During the following week Louie went to a ball, for which her guardian sent her a bouquet. With it was a great bunch of fragrant violets for her friend.

"Do see what he has done," said Louie. "He has sent half of them Parma violets and the other half the ordinary kind, and I'm sure it is in memory of your gown that he's mixed the two colors."

"Nonsense—the florist did it, of course," said Violet, "but they are lovely and delicious, all the same."

"And he says," said Louie, reading the note, "that we are, on no account, to fail him on Sunday afternoon."

She saw a little shade of doubt cross Mrs. Bertrand's face, and so said hastily:

"Now, Violet, you are not going to back out!"

"I feel a reluctance even to that much of society," said her friend, "but, of course, if you want to go I shall have to. It's the sort of thing I'm here for, and that settles it."

"Of course it does!" said Louie. "What sort of chaperon would you be, I'd like to know, if you let me spend hours, every Sunday afternoon, in the bachelor establishment of a man who is acknowledged to be one of the most charming men in this town—or in any town, for that matter. Didn't you find him so?"

"Well, not so much charming as interesting. He said things which have given me something to think about ever since."

"Well that, at least, is rare—as you must admit, and it may be the reason he's thought charming, though there is enough without that. If you knew the willing daughters that enterprising mothers have simply flung at him here you'd believe all that I say of him."

"I'm perfectly ready to do so, my dear child. He's nice."

"Nice! Is that all? I'll have to be satisfied with the adjective, I suppose, as it's more than I've heard you say of any other man here."

On Sunday afternoon at the appointed hour Miss Wendell and her chaperon drove toward Mr. Jerome's. Being two charming women, in a very smart victoria, they attracted attention, of course, but, perhaps, no pair of eyes that looked at them felt inclined to linger upon Louie when a so much more beautiful object was so near.

Mrs. Bertrand, *faute de mieux*, had put on her gray velvet gown, and, on the same account, had wrapped herself in a very handsome cloak of beige cloth lined and trimmed with rich fur.

"I've really got nothing else," she had said apologetically to Louie.

"Nothing else? Why, my dear Violet, what else could you have—or want? It's superb!"

"That's just it. Superb clothes are quite inappropriate for me—but as I have no appropriate wrap that is warm enough to drive in, on such a day as this, I must make use of what I happen to have—for economy's sake! It's the same with the gray dress. I must either wear it or get myself another, for my old black is really too rusty for Miss Wendell's chaperon—and oh, of course, it doesn't matter! It's only your cousin, and he will not notice details, provided I'm presentable."

"Of course not! Men never do—he especially," said Louie. "But why didn't you wear your violet bonnet?"

"Too cold! And also," she added, as if determined to be honest, "too becoming! Really, Louie, you must believe me that I do not want to embellish such good looks as I have, and attract attention. Attention, remark, notice of any kind is the thing that I most shrink from. Your guardian, of course, it is proper that I should see and know, but outside of his acquaintance I do not want to make any others, except in my formal capacity as your chaperon."

As their carriage drew up before Mr. Jerome's house, massive, stately, quiet, in the winter's sunshine, a young man who was walking along the pavement suddenly accelerated his steps, and came toward them.

"What luck!" he exclaimed, raising his hat, and holding out his hand to help them from the carriage. "I was wishing to see you and make an engagement with you, Miss Wendell—and as for The Violet, I had begun to think I should never get a glimpse or a whiff of her again!"

It was Frank Dexter, and as the friends responded cordially to his greeting, the door of the house opened, and Mr. Jerome appeared on the steps.

"May I come in, too?" Frank asked, when they had all shaken hands. "It's too good a chance to be lost!"

"Well, you may, on sufferance," answered Jerome, "though you needn't expect a very cordial welcome, as I had prepared myself for the joy of having these two ladies all to myself. However, it's a big enough privilege to bear division—and I'll go halves with you!"

By this time they had crossed the great hall—decorated with so fine and finished an effect as to prove to the observer at once that the master of the house was a collector and a *connoisseur*—and had entered the delightfully warmed and furnished library, with its rows upon rows of well-bound books, which had a charming look of having been used and enjoyed. Here the tea-table was set, and here were two bunches of fragrant flowers—one of dark red roses, one of parti-colored violets.

The two women threw off their outer wraps, and stood revealed, in all the *soignée* elegance of their close-fitting gowns. Frank Dexter was talking animatedly to Louie about a cotillion which he wished to secure her for, and so Jerome was directly in front of Mrs. Bertrand when she slipped from the folds of her rich furs, and he saw her, for the first time, in the formal costume of a woman of the world.

A small gray bonnet, with some tufts of fluffy, feathery white, was set close above her shining hair, and a thin gray veil made her fair skin look positively dazzling—beautiful. The fit of the velvet bodice over her superbly-rounded figure was as smooth and soft as the breast of a bird, and the large sleeves spreading gracefully and softly at each side had somewhat the effect of wings.

"It was May, who loved him and whom he loved"

"She makes me think of a dove," said Jerome to himself, "a dove who has been in the clutches of a hawk! And to think she may fall into them again!"

The very thought of it made him look savage. Mrs. Bertrand noticed the expression.

"What has vexed you?" she said, in her beautiful, low-toned English voice.

His features relaxed into a smile.

"What would you say, I wonder, if I were to tell you!"

"Tell me and see."

"Some day, perhaps, I will, but I must have your promise, in advance, not to be angry."

"Ah, I don't believe in promises in advance. They are a great wrong and evil. One should know always what one promises and whether one is able to perform."

He fancied a meaning in her light words deeper than their surface significance, but she quickly changed the subject by asking if she might not look at his books.

Delightedly he walked with her around the room, lingering long before his bookcase devoted to first and rare editions, which they discussed together eagerly.

"Ah, you have been a collector, too!" he said.

"I once began it for a little while, but I gave it up," she said sadly.

"You showed a rare strength."

"The Violet" was commenced in December JOURNAL.

"It was not strength. It was necessity. A change came in my life which made such indulgences impossible."

Then she walked away and stood before the mantel, examining some bits of china and looking for their marks.

"I see you are knowing about china, too," he said, "by the look with which you recognize that mug. Did you ever collect china, too?"

"A little," she said rather coldly, and then, making some remark to Louie, which drew the other pair into the talk, she sat down near the tea-table.

Jerome felt that he had gone a little too far and feared that he had offended. Without speaking he took the bunch of violets from the table near by and offered them to her. She accepted them silently and held them to her face, her eyes lowered. When she took them down her lips had curved into a lovely smile and the pained look which he had fancied there was gone.

"Shall I ring for tea?" asked Jerome.

"Yes, do—and Violet will make it," said Louie; "I am apt to make a mess of it myself—her's is twice as good."

Violet looked reluctant for a moment, but, as if remembering herself, said:

"Of course I will make it, if you wish," and drew off her long gloves.

When the tea was brought, Jerome watched furtively those delicate hands moving deftly among his fine old china and silver. It gave him a peculiar pleasure.

But Louie was chattering away in a manner absolutely demanding his attention, and so he forced himself to shake off the thoughts that came, and lent himself gladly to the superficial vein into which she now led the talk.

A mood of silence had come over Mrs. Bertrand. She made and served the tea, but did little talking, until Frank Dexter, who was on terms of more or less familiarity with her, as his sister's intimate friend, began to rally her a little on her quiet mood, and then, with an effort visible to Jerome, she roused herself and took her part in what was going on, as a chaperon should! He felt that this was the spirit that had ruled her.

"And now," said Louie presently, "as we've exhausted our capacity for tea, and as, of course, these men want to smoke, I propose, with my Cousin Pem's permission, to hunt up Mrs. Giles and take Violet over this adorable house. The selfishness of one man's occupying it always weighs upon my conscience—and I delight to people it occasionally, if only for an hour."

"It is empty and voiceless. I often feel it so," said Jerome. "Didn't I promise you a ball, by-the-way, Louie?"

"It rather strikes me that perhaps you did," the girl answered, frowning slightly, as if with the effort of reaching far back in her memory.

"Then name the day, and you shall have it, provided only that Mrs. Bertrand will lend me her services as chaperon."

"Oh, Violet—will you? You couldn't have the cruelty to refuse! Say you will, and I will name the day."

"Oh, Louie—darling, don't! Don't ask me to do that. It hurts me to refuse you, but indeed I cannot."

"And so I'll miss this great big pleasure—just because you won't consent to dress up and go just once into a society where every one is so ready to welcome you."

"That's right, Miss Wendell, I'll back you up!" said Frank Dexter. "I call it downright selfish, and I never thought of a violet as selfish before."

"Well, that's just what it is——" began Louie, but she was suddenly interrupted.

"Mrs. Bertrand has certainly the right," her guardian said, "to make her own decision as to such a thing, and none of us has any right to question it. But you need not, on that account, give up your ball, Louie. Fix your day and you shall have it, and Mrs. Bertrand can accept my invitation to be present or not, just as she chooses."

Violet looked at him with fervent, grateful eyes.

"How kind of you!" she said. "I could not bear the thought of having Louie disappointed in such a pleasure—but I could not do what you are good enough to wish."

"So it's settled agreeably to all parties!" said Frank Dexter, as if possessed of a rather tardy compunction for the insistence which he had used.

"I suppose I'll have to be satisfied," said Louie, "especially when Violet and Cousin Pem combine against me. But it is good of you, Cousin Pem! You must come up and let us put our heads together over our engagement books and fix the auspicious day. And now, Violet, come with me."

"Mrs. Giles, I think, is out," said Jerome, "but you know the ropes without her, so go ahead. You'd better ring for my man, perhaps, before you go into my room, unless you're prepared to make allowances for possible disorder."

Violet followed the young girl down the wide hall and into the great stately-looking dining-room, with its massive antique furniture resting on deep-toned Eastern rugs, between the edges of which gleamed the polished flooring. The room was large and low-pitched, and at the far end was the fireplace, where a bright wood fire crackled on great old brass andirons. Around it was a fine old mantel in richly-carved and inlaid mahogany, above which were three windows of old stained glass, which moved on hinges and stood open now, giving the view of a densely green conservatory, lighted up, here and there, with brilliant-blooming plants.

"What an ideal dining-room!" exclaimed Violet, standing before the agreeable warmth of the wood fire, and looking across the low mantelpiece into the luxuriant foliage and bloom beyond. "I never saw anything more perfect! A window over a fireplace has always been a passion of mine, but I never saw an arrangement quite like this. And what beautiful old china, and silver, and metal, and glass! And what charming pictures all about! Are they family portraits?"

"Some of them—but most of them are not. They are just things which Cousin Pem has gathered together from all over the world, just for their character and charm."

"And what an amount of it they have!" said Violet. "What taste he has!"

"Yes, and what money!" laughed Louie. "I often tell Cousin Pem that if I had his fortune I could do quite as well."

Violet laughed at the absurdity of the idea, and Louie joined in, as she led the way up the great staircase.

It was a somewhat slow progress, for all along the way were pictures, weapons, bits of tapestry and armor, and innumerable objects that simply compelled and enchained attention.

The upper rooms were all completely furnished down to the last detail, but only the owner's bedroom and dressing-room showed any signs of present occupancy, and with the character of these Violet was intensely and almost unaccountably delighted. They were so airy, simple and individual. Both rooms had pictures hung about, many of them, as Louie explained, the works of young American artists in whom her cousin was interested. Some of them were broad and daringly impressionistic, and others were careful studies of detail, but all were individual in their way. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs and fencing foils were all about, and on a table were some wire visors and padded affairs that looked as if they had been in recent use.

In the larger room near the bed, there hung over a small table some photographs of modern paintings. Violet recognized at once Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc," Bouguereau's "Vierge Consolatrice" and Dagnan-Bouveret's "Madonna and Child." They were all great favorites with her, and she welcomed them with a little cry of pleasure and bent before them long and enjoyingly.

Presently she noticed below the group a small shrine-shaped wooden frame, very beautifully carved, which had two doors to it which were now closed.

As she was looking at this Louie put out her hand and opened the doors.

"This picture used always to stand open when I was a child," she said, "and Cousin Pem used to show it to me and tell me it was May, who loved him and whom he loved, and who was dead. I can just remember it, and how sad he used to look, but, for a great many years now, the doors have been kept shut."

Her companion said nothing. She was looking searchingly at the face revealed by the parted doors. It was the face of a young girl—almost a child, with an air of heedless, thoughtless joy, in both expression and pose, which plainly showed her absolute inexperience of life and all its deep meanings. Violet recalled Jerome's words of that first strange interview, and thought how impossible, indeed, it was that the girl that she had seen could satisfy the psychical need of this matured, experienced, sorrow-comprehending man.

"I think he has closed the doors on that experience for life," she said to herself, "and whether they will ever open in another world, is, as he says, a problem far beyond his ken."

"Isn't she bewitching?" Louie said. "And they say she sang like a bird, danced like a fairy, rode like a gypsy and swam like a mermaid. She was only nineteen when she died, very suddenly, of pneumonia, and Cousin Pem was only twenty-one. He was married the day he came of age. He must have loved her tremendously, for he's never thought of anybody since, and it must be twenty years ago. It happened before I was born."

Mrs. Bertrand made no answer, but turned away and began to inspect the other pictures in the room.

Louie led her next through a delightful, great bathroom, furnished with all sorts of odd and characteristic conveniences, into some beautiful rooms rather sombrely furnished with more rare old furniture, and beyond these there was a charming, sunny, octagon-shaped room designed for an up-stairs sitting-room.

"Here's another of your favorite chimney windows!" said Louie, "and look at the view it gives! But you should see Cousin Pem's garden in summer."

It was lifeless now, except for the ivy covering the stable walls, but there was grace and beauty in its very empty spaces.

"Did they live here during their married life?" asked Violet.

"Oh, dear, no! His father had the house then, and they went abroad and lived almost altogether there. He has always been alone in this house. Isn't it a shame?"

When they came down-stairs Louie led the way to the large drawing-room, which they had not yet seen.

Hearing their voices the two gentlemen threw away their cigars and came across to join them.

Louie thought that Violet expressed her admiration of these splendid rooms somewhat coldly. It was a contrast to the enthusiasm she had previously shown, and so, to offset it, she said:

"Violet says the dining-room is her absolute ideal."

"Yes," said Violet, as Frank Dexter called Louie's attention to a picture at a little distance, "you possess the real of what I have long owned as an ideal."

"But you still have the ideal, and I have long ago settled it with myself that our ideals are our most precious possessions."

"I think you are right," said Violet, "if—and this is an important proviso—if they are ideals of the real, and not of the unreal."

"Oh, unquestionably! I believe in the realities."

"Ah, I believe in them, too," said Violet, "because I have known them, but they were never the things of which I had had ideals."

"These may yet be realized," said Jerome. "I have got over my age of cynicism and have a healthy belief in life's compensations. When I was a lad I was incorrigibly hopeful, but there came an end! Then for years I was cynical and pessimistic. I believed in no good being nor thing. Now I have returned to my first position, with this important difference: my hopefulness then was based on inexperience of life, while its basis now is experience."

"My experience has been the exact reverse of yours. I was a sad and lonely child, to whom life looked a long, dark perspective ahead of me. For a little while it brightened, and I thought the future might mean pleasure and peace. But soon, very soon, the pendulum swung back to where it was before."

"But it must of its nature swing back again."

"No, I fancy it has got caught and will be held where it is."

"But the hold can be broken——"

"What are you two discussing so earnestly?" interrupted Louie, coming up to them, followed by Dexter.

"The operations of clockwork," answered Jerome; "we are feeling our way to perpetual motion."

"Or perpetual repose," said Violet, "which is, after all, best. It all depends upon where the pendulum stops."

"That can be regulated by force and will," Jerome answered. "'Man is man and master of his fate!'"

"But woman is woman and fate is master of her," said Violet, and then, as if wishing to cut short the conversation, led the way back into the library, where she said with an air of decision to Louie, that it was time to go.

As Jerome held out her long fur wrap for her he felt as if he were hovering a bird—a dear, soft dove that had somehow got out of its nest into the cold.

When Louie also was wrapped in her carriage cloak a sudden idea seemed to strike Jerome.

"Who's in favor of a sleighride to-morrow?" he said. "The roads ought to be first-rate. I haven't had my sleigh out this winter, but if this rare and valued company will promise to fill it, it shall be furbished up and made its most comfortable."

"Oh, Violet, may we?" Louie asked.

Mrs. Bertrand gave a little sigh of resignation.

"It is for you to say," she answered.

"On the contrary, it is for you to say," said Mr. Jerome, "and as you are powerful, be generous."

"By all means, we will go," she answered, but rather, Louie thought, as if she were making a concession that was a necessity. Still they all seized it eagerly.

"You'll join us, Frank, I hope," said Mr. Jerome, receiving a prompt acceptance of his invitation.

So it was arranged that the party was to go on the morrow, and Louie, who enjoyed everything that came along, drove home in a state of ecstasy over the double delight of the ball and the sleighride.

"I always get on so charmingly with Frank Dexter," she said, "he's as smooth and easy to talk to as he is to dance with. I always have twice as much to say to him as there is time to say it in. It will be nice to take that long drive with him to-morrow, for, of course, Cousin Pem will want you to sit by him and see those stunning horses of his."

"Oh, can't we all sit together?" Violet asked.

"How can we in that kind of sleigh? Of course not. It's a good thing we've got two really agreeable men—for I think Frank Dexter is agreeable, and everybody thinks Cousin Pem is. Mr. Dexter is rather ugly, of course."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Violet, "I think he has an uncommonly nice, pleasant, honest face."

"So he has, but when you come to compare him to Cousin Pem——"

"They are not to be compared. The types are too different."

"I suppose so—just as you and I are not to be compared," said Louie. "Oh, Violet, I wish you would let me tell you sometimes what people say about you. Frank Dexter——"

"Louie, you had better stop," said her companion with earnest warning, "for your own sake as well as for mine. If people are talking about me—if I am making myself conspicuous when I want, above all things, to be ignored and overlooked—it will be more necessary than ever for me to stick to my rules of retirement."

"Oh, it was nothing, except what the people said who saw you at the wedding," replied Louie.

"If that is all they'll soon forget, as the season goes on and more interesting things come up to talk about. Louie, darling, try to understand me. I have a deep and earnest reason for my wish to be left in seclusion. But for this, dear child, don't you know that I would refuse you nothing that could add to your happiness?"

"Yes, yes—I know! I will try to be better in future, but the truth is, Violet, it's a hard lesson for my love and pride in you to learn."

The next afternoon proved a perfect one for the sleighride, and when Mr. Jerome, as Louie had predicted, invited Mrs. Bertrand to the seat at his side, and Louie and Frank were comfortably stowed away behind, Violet felt a strange sense of exhilaration and resolved to get all the pleasure she could out of the present moment. Her companion seemed to have a wonderful power of putting her at her ease. They got to discussing pictures, music and books, and their talk was less personal than it had been on the two former occasions. It was delightfully interesting, however, for they were finding out each other's tastes, and combining where they agreed, and dividing where they disagreed with equal animation.

They reached home—all four of them—in high good humor, and Mr. Jerome, sending his horses away, announced that he was coming in for a cup of hot tea. Dexter ruefully pleaded an engagement, and so Louie declared they could be quite comfortable and ordered tea up-stairs.

"Make her put on the violet gown," whispered Cousin Pem to Louie, as they went up-stairs.

"She shall—I promise it," answered Louie, and by dint of some wheedling she accomplished her purpose. It so often happened that Violet found herself compelled to thwart and disappoint her devoted young friend, that where she could, she generally managed to indulge her, even against her own inclination.

Louie, in a crocus-colored tea-gown, made a picture that was well worth looking at in itself, but she was totally devoid of self-consciousness as she preceded her friend into the room.

And Violet seemed no less so, as she drew her chair up close to the little old grandmother, who had been summoned a quarter of an hour ago, and was fidgeting with impatience at the delay of the young people. To be late for a meal was, in grandmother's eyes, a grave offense, and even to be late for tea was bad.

"Is the little grand-dame vexed?" said Violet, laying her hand on her lap affectionately. "We've kept the tea-caddy waiting, haven't we? Never mind, if the grandmother says so I will take my tea without sugar to see if it will not teach me a lesson for next time."

The old lady smiled a little confusedly, for she had never learned how to take the joking of these young folks, though she was too confident of their affection to mind it.

"Come and make tea, Violet," said Louie, "and do your own disciplining in sugar. I will sit by grandmamma and tell her about the weather."

"Did the sun set clear?" said the old lady.

"Almost clear, grandmamma," answered Louie.

A little later, when the old lady had ambled off to her room, Jerome said:

"Why is it, Louie, that when you want to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Wendell, you always talk to her about the weather?"

"Why, my dear Cousin Pem, it's her one absorbing interest! She has lived all her life on a farm, where the crops were the all-important thing, and the crops depended on the weather, so that became her paramount concern. Bless her little old heart! I had a new weather-cock put on the stable on her account, and a transparent thermometer put in her window-pane at Christmas. She has so few wants that it's hard to give her a present. Isn't it so, Violet?"

"Absolutely," said Violet, leaning back in her chair and looking a lovely image of comfort—so lovely, indeed, that it was with difficulty that Jerome tore himself away in time to dress for dinner.

(CONTINUATION IN MARCH JOURNAL)

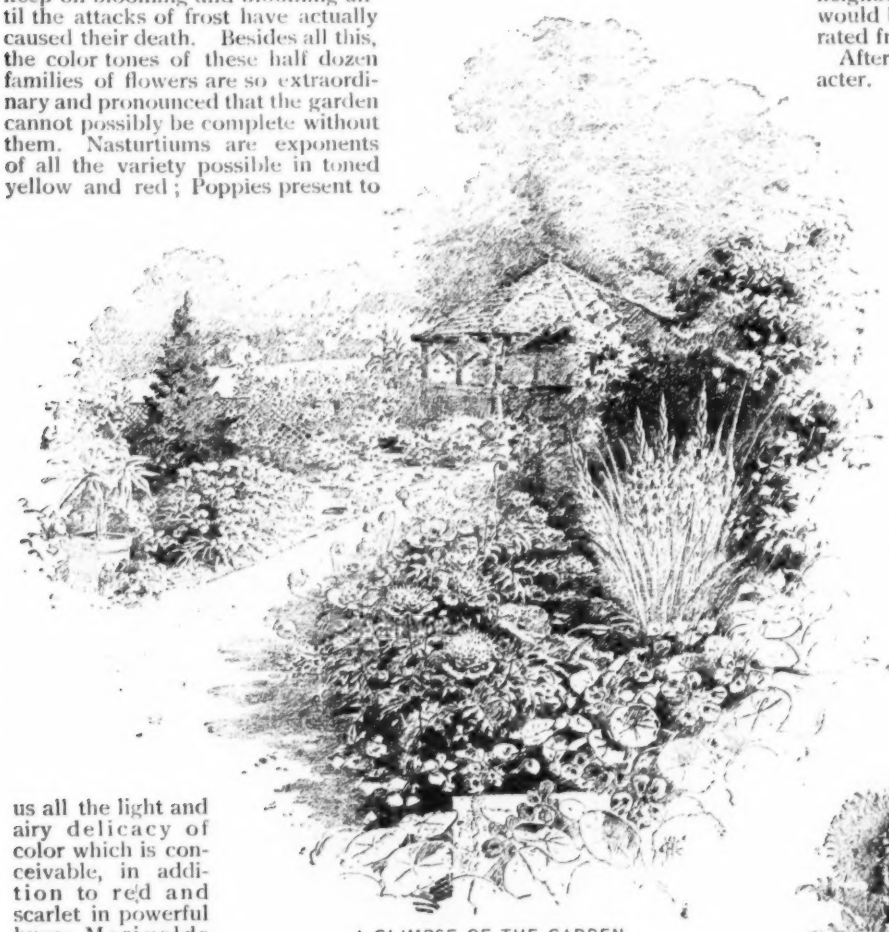
A FREE-BLOOMING GARDEN

By F. Schuyler Mathews

DRAWINGS BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON

THE annuals undoubtedly produce a stronger effect of color in the garden than their longer-lived relatives, the perennials and the biennials. What they do is done quickly and with astonishingly prolific results. It is also a significant fact that these results are brought about in the most favorable season of the year for flowers—mid-summer.

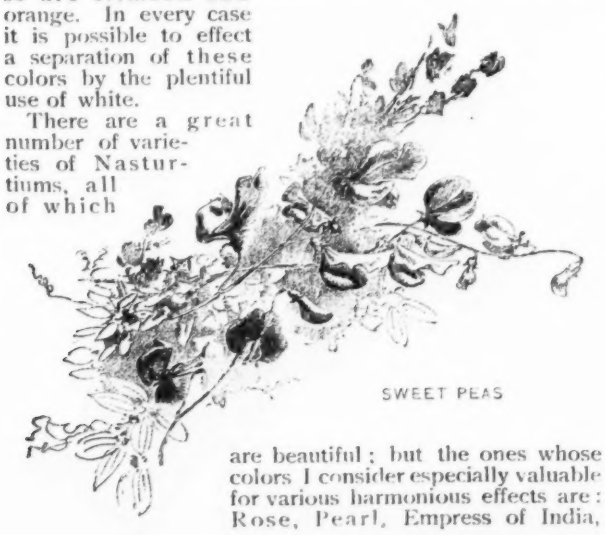
When I choose six annuals—Poppies, Marigolds, Nasturtiums, Phlox Drummondii, Sweet Peas and Asters, it must not be inferred that these are exceptionally beautiful; the choice really takes into account their prolific bearing qualities. Nearly all of the annuals are charmingly beautiful; but these six are not only so, their beauty is of a kind which seems inexhaustible. With proper treatment they keep on blooming and blooming until the attacks of frost have actually caused their death. Besides all this, the color tones of these half dozen families of flowers are so extraordinary and pronounced that the garden cannot possibly be complete without them. Nasturtiums are exponents of all the variety possible in toned yellow and red; Poppies present to us all the light and airy delicacy of color which is conceivable, in addition to red and scarlet in powerful hues; Marigolds hold exclusively to yellow and its golden tones; Phlox Drummondii reveals infinity in tint and hue, and stops only at yellow and blue; Sweet Peas are crimson, and pink, and blue-purple to absolute perfection of tone, and Asters are strong in purple-blues, purples and red tones in which the presence of yellow is absent—entirely and wholly so.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN

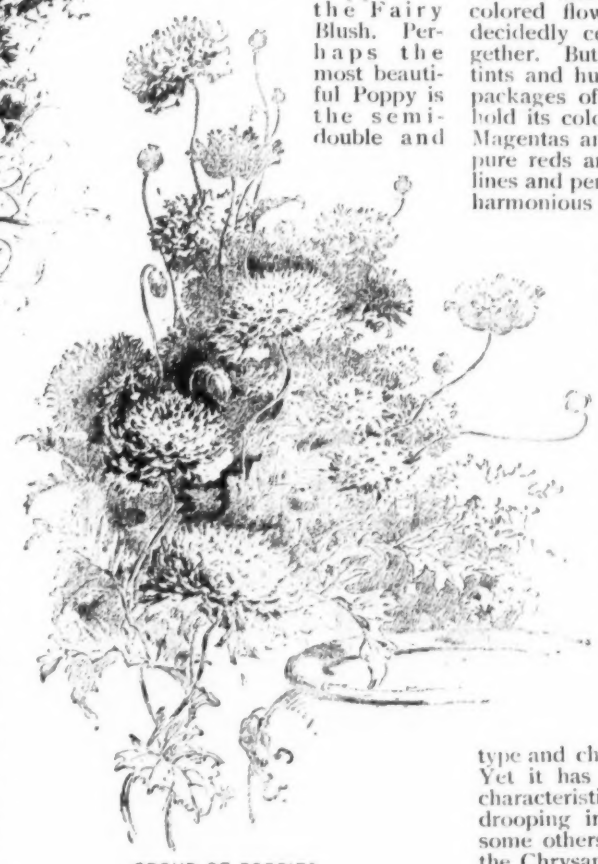
Asters, Sweet Peas, Phlox Drummondii and Poppies all give us splendid white flowers. On white, I may also add, depends much of the harmony of color in the garden. It is a mediatorial peacemaker. In fact, white is subject to a rule like that which applies to trumps in whist, "when in doubt," use white! Scarlet and Magenta must be separated, so must pink and yellow, unless they are in daintiest tints; red and purple-blue are discordant, and so are crimson and orange. In every case it is possible to effect a separation of these colors by the plentiful use of white.

There are a great number of varieties of Nasturtiums, all of which are beautiful; but the ones whose colors I consider especially valuable for various harmonious effects are: Rose, Pearl, Empress of India, Cœruleum Roseum, King of Tom Thumbs, Aurora, Crystal Palace Gem, King Theodore, Lady Bird and Prince Henry; these are all dwarf varieties. In the Lobbianum varieties will be found flowers having the same hues and tints under different names; the vines trail along the ground or are trained to follow the supports furnished for them. The Pearl is the daintiest of all straw-yellows, with never a spot on its soft surface; the color of the Gem is the same with five maroon spots added. There is no scarlet in any Nasturtium equal to that of the King of Tom Thumbs, and there is no rich red equal to that of the Empress. What we need most to bear in mind when planting the seed is the ultimate color effect to be produced. It is hardly wise to plant the Rose variety beside a yellow-flowering plant of any kind. Nasturtiums are not exactly adapted in color temperament to be associates with Poppies. Of course, scarlet flowers in either family may prove neighborly, but on the whole Poppies would better be rather distinctly separated from all Nasturtiums.



SWEET PEAS

After all the Poppy is a peculiar character. It is very artistic, and it is very disheveled! This applies especially to the Ranunculus variety, which has a very disorderly way of growing. I question whether even the prim white Victoria Aster is quite in place beside it; this would be contrast, it is true, but not of the right kind. It would seem better to plant some white Candytuft at the feet of the disorderly Poppies, and then take great care that these do not sprawl over the humble-minded Candytuft. The loveliest of all Poppies is the Fairy Blush. Perhaps the most beautiful Poppy is the semi-double and pure white Ranunculus. It is all very well to distinguish between loveliness and beauty, a distinction, in fact, without a difference, but these two types of Poppies are entirely different, and no mere adjective will measure out the amount of loveliness or beauty in either. The Eider-Down, Fairy Bush and the Mikado are three flowers which no garden ought to be without. The Mikado is a daintily-fringed pink and white character with every petal twisted at the edge. The Eider-Down is a great ball of white beauty as big as an exhibition Chrysanthemum. Perhaps the best red Poppy is the Tulip. Red Poppies ought not to be mixed with the delicate-colored ones; there are twenty reasons why, and no room here to explain one of them; it is sufficient to say that scarlet is an aggressive color which cannot be brought in contact with delicate color without consequent injury to the latter. It would be best to keep a bed of scarlet Poppies quite by itself. There are some charming and delicate-colored Shirley Poppies which are not improved by the proximity of strong scarlet.



GROUP OF POPPIES

By all means keep the yellow Marigold away from every Poppy except a white one. White and yellow are always beautiful, so if by chance the Marigold should come near a bed of Poppies be sure that the Poppies are pure white. The yellow African (lemon-colored) Marigold is a splendid specimen of pure yellow color, and I particularly fancy the flower in the company of white Asters. In a vase the flowers look well together, but in the garden the plant forms are too similar in their conventionality to be good neighbors. White Sweet Peas are better company for the golden or the lemon-yellow Marigold.

A charming way to display a few good specimens of the tall El Dorado Marigold is to plant them in a white wooden tub. Such a method of arrangement in the garden offers quite an acceptable bit of contrast in a long flat bed, which, without the break offered by the artistic tub, would be just a bit monotonous. A long bed filled with dwarf French Marigolds may be relieved by two or three such tubs. A terra-cotta pot holding a red Ricinus contributes a nice touch of subdued color to the part of a garden where the line of yellow and orange Marigolds are. There is a perfectly beautiful little single Marigold called the Legion of Honor, which is admirably adapted to form a pretty line of foliage and starry flowers beside a garden walk. It grows only about seven or eight inches high and it is quite new.

Wherever I planted Marigolds I should be sure not to plant any colored Phlox; the white is quite a different thing. The effect of this rather irregular-growing annual (if its color is confined to white) is rather good beside the conventional Marigold. To secure an artistic and pleasing effect plant salmon-colored Phlox, and back of it a good cluster of white Asters, and beyond, trained against a white fence, a few vines of the Asa Gray (straw-colored) Lobbianum Nasturtium. Here is an instance where yellowish-pink and very pale straw-colored flowers, separated by the white flowers of a decidedly conventional plant, look perfectly well together. But Phlox Drummondii is full of conflicting tints and hues. One should be very careful not to buy packages of the mixed seed. The pure pink will not hold its color beside the salmon-rose tint, and there are Magentas and purples which are not beautiful beside the pure reds and pinks. The Star Phloxes are so full of lines and pencilings of varied color that they are passably harmonious when mixed together.

BESIDE THE GATE

Sweet Peas are similar to Phlox Drummondii in their presentation of pinks, purples, crimsons and Magentas. There are two or three varieties of the Sweet Pea—Lottie Eckford, Primrose, Boreatton and Mrs. Sankey—which would harmonize well with the yellow Marigolds planted directly in front of them. The colors are white, blue-edged, pale yellow-white, blue-purple and pure white. The other colors in the Sweet Pea, pink, carmine, crimson, Magenta and purple, we should be very careful to keep away from yellow flowers. The airiness and grace of the Sweet Pea entitle it to a position where it will enjoy perfect freedom. It is evidently a flower which does not need to be associated very closely with any others. Chicken-yard wire fencing is about as good a thing to train it on as one could wish for. A pretty way of constructing such a support for the vines is to fasten the wire fencing on white posts ornamented at the tops with a turned knob of some simple pattern, and place the posts six feet apart.

Of all flowers which are conventional in type and character the Aster must certainly head the list. Yet it has its own freedom and grace despite its prim characteristics. The foliage has a graceful way of drooping in some of the varieties, and the flowers of some others are as free in curling petals as are many of the Chrysanthemums. I refer particularly to the charming Comet. There is a pink variety, pure in color and symmetrical in form, which is a prize for any garden. A combination of white and pink Asters is very beautiful. In carrying out a definite effect of color which should surround the gateway to the garden (supposing the gate itself is white) it is a good idea to keep close to simple combinations, such as pink and white or else yellow and white. Again, where one would naturally wish for some blue or blue-purple tone of color in a flower bed, it is better to keep these bluish colors, as far as may be practicable, in one part of the grounds. To see blue and red and yellow scattered indiscriminately through the garden beds is to be convinced of the fact that the fair gardener, whoever she may be and however much she may know, utterly lacks what we call an eye for color. So the Aster, when it is blue, must be looked after very carefully, and not allowed to come near anything orange, or pink, or red.

As I have asserted, the annuals deserve our careful consideration, and although they require a great deal of patient nurture, it is, nevertheless, a fact that they reward us with most generous returns. When I further explain that for a dollar or two one may purchase enough seed to grow thousands of these flowers, and that in a short space of time, I have compassed the significance of their choice.

WOMEN AND THE VIOLIN

By Maud Powell

THERE is no good reason why women should not play the violin, it having been proved that they are capable of attaining as high a degree of proficiency in that accomplishment as are men. Women are especially qualified by nature to be interpretive musicians. They are endowed with fine sensibilities, have keen intuitions and are subtly sympathetic. They, therefore, have a special faculty for discerning a composer's meaning and spirit, and for merging their own individuality in an interpretation according to his idea.

The reasons for the choice of the violin as an instrument for women are many. It is not only the most perfect of all instruments, ranking second only to the human voice, but it is also the most graceful, both in itself and its manipulation. That the proportional number of successful women violinists is small is not because woman is endowed with a poorer quality of talent than man, or that she is inferior to him in mental equipment, but is rather due to the fact that she rarely takes up the study of the violin with the intention of making of it a life work. She regards it usually as a temporary occupation to be abandoned whenever she shall assume the duties of wifehood and motherhood. This means a lack of earnestness and thoroughness, and of intensity of purpose, essential to the achievement of success and vital to its accomplishment.

BUT even these essentials would be of no avail without the requisite musical talent together with adequate physical endowment. Musical talent means, at its least, a perception of tune, a sense of rhythm, and especially when applied to the violin, the absolute essential of a true and sensitive ear, capable of cultivation to an appreciation and distinction of the nicest differences of pitch and tone color.

The requisite physical qualities are perfect health, strength and endurance—conditions imparted by a good constitution. Strength and endurance are necessary, for the many long hours of daily practice are both a great physical tax and an intense intellectual and emotional strain. The hands must be strong, supple and properly shaped for the handling of the instrument. They should be rather broad, having a wide span between the thumb and forefinger. Long fingers are not a disadvantage, especially if they thus overcome their usual accompaniment, a narrow hand, but the moderately broad hand with fingers of medium length and thickness is the better.

The instrument should be placed in the hands of the beginner at an early age—between six and nine years, according to the child's size and strength—so that the little arms and hands may gradually adapt themselves to the difficult positions while the muscles and sinews are still soft, pliable and adaptable.

THE mere manipulation of the violin is so difficult that it demands, in the beginning, an almost undivided attention. This the child can give only after having acquired the rudiments of music: a knowledge of the tone intervals in scale and melody combinations, the simpler keys and their scales, also the simpler time values, together with the representations on the treble and bass clefs of these tone and time relations. These may be learned at the piano six months or a year before the violin is taken up. Piano practice should be continued with the violin study, although the work of the latter should occupy the greater part of the student's time. As the pupil advances she should begin the study of the theory of music, as thereby she not only gains a knowledge of the science of music but also derives great benefit from the mental training which such study gives.

The selection of a violin for a beginner is second in importance only to the choice of an instructor. A good instrument is a necessity for the production of a good quality of tone and for the education and training of the ear, but it is a mistake to put into the hands of a young player a violin of very great value, as a child can neither produce from such an instrument the best that is in it, nor appreciate it sufficiently to give it proper care. A good bow is also a necessity. Both violin and bow should be kept with great care and attention. Both should always be wiped off after use, and all traces of rosin dust removed. The violin should be wrapped in a handkerchief of soft silk before being placed in its leather or wooden case. The case with its precious burden should be kept in a room of moderate temperature and dry atmosphere, extreme cold and dampness being deadly foes to a violin's well-being. When exposure to cold or dampness is unavoidable a silk-lined wrap of eiderdown flannel should be used. The bow should never be rosined violently, as much friction causes the rosin to melt and consequently clot. The surface of the rosin should be kept flat and smooth, and not worn in grooves. While a very valuable instrument, such as "one of the old master's," worth from eight hundred dollars to four thousand dollars, is not a necessity to the beginner, a good instrument is absolutely essential.

THE best instructors are, of course, desirable at all periods of the pupil's development, but they are indispensable at the beginning, when the foundations of all future endeavors are being laid.

The amount of daily practice must, necessarily, vary according to the nature of the child's talent and intelligence. It is of paramount importance that she work regularly and that she imbue her practice with a healthy, hearty spirit. Regularity of hours, combined with intelligent, thoughtful effort, achieves very much better results than savage, intermittent spells of practicing, or than countless hours of happy-go-lucky, absent-minded "fiddling." From two to three hours' practice every day is sufficient for the little child, while an average of four hours for the older worker will suffice. To this, however, may be frequently added an hour or two of ensemble playing.

The position to be assumed during practice hours, at least when the student is not walking to and fro, is one in which the weight of the body is thrown equally on the two feet. A sitting position is to be used occasionally so that the pupil will feel at ease in playing chamber music, for which a sitting position is the only correct and usually the only possible one. The position to be acquired for solo playing before an audience is that in which the weight is thrown on the right foot, which should be somewhat in advance of the left. Most teachers will instruct pupils to throw their weight upon the left foot, but I have found, from practical experience, that throwing the weight upon the right foot is much better. This leaves the left side relaxed, giving advantageous freedom to the left arm, hand and fingers, for the manipulation of the finger-board, while to the right arm, through the firmness given the entire right side by the body's weight, are added greater power and vigor for the wielding of the bow.

PRACTICING should be done occasionally before a mirror, where one can watch the position and detect errors of manipulation; one even listens more critically, the image seeming like another player, whom it is always easier to criticise than one's self. The pupil should seek every opportunity to hear good music, and especially to hear the great violinists. To hear a master in his art is indeed a liberal education and of value equal with instruction and daily practice. To hear even a mediocre performer is sometimes valuable as a lesson in what not to do. Music of all grades, classic, romantic and popular, and of all nationalities, German, French, Russian, Scandinavian, etc., should be heard and played, to secure catholicity of taste. Of course the greatest amount of time must be given to classics, for above all must a love for the best and purest be inculcated. The student should also be encouraged to play with other students, and with musicians when possible, to the accompaniment of the piano, or in duets, trios, etc., of different combinations of instruments. The training derived from this ensemble practice is of inestimable value. The performer's sense of rhythm is thus developed. She learns to yield herself to other instruments, and the relation of one instrument to another, while her intonation becomes more acutely correct and she in every way gains in courage and consequent facility of expression.

The student should learn to memorize her music. Her repertoire will thus be always available. She will, when not confined to the printed sheet, give more thought to the content of the music and its reproduction, thus learning to play with greater freedom and authority. The pleasant effect on the listener will also be enhanced. Moreover, should the student go to Europe for further study she will certainly command greater respect and attention than she would were she a "slave to her notes."

EXCELLENT teachers and the best of music are to be found in America, and pupils can secure the best instruction in the world in this country. But the musical atmosphere is lacking. To get this, to be surrounded by busy, ambitious fellow-students, to escape the home and social duties, to have no mistress save art, to hear more music—not better music but more and at less cost—in short, to be in a musical atmosphere conducive to profitable work, and much of it, the student must go abroad. It is in Germany, to my mind, that the embryo musician will secure the best musical foundation. There she will acquire breadth and virility of style, earnestness of intention and truth of sentiment. Before completing her work, however, the young worker should get from the French or Belgian teachers a knowledge of their exquisite finish and polish, grace, smoothness and delicacy.

I do not believe that a pupil should remain too long under the guidance of teachers. Ordinarily eight years of uninterrupted work will suffice. As the budding artist develops in mind and character, independent study, together with the technique already attained, will secure an individuality of expression. By means of incessant mental and physical effort the technique or mechanism of the art will become so much a part of the performer that she will be able to give unhampered thought and attention to the meaning and mood (that is, to the interpretation) of the composer's work. The growing artist must give her individuality of expression every opportunity for development. Work independent of the teacher will tend to the cultivation of a critical judgment, while the performances and interpretations of others will assume a new and personal interest. She will watch her own work more closely, experimenting with awkward passages and difficult phrasings, learning thus how and what to select in order to achieve the best.

WOMEN are daily becoming more serious in their motives, more earnest in making their studies something to outlast their girlhood. It is to be expected that the near future will see them availing themselves more and more of the opportunities which are before them as violinists. The concert stage is as open to them as to women singers. The field of instruction is naturally theirs, as they are usually more sympathetic and conscientious than men, and they possess, moreover, an intuition maternal in its nature, in the treatment of young minds and in the imparting to them the rudiments of any art or science. Their art opens, thus, various professional doors. For those women to whom it is merely a delightful accomplishment their art may be of as perfect proportions and development as is their love for it. Thus they may not only secure the selfish pleasure of enjoyment but also give to others many moments of exquisite delight while adding perceptibly to the music and musical atmosphere of their country.

The value of amateur musicians and their work was never more evident than at present. Already scores of towns in the United States have their music clubs of amateurs who, meeting fortnightly or monthly, study and interpret the works of the great composers. Generally a desire to hear better performances than their own leads to the engagement of artists, who give vocal and instrumental "recitals," and thereby open the minds and stir the intelligence of their listeners, still further raising their standard and increasing their enjoyment and appreciation. They, on their part, encourage the artists by their interest, inspire them with their attention, and by their patronage make their art existence possible. They create musical centres which are far-reaching in their influence, and which promise much for the future development in our country of the divinest of all arts—music.

HINTS FOR VIOLIN STUDENTS

By Robert D. Braine

SELF-INSTRUCTION on the violin is practically impossible, owing, among other things, to the great difficulty of learning to bow correctly. No one can become a musical artist on any instrument without taking hundreds of lessons, but self-instruction is less possible on instruments played with the bow than on any others. Good or bad violin playing is a question largely of good or bad bowing. The fingers of the left hand are of small importance compared to the work of the right hand. Any one with a good ear can learn to finger in tune, but a correct bowing and beautiful tone are the work of years.

Stand erect, with the weight on the left foot, the right being placed a little in advance. Hold the violin firmly by placing the lower edge on the left collar-bone and shoulder. The head of the performer inclines a little to the left, and the left jawbone (not the chin, as so many instruction books state) is pressed firmly on the chin rest of the violin, or if no chin rest is used, on the violin to the left of the tailpiece. Great care must be taken not to hold the violin too much to the left or too straight in front of the performer, for if the position is not correct the right arm cannot possibly produce straight bowing. The violin should not be allowed to sink down, but should be held horizontally at all times. The bow is held with the thumb and fingers of the right hand. The thumb is placed directly in front of the frog (the small piece of ebony which serves to hold the hair of the bow). The fingers are then placed on the stick of the bow so that the stick lies exactly within the first joint of the middle finger, and the little finger lies on top of the stick near the end. The fingers should be placed close together and not allowed to straggle apart. The hand should have a graceful, rounded appearance.

NOW comes the most difficult problem: to draw the bow straight over the strings. The hair of the bow must be applied on the edge, the stick of the bow being turned away from the bridge toward the head of the violin. An artistic player plays sometimes near the bridge of the violin, sometimes away from it, as a loud or soft tone is required. The beginner should bow, say an inch from the bridge, and try to keep the bow always at that distance until he has learned to bow steadily. In order to keep the bow parallel with the bridge the wrist must describe a series of curves, being held in a convex position when the heel of the bow is being used and in a concave position when the tip is used. Straight bowing may be attained by sawing on the open strings of the violin persistently, from one end of the bow to the other, taking care that the bow always runs parallel with the bridge.

In the first bowing practice no pressure should be used. The bow should be held and drawn over the string so lightly that it will seem to breathe the note. A violin player's wrist must be elastic in the highest degree. A most difficult thing to learn—often taking years of practice—is to apply great pressure to the bow with the hand in order to produce a full tone, and yet at the same time to keep the wrist and arm elastic. Stiffness in bowing is what renders the playing of some persons so excruciating. A rigid, stiff wrist produces a gritty tone, while if the wrist joint is kept flexible and the elbow joint open and free, a smooth, sonorous tone is produced. All pressure is applied with the forefinger. In order to acquire tone the first practicing must be done very softly, the bow simply being guided across the strings without the performer pressing on it. The wrist bowings—short strokes produced by the wrist alone at the heel, the middle and the point of the bow should be practiced almost from the beginning, as they are of great importance. A mirror is of great assistance in learning to bow. Stand with the right side to the mirror and the bowing can be easily watched and corrected. In bowing on the E string the arm is kept close to the side, when playing on the A it is raised a little, on the D a little more, and by the time the G is reached the elbow is ten or twelve inches from the side.

AFTER a reasonably good bowing is acquired the study of the left hand should be taken up. The neck of the violin must be held between the thumb and the first finger where it joins the hand. The entire length of the finger must be held above the edge of the finger-board, and the fingers must fall double-jointed and like the hammers of a piano on the strings—the very ends of the fingers touching the strings. In order to produce a clear tone the fingers must be pressed very hard on the strings. "Strong with the fingers, light with the bow," is the constant refrain of one of the most celebrated teachers.

The first difficulty encountered is that of playing in tune. As the violin is not supplied with frets like the guitar or mandolin, the ear is the only guide. Important as the practice of the scales is on other instruments, it is doubly important on the violin, as it is by scale study principally that the ability to play in tune is acquired. The playing of familiar melodies is also of very great advantage to the beginner, as he can tell when he is playing out of tune, where in the case of an exercise with which he is unacquainted he cannot so easily distinguish this fault. In playing scale passages the student must constantly ask himself whether the next note is a whole step or a half step distant before he plays it. If he will go through the exercise beforehand and mark the whole steps and half steps he will execute it in much better tune when he comes to play it.

In regard to strings, the best are the cheapest, as they last longer and give a better tone. The G should be of gut wrapped with pure silver wire. The A and D should be of Italian gut, and the E can be of either gut or silk. Silk E strings give a poor, dull tone, very different from the singing brilliance of good Italian gut E's. They are good for warm weather playing or for persons whose fingers perspire very freely. The hair of the bow should be renewed every two months in the case of players who practice very much, as it wears smooth and will not take hold of the string. The violin should always be kept strung up in pitch. Do not let down the strings of the instrument with the mistaken idea that you will save some of them thereby. Never neglect an opportunity to hear good violinists. Something can be learned from each. A student learns as much from hearing others play as from private lessons with a teacher. If you can only take a few lessons let it be from the best teacher you can find.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Words and Music by B. H. Janssen

Andante moderato.

1. While all the earth was still and sleep - ing, A -
2. 'Twas yes - ter - day I gave thee an - swer, And

p *cres.* *f* *rit.* *p* *p*

lone I sat, and dreamed of thee; My se - cret on - ly in my keep - ing, The se - cret of my love for thee! Each
in thine eyes saw joy and bliss; Thy dai - ly ques-tion, "Dost thou love me," I an - swered with a lov - er's kiss, "Thy

thought was thine, each sigh an ech - o, Of long - ing that I know al - way, My heart was thine, and on - ly thine, love, I
love is true" and yet I fal - ter, I know not why, I can - not say, Ah, tell me, love, and still the ach - ing, "Dost

rall.

Refrain.

lived a - gain, as yes - ter - day!
beat thy heart as yes - ter - day?"

Tell me that my dreams were true, love, Tell me yes - ter-day's to - day,

colla voce. *rit.* *p*

rit. *a tempo.*

Un - to me give all your heart, love, Now, for - ev - er and for aye, Tell me, with to - mor-row's com - ing,

mf

mf *rall.*

Ev - 'ry doubt will pass a - way, Oh, I know that naught has changed, love, Yes - ter - day must be to - day!

f *mf* *colla voce.* *pp*

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1896

WHEN WORK FITS WOMAN

ONCE more has a voice of authority been raised against so many young women seeking employment in our large mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and once more, perhaps, will the warning go unheeded. This time the voice that cries out against the wrongful tendency is that of a man whose right to speak is unquestioned. He is Mr. Isaac H. Clothier, a member of one of the largest dry goods establishments in the country, a man of the highest and most substantial repute, who for twenty-five years has been an employer on a large scale. In a public address recently delivered, Mr. Clothier said, and his words have in them a world of meaning and significance, that "more wrong had been done to thousands of girls who have gone into our commercial houses than the world dreams of"—a fact which is perfectly patent to every one who has opportunity to study the resultant effects of this eager and mistaken rush of girls into the world of business, and trade.

BUT, cry out a thousand voices at once, Where must these young women go when they are driven by necessity to be wage-earners? And upon this point was Mr. Clothier's address most strong and emphatic:

"I sincerely wish," he said, "that a sentiment could be awakened among the young women of the nation leading them to seek positions where there is to-day so great a need for intelligent service; where they would be safe from danger, where their surroundings might be elevating and congenial, and their occupation not only unobjectionable, but desirable in every sense. There are tens of thousands of comfortable homes scattered all over our land, thousands of them refined and cultured homes, needing intelligent, competent service, that tens of thousands of young women who are now overcrowding the labor market with danger, discomfort and almost starvation to themselves and their competitors in the fierce race for subsistence, could render with great reciprocal advantage. I know the reputation of domestic service suffers from the ignorant and inferior character of too many of those who have engaged therein. I know, too, the difficulties of the situation, and that the responsibility of the present position lies not only on one side. Employer as well as employed, mistress and maid alike need to be educated to an appreciation of those difficulties and the remedy. Let the character, dignity and independence of household service be recognized by the housekeepers of the land, and then properly set before our young women, and a vast new avenue of self-respecting, useful and well-paid occupation lies before them."

No truer words than these have been uttered for a long time, and were they given the consideration they deserve, their full import would come home with greater force than is possible from the casual reading which they will, in all likelihood, receive in many quarters.

THE fact cannot be disputed that no single factor in modern life is doing so much to degenerate our young womanhood as this mad race on the part of girls, impelled by necessity or not, to go into the business world. These may sound like strong words to the ears of some, but to those who are really cognizant of the immensity of the evil results that are being wrought, they will simply fit the case and not go beyond it. In altogether too many of our commercial and industrial establishments, stores and factories, the men into whose hands is given the power to employ and control girls are not fit, from a moral standpoint, to herd swine. And yet thousands of our young women are allowed to go from their homes to work under the influence of these men and in the atmosphere vitiated by them. And why? Simply because it is considered more "respectable" to be employed in an office, store or factory than to be engaged in domestic service. The very word "servant" has a taint about it that the majority of young women dislike, and from which they flee. But what else are they in business establishments than servants, pure and simple? There can be no difference but an imaginary one. That is all. Far less leniency is shown in our business houses to women employees than is shown, as a rule, in our homes to domestic help—infinitely less.

IT is the pot-and-kettle idea that seems so painfully unrespectable to thousands of young women, and perhaps they are not so much to blame when one considers the depth to which the idea of domestic service has been allowed to sink in America. Just so long as the well-to-do parents of our country discourage the idea of household knowledge in their daughters, as so many do, just so increasingly difficult will these same parents find it to secure good domestic servants for their homes. Make a thing undesirable to one class, and you quickly make it unrespectable to another class. We all like to ape the ideas and manners of those whom we fancy to be a little above us in birth or station. Here is where the great evil to domestic service has been done and is being constantly wrought. It has been made purely and lowly menial, and the result is that young women, compelled to earn their living, have sought other avenues which, with their inexperience, they fancy are more desirable or elevating. Reams of paper and tons of ink have been wasted upon the servant-girl problem when the true solution has always been with those who have complained most loudly. It is easy enough to say that servants nowadays are ignorant and unreliable. Unquestionably this is true of most of the help that we find in our houses to-day. But who else than the mistress herself, in many cases, has made it possible for the ignorant and unreliable element to engage in domestic service? Who has shut out the intelligent girls who might have taken up housework for a livelihood? Who has placed the present stigma that attaches itself to those who engage in domestic service? Has the servant herself? Who else but the mistress who considers household work to be "beneath" the attention of her daughter? If the work is "beneath" her daughter, by whom, then, shall it be taken up? Why, then, should the mistress complain when she gets a servant unreliable, and inferior in intelligence to her daughter? Has she not herself fixed the standard of the position?

I DO not argue that the daughters of our families who can afford to engage service should serve as domestics. But I do say that mothers should not give their daughters the idea that household work is something "beneath" them or degrading. It is not "beneath" the highest-bred girl ever born on this earth. On the contrary it is a science that is well calculated to challenge the most alert intelligence and keenest knowledge of the brightest girl. This is one of our faults: that we cannot regard housekeeping as a science. The educational institutions of our country are doing much to make this idea clearer. But our mothers and daughters should accept the truth and so regard it. Before we can expect better servants we must lift the whole idea of domestic service to a higher plane. We must stop dragging it down, to begin with, and we must build it up to its proper plane, for another thing. The daughters of our homes should be taught to work in harmony with the domestic service employed, to give or take as the occasion may call for, to strive side by side. Then the position of the domestic will be raised to a level where better service may be asked and where a higher grade of work will be given. Lift the position of maid, cook or waitress to a position where it not only receives the respect but the coöperation of the daughter in the home, and a more intelligent class will engage in the service. And thousands of our young women now risking their health and their honor in business houses will turn their attention to a channel where they more rightfully belong and where they can employ their God-given talents to a better advantage. And with the advantage to the girl will naturally come the advantage to the mistress, to the home, to our womanhood, and to our country.

CHANGING OUR MOURNING CUSTOMS

IT is very often in the things we are least apt to notice around us that we can find the most direct evidences of a broadening and more enlightened people. One of the surest indications that, as a people, we are tearing away from barbaric customs, is found in the changes which, slowly but surely, have come over our mourning customs and funeral emblems. The time is not so far back when the announcement in a funeral notice that "friends will please omit flowers" was an unheard-of thing. When this first appeared people wondered at it. "No flowers for the dead?" was the curious question. "Why not?" was asked. It was not that the bereaved family did not wish flowers to be strewn upon its dead; the request was simply to stem the practice of sending flowers indiscriminately and meaninglessly. There was not so much of a desire to stop the practice as there was to curb it, to modify it and place it within proper and fitting limitations. Now one meets the request in numerous cases, and the effect has been good. Only in exceptional instances, where the position of the deceased makes privacy of the funeral almost an impossibility, do we see a meaningless and wasteful display of flowers. "Gates Ajar" and similar vulgar floral monstrosities are being discarded, and the modest laurel wreath or cross, or sheaf of wheat have in good taste supplanted them. Flowers for the dead are not to be decried so long as they have a meaning or carry a message of tender sympathy to the living, or attest a love, reverence or respect for the dead. But when offered missionless, in profusion, jammed or crammed into every imaginable made-to-order-looking design or device, the custom (or habit) of thus remembering the dead becomes offensive and is best honored in its breach.

IT was only a step from a modification in the display of flowers at a funeral to less ostentation in the cortége itself. A few years ago it was not an uncommon sight to see an almost endless line of carriages and conveyances of all sorts following the funeral of some well-beloved and respected person to the grave. Interments were robbed of the strict privacy and seclusion properly belonging to them, and they became public displays. After awhile the polite suggestion of "interment private" became a part of death notices, and here, again, a salutary effect was had. The dead came to belong to its living during its last moments above the earth, and was not made the possession of a gaping, cosmopolite crowd of friends, good and indifferent. The rightful effort is now made when death enters into a home of the highest standard of men and women, not to debar friends from a last tribute, but to restrict the circle of sorrowing friends to the smallest limit—certainly in the final burial, in which, after all, none but the family and most personal friends of the mourned one have a proper place or part. So, too, have we seen the dismal black crape disappear from the bell or door-knob, and the wreath of roses or of laurel substituted—at once the most beautiful, the most welcome and appropriate change which could possibly have been instituted. Surely, if death is what most of us believe it to be, the passing into a happier state, so gruesome an emblem of the transition such as the crape is—or rather was—should be the last thing to employ. But at the same time nothing more beautiful than the wreath of roses or laurel or holly could have been devised as a substitute.

STILL another emblem of mourning in which we have improved and shown our saner judgment is in the relief from swathing our little children in the deepest black upon the loss of father or mother. Few things are more pitiable to see than a young child in the fresh dawn of happy childhood, gleeful in spirits, and romping at play, clad in habiliments of woe. Surely we could not have devised a surer or more effective manner of impressing upon the minds of the young the gruesomeness of death than by the methods once followed in their wardrobe. But people of better judgment, and with a finer regard for the fitness of things, have changed all this. In some cases have the parents themselves refrained from affecting the deepest mourning for the sake of their children, and none should criticise so healthful an example. It is no disrespect to the dead when we do not clothe ourselves or our dear ones in the sombre garb of mourning which custom for so long a time decreed as the right thing to do. It is often an insincere grief which flaunts itself before the world with ostentatious emblems. The true grief for a lost companionship is frequently borne in the heart, and not carried on the shoulder. I never thoroughly understood until recently the depth of affection and the sure, sane judgment which prompted that member of my family, who, when he was dying, asked that his wife and children should refrain from wearing anything which savored of mourning at his passing. It was difficult to do; the heart seemed to prompt otherwise. But it was done, and the wisdom of my father's dying wish has often come home to his survivors when they have seen the custom followed which has made relatives and friends sombre just to look at each other. The passing away of one, however dear to us, should not be made the occasion of the deepest grief continued indefinitely. We should remember the dead, as it is easy for us to do when they have been much to us. But we should also think of the living, and not make our own lives and those around us more sombre. The death of one who has been dear to us can never be made other than a mournful occasion, no matter how strong may be our hopes of a reunion. The temporary loss of their companionship cannot make us other than sad. But the true man or woman is he or she who, while remembering the one passed away, is not forgetful of the living, which means ourselves and those around us. At no time of our lives is the cheerful smile, the bright-looking and bright-feeling friend so welcome as when the sombreness of a heavy gloom surrounds us. And as the bright and cheerful friend is life-giving to our spirits, so should we be to others, casting never a shadow of gloom around us, but ever a halo of fresh, bright sunshine, even when we are most sorely tried and perplexed.

A WORD: THEN UNTIL THE MORROW

IT does not often happen that a man learns to love another man. Men there are who command the respect of men, who compel admiration for some quality or deed. But men loved Eugene Field. They loved him as women loved him, as children loved him—as the whole world, who knew of him, loved him. There was a gentleness about his sturdiness and a softness to his roughness that won men and held them. He was unlike the rest of men in some ways. He was a man in every thought, in every feeling, yet he had the tender heart of a woman with the simple nature of a child. No man ever knew Eugene Field's true and better self but he was made better for his contact with it. He made men love children as no man ever did before him. Childhood is a sweeter thing to thousands of men because of this man's love and reverence of it. If his verses breathed of his love for childhood, his nature, when you rubbed up against it, exhaled it and you caught the glow. A child always seemed something sweeter, nobler and more sacred after Eugene Field had spoken of one to you, or had read some of his childhood verses to you. He was happiest when in the company of children, truest when he sang of them. It is not strange, then, that he was beloved of women as well as of men. And how few men there are capable of eliciting and holding the affections of both sexes. We find men popular with men but not popular with women, and *vice-versa*. But this soulful man was loved by both. Women who knew Eugene Field always felt that they were understood. And they were. Their confidence in him was not misplaced. He never disappointed a woman. In his eyes a woman was something sacred because she could be a mother. He always felt that a woman was in closer touch with her Creator than men are, and he said this to me of his wife once. He cherished the highest, most reverent estimate of womanhood—a virtue women are not slow to discern in a man. And they loved him for it.

IT is not easy to see such a man leave the world. For that reason, perhaps, it was so impossible to write of him when the shock of his going was fresh. The wound at the heart seemed to stay the pen. For those who knew him best, loved him so, loved him as one is apt to love a man only once in a lifetime. His attraction was something indefinable. Faulty, as all men are, his better and higher qualities were blended in such a way as to form a magnet from which you could not loose yourself. Pettiness never found a resting-place in his nature. His heart was as big as the trees under which he was born on the old New England homestead, his generosity as free as the winds of the West which he breathed. Perhaps too mindful was he of to-day; too regardless of the morrow, maybe. But what a to-day it was, and how he lived it—ever thinking of others, rarely of himself. It seemed sometimes as if he worked harder only that he might give greater joy to those around him. The "dear little sweetheart" of his home, of whom he often sang so tenderly, was the dearest woman in the world to him. His family was his altar. He filled his home as few men are given to do, and yet to his friends he never stinted himself. He was so royal in his nature and of such broad sympathy and warm-heartedness that he took in every one. He loved all mankind, even to the smallest and most wretched beggar on the street.

It is not strange, then, that the world seems just a bit lonely now to some of us. The world in which he lived will never be the same without him to those with whom he shared it. Only once in a great while can a man drop out of seventy millions of people, and leave behind to thousands a sense of being actually missed. But of Eugene Field it can be said, and said truly:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'!"

There are some who will miss him more than others. But a definite something has dropped out of the lives of all who knew him. The world is better because he lived in it, but it also lacks something now that he has gone from it.

Dear old 'Gene! How some of us loved you! How fond we were of you! Too fond, perhaps! But you had such a rare nature, singularly peculiar, yet rarely beautiful! The tears come at your going. Welcome us with smiles!

THE STUFF THAT MAKES YOUNG MANHOOD

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

THE most important thing a young man ever does is to get ready. The keynote lasts to the end of the tune, and the foundation reaches clear to the finial. Beginnings are autocratic. No matter how long a man lives he will never get away from his youth. My initial paper in this series, therefore, will concern itself with the matter of stuff. What is in a man at the commencement has almost as much to say as to what he will finish with, as the chestnut has to say about the kind of tree that will grow out of it. There is good authority for the fact that thistles do not evolve figs. Every live kernel, whether botanical or human, is stamped with its destiny. An acorn can never grow into anything but an oak. I shall have considerable to say before I am through about a young man's power to shape his own future. It is all the more necessary to begin, therefore, by understanding that that is true only within limits. It has ceased to be a current theory that every mother's boy is liable to become President of the United States. All men are not run in the same mould, and a man is handicapped by his mould. It is not likely that Colonel Smith could have become Napoleon even if he had lived south of the Channel in the days of the French Revolution. There is a quality in some men that is in them before they begin to do anything, and that cannot be earned by perspiration. Putting a buttercup to school will not graduate it a butterfly even if it is a very good school. Its only wholesome ambition will be to be as good as it can as a buttercup. Born differences are incorrigible and are a good deal in the nature of fate.

MY intention in emphasizing stuff is to discredit the stress that is in so many quarters laid on circumstance. A good many young men excuse themselves from ever becoming anything or doing anything by the fact that they always live where it is low tide. Perhaps that is because it is always low tide where they live. At any rate the more I learn of the history of the men who have succeeded the more apparent it becomes that if they were born in low water they patched up their tattered circumstances and beat out to sea on a tide of their own making. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock once wrote: "How many mute, inglorious Miltons die in their mothers' arms nobody knows; but the grown-up Miltons all get heard from." I have watched a good many brooding hens, but I never saw one facilitate the hatching process by pecking the shell. The chick on the inside will get out if he is worth it. Circumstances are only remotely related to the marrow of the matter. Success means, all the way through to the finish, a victory over difficulties, and if the young aspirant lacks the grit to face and down the difficulty that happens to confront him at the start, there is little reason to expect that his valor will show to any better advantage in his encounter with enemies that get in his way later. Thirty years ago if a young man made up his mind to go to college the first question he asked of himself was, "How can I earn the money?" The first question he is likely to ask himself to-day is, "Whom can I look to to give me the money?" Removing difficulties is often nothing more nor less than putting a premium on incompetency. More men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal stuff. We therefore rarely expect that the son of a successful man will be himself a success. Abraham's son was nothing but Isaac, hardly more than a hyphen to connect Abraham with Jacob. It is a big mistake to have too great a father. Sir William Grove says: "An estate in Somersetshire, of which I once took charge temporarily, was on the slope of the Mendip Hills. The rabbits on one part of it, *viz.*, that on the hillside, were in perfect condition, not too fat nor too thin, sleek, active, vigorous and yielding excellent food. Those in the valley, where the pasturage was rich and luxuriant, were all diseased, most of them unfit for human food, and many lying dead on the fields. They had not had to struggle for life, their short life was miserable and their death early." Which is as true of boys as of rabbits. We are more likely to find a good destiny by going afoot than by riding.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The first of a series of articles by Dr. Parkhurst addressed to young men, which will appear in the JOURNAL during 1896.

THE personal stuff just mentioned is primarily composed of two factors—intelligence and passion—the power to know a thing and the power to feel it. The degree to which these two possibilities are combinedly developed will measure pretty accurately the reach of their possessor's effectiveness and influence. Whatever contributes to that result is education in the best and broadest sense of the term. This is the only thorough way of approaching the educational problem. I am assuming in all this that the young man whom I am addressing is disposed to take matters seriously, and that nothing contents him short of the reality in the case. I come back to it again, then, that his own personality, trained in the two mentioned directions of thought and feeling, is certain to constitute the capital with which he is to make himself a personal factor in the world's life. Young men are constantly worrying lest they be failures and nonentities. Every man will count for all he is worth. There is as steady and constant a ratio between what a man is and what he can accomplish as there is between what a ton of dynamite is and what it can accomplish. There is as much a science of success as there is a science of hydraulics. And it all comes back in the first instance on the matter of laying in supplies, accumulating primary stuff. A lad is never too young to have that fact put before him, and never too old to have it rehearsed. He will understand and appreciate the truth of it before he gets through life, and it is a great pity for him not to have, at least, a little appreciation of it near the beginning, so as to frame his initial years in consonance with it. The point at which so many of our young men go wrong is in thinking that qualification for life consists in being able to do certain particular things. This would be like saying, for example, that a man is physically equipped because, as the result of a good deal of specialized gymnastic training, he has learned to stand on his head or to walk on his hands. Such tricks may be both interesting and remunerative, but the ability to perform them tells us nothing as to the athlete's general physical condition, or as to his bodily ability to sustain the pressure that will be put upon him, or to render the service that will be required of him. The first thing that a man needs as an animal is to have a body that is all-around healthy, and as much of it as possible. Everybody understands that, but there are a great many who are not understanding that a similarly thorough and harmonious accumulation of supplies is just as much a necessary preliminary to large and effective work along personal lines. That accounts for the ambition that so many young men have to get at their life-work early, and for their anxiety to confine themselves to narrow lines of preparation. Such a mode of procedure will doubtless qualify them to perform certain intellectual, artistic or mechanical tricks, and to perform them cleverly and in a manner that will have in it some promise of bread and butter.

BUT I have little interest in addressing myself to young men who have no other ambition than to play upon the stage of personal life the same rôle that an equilibrist plays upon a tight-rope, or that a trick mule plays in a circus. A man does not begin to fulfill his functions as a man by any number of specific things which he can do as an expert. The world cares very little for experts, and the course of events is only infinitesimally determined by them. It is not so much any one thing which a man can do ingeniously that makes him a power as it is the tremendous amount of interior capital that he has to do with, giving him thus a kind of imperial grasp upon any situation that he may happen to be called on to face. Young men do not realize that, and perhaps it is hardly to be expected that they should, but they will realize it before they get through, and it is a terrific pity that they cannot so far be brought to respect and defer to the experimentally-acquired judgment of their elders as to save themselves the misfortune of regretting by-and-by that they had not laid at the bottom a foundation broad enough to carry all that they had the ambition to build upon it. Just at this point I want to reiterate a statement already made that there is nothing haphazard in these matters. The less a young man talks about luck and untowardness of circumstances, and the coquettishness of popular favor, and the like, the better for him and for the world to which he owes himself. Every man will have all the power he earns, and the power that he has will tell, not because people like it or like him, but because it is power, and as such can keep itself erect without having a cricket put under its feet, and keep itself dry without having an umbrella spread over its head.

PERSONAL pressure can no more be hooted down, or voted down, or argued out of existence than can the push of the wind or the pull of the moon. If you weigh a ton you will exert a ton's pressure. It is well to emphasize this, because in this way life loses a good deal of that lottery aspect with which sluggishness and poltroonery are so prone to clothe it. Likewise a good deal of what is said about genius is similarly foolish. There is probably such a thing as genius, although ninety-nine hundredths of it is doubtless the name which lazy people give to results which others have earned by hard work in those hours when the lazy people themselves were either sleeping or wishing they could gain it without toiling for it. The word is a tribute which sloth pays to industry in order that sloth may not have the general reputation of being slothful. Of the remaining one per cent. a considerable fraction is certainly a type of insanity, by which I mean that the majority of such men's faculties are pauperized to order in the subsidizing of the minority. There is faculty enough in almost anybody to become genius if only all that faculty were lumped at one spot. No doubt there are geniuses in the technical sense of the term; so there are physical giants, but a great deal more than nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the solid work of the world is done by men who measure under six feet, and any man marking five feet ten would be set down as a compound of coward and idiot who should offer it as the lachrymose apology for his own donothingness that he was undersized, and that there was no use in trying to compete with Goliath and the Anakims. The power to know and the power to feel I have mentioned as being the warp and the woof of an equipped manhood. A thought multiplied into a passion is the enginery of human effect. To know a truth, and then to have our heart throb in warm appreciation of it and strong commitment to it, makes power—always makes power. Those are the two parallel railway irons, then, upon which the train of the young man's individual discipline will have to run.

I do not care just now to amplify this point except to say that truth is what creates within us our material of effect, and that while it is intellect that gives us access to the truth, and makes us master of it, it is by the agency of feeling that truth turns about and masters us; and it is the latter mastery, really, that makes us puissant. It is on that account that so much of what we know as intellectual discipline is fruitless so far as relates to filling the student with capacity for effects. He has learned his lesson, which, however, lies in him only as so much combustible material, but to which, as yet, no torch has been applied. On the contrary, the man whose entire capital is one of enthusiasm will be conspicuous for his abundance of torch, at the same time lacking the timber which the torch exists primarily to enkindle.

I AM saying nothing in this article as to the means by which this twinship of effect will best be accomplished. That will come farther on. I shall be amply satisfied if at the close of these paragraphs my young reader shall feel that "getting ready" to be a man and to do a man's work consists in having solid deposit made exactly at the core of his own personal life; that success is not going to mean anything which he can cleverly append to the branches, but something which he is going to have worked into the stock. Truth is the only nutriment I know of that will become in us the substance of manhood and the material of effect—truth digested till it has become stout fibre in our muscles and warm blood in our hearts. We can become an excellent human machine simply by doing things, and doing them so many times that the performance becomes automatic and unconscious; but that sort of dexterity is hardly even tangent to our main matter. The first great desideratum is not to train our energies of action; it is to get them. It is comparatively an easy thing to conduct the water on to the paddles and run your mill after once you have captured the water supply and secured it in the reservoir. If it is claimed that this way of handling the matter is impracticable, and has not enough to say about the return it will yield in the shape of money, bread and preferment, I can only rejoin that it is quite as practical as the work of laying foundation ever is; it is quite as practical as the process of making investment ever is. Dividends form, of course, a more congenial theme than investments, but the latter of these logically takes precedence. Sowing still antedates reaping, and the amount sowed determines pretty closely the size of the harvest. Whether it be young men or wheatfields the interest can be depended upon to keep up with the capital, and empty barns in October are the logical sequence of empty furrows in spring. The young man may as well understand that there are no gratuities in this life, and that success is never reached "across lots."

C. H. Parkhurst.

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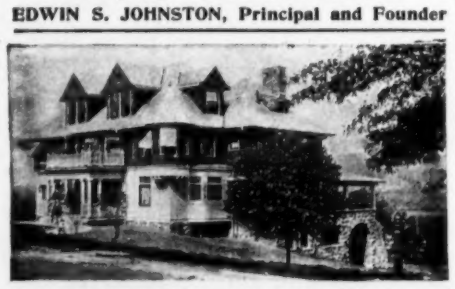

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THE CONSERVATIVE WOMAN

By Ruth Ashmore

I LOVE a book shop—and I love, best of all, that book shop in which one is privileged to pick up a book and dip into it, to pick up another, to test it, then to try still another without being followed by a too-kindly clerk, or treated as if one were an amateur shoplifter. There is one book shop in New York City that suits me to perfection, and I find, oddly enough, that though I may read all of one afternoon without buying a book, somehow I seem to spend most of my money at this shop. I regard that as one of the evidences of virtue being its own reward. The other day I picked up a magazine, a good one, edited by the firm who are the proprietors of this book shop, and I read a little story in "The Point of View" department that made a great impression on me. It is this: A business man got on to a cable car, feeling rather mean and depressed, although he had made what men in the street would call a great bargain. Just as he entered he saw the face of a woman whom he knew and admired.

This is how he described her, "She isn't a young woman, nor a beautiful one, neither is she specially brilliant, though she is very intelligent; but there seems to radiate from her always such an atmosphere of unworldly goodness, almost of holiness, like all the beatitudes rolled together in one human form, that I cannot be a half hour in her presence without feeling myself a better fellow—as if I had taken a bath morally, and put on a fresh suit of clothes, which I meant to keep clean; just as I used to feel when I was in college and went home for a vacation and my mother talked to me. Any fellow knows how that is." He goes on to say that he managed to stand in front of this lady, with the hope of being made to feel better by her sweet womanliness, but to his horror she saluted him with some question about politics, and then went on talking brilliantly about municipal affairs, and indeed she managed to give him, according to his own account, several new points. But that wasn't what he wanted. And he tells that he had hoped for bread and got a particularly uneatable bit of rock. After this he asks a question which I think many men are asking, and which the coming girl, who is the woman of to-morrow, must answer in her life. Here is the question: "When men and women find their greatest common interest in the political situation, or the intellectual problem of the hour, where is to be found the woman whose sweet, old-fashioned unworldliness makes her mere presence more uplifting than all the words of many men? Who will take the place and fulfill the unconscious mission of her whose mission is made by being out of the current of worldly things? Who is going to help me remember to say my prayers?" That is the question.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE QUESTION

YOU cannot pick up a newspaper without reading about women who are members of many clubs, who speak well on the topics of the day, and who are always referred to as intellectually strong. Right here I want to say that I do not encourage ignorance. The more a woman knows the better companion is she for her father, her brother, her sweetheart, her husband or her son. But she must know the proper things. She must know what she does, well and thoroughly, and not, as too many of these women, these so-called clever women, possess, only a half-knowledge. The woman that we want, and the woman that I want my girl to be, is the lady—the conservative woman. The best position that a woman can occupy is that of companion to man. She was made to be his friend and adviser; she was not made to imitate him either bodily or mentally. The conservative woman has been a power all through the centuries just as she is to-day, only just now there is a fear of her being terrified out of existence by the loud screaming of those sisters of hers who, in their desire to repudiate their womanhood, become sexless. A woman cannot read papers and make speeches at many clubs, and at the same time create a home and make herself an intelligent companion for her husband and a wise mother to her children. The club woman may assert that this is possible, but it is not. Something suffers. Something is poor for lack of attention. "But," says the woman who is bright, who is witty, who likes admiration, "am I to sink into being a mere wife and mother, to have no audience but this small one, and never to be appreciated?"

THE IDEAL MOTHER

IF you will take up one of the great histories you will find that where famous teachers have been forgotten, famous scientists summed up in one line, the wise mother and the companionable wife have tributes paid to them by the great men whom they assisted or taught. When I say taught I mean as a mother teaches her children. Is there a finer tribute to religion and to women than that given by the statesman, John Randolph, of Roanoke, to his mother? "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my mother used to take my little hand in hers, and caused me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven.'" Lord Langdale, the famous Englishman, said, "If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother in the other, the world would kick the beam."

A BEAUTIFUL WORD

I LIKE it—that word lady, because it means the woman that I would choose to have you imitate. In olden times the lady was the "bread-giver" or the "loaf-giver," while the lord, translated properly, was the "maintainer of laws." In her close companionship with him she taught peace, by example and by precept. She knew much more than the average woman does nowadays, and she knew it well. She was the mother and the companion of great men. I fear there are not so many great men nowadays. Is it because there is a lack of good mothers? Now, too often, a woman will abdicate that which is really worthy and absolutely great to mix herself up in some petty question as to the proper position of woman, or to enter on a small war as to her wrongs and her rights. Is the woman squabbling for a vote, which she has no right to, as for physical reasons she cannot go as a soldier to protect her country—is this woman the equal of that other one who reads intelligently, who discusses quietly with her husband those questions of importance that perplex her, and, later on, explains them to her sons? Is this unsexed woman the equal of that woman who, with strong brain and tender hand, nurses the man who is on the border of the next world and brings him back to life and strength? Is she the equal of that simple-minded soul who loves her children and her God, and teaches them what God means, and what respect they should show Him in their lives? You don't think so, I don't think so, and no man, who is mentally strong, thinks so.

READING THE BOOKS OF THE DAY

IS the woman who reads with pleasure the analytical novel of the day, or other books that are worse, on the plea that it is wise to know everything, the woman who will teach our children their prayers? It is not wise to know everything. When everything means wickedness, when everything means a greater knowledge of sin it is better for every young or even every old soul to remain in the innocence of ignorance. I want my girl to have the courage, as she is aiming to be the ideal lady, the conservative woman, to refuse to read a bad book. No matter how much celebrity, or, better still, notoriety, it may have obtained, no matter how well known the writer may be, I beg of her to let it alone. Once you enjoy a bad book your taste is depraved and all life is different. How can you care for a good man when your ideal hero is a coarse, common creature, wicked of speech, vicious of action, and counting all goodness as weakness? How can the world itself look full of joy when you elect to see it through the green spectacles of gross literature? If you fill your mind with stories of infamous deeds, of vulgar men, of depraved women, will you be satisfied with knowing them only in print? Treat it as I once saw a woman treat a book: lift it up carefully with the tongs, and put it in the fire. A bad book is a slow, not a quick, poison; it goes gradually through the system until every part is corrupted, while possibly the victim is ignorant of the effect being produced. A bad book makes you see everything in the wrong light. It makes evil seem good. It makes that which is wholesome seem stupid. I don't want you to read tiresome books, but there are thousands of interesting books, and the great writers have not written bad books. Too many of the abominable novels of the day—I call them abominable because I am sure they are abominations in the sight of God—have been written by people who will be forgotten to-morrow, while the names of those writers who gave to the world good and pure books will be remembered forever.

THE LADY AS A COMPANION

SHE is the woman who with her husband and her sons is the best companion. She surrounds herself, unconsciously, with a spiritual atmosphere that is a rest to the weary, especially to the weary man. She is not a bigot. She is in sympathy with whatever work the man may be doing; in many ways she may help him with it, but when he has thrown off the trammels of labor he finds in her all the sweetness, all the rest and all the happiness that can be given by a woman who sets her life so that it is "like perfect music unto perfect words." It is curious that two great writers, Amberly and John Stuart Mill, each dedicated their great books to their wives, whom they describe as perfect helpers and perfect women, using almost the same words! Words are inadequate to describe the lady. Disraeli says of his wife that she was "the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife." In thinking of women, who can forget what Carlyle put upon the tombstone of that nervous, jealous creature, who yet loved him well? After giving her name and age he speaks of her value to her husband, and ends by saying, "And the light of his life is as if gone out."

The public woman is given to talking much about the woman who never marries. I do not think her life is quite rounded, but many times she is the mother where there is no mother, and the adviser and companion where there is no wife. She can do much good to so many. She can give of her time and her love to the poor and needy, and always she can make herself useful because she has spare time; she is the pleasing companion with whom many friends find rest, and from whom to many friends comes pleasure. She can teach that boy who has no mother how to say his prayers, and there is more meant in that than the mere act of praying. As I look at it it seems to me the teaching a boy the respect due to God and woman; the teaching a boy the love due to mother and wife, and the keeping always and ever in a man's heart a fresh spring of spirituality great enough to flood his whole system and wash out all commercial meanness and worldliness and make him wholesome and clean is woman's noblest work.

A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

I HOPE you long to be the companion and friend of whatever man is closest to you, to express in your person to every man you meet that you are guided and controlled by the spirit of womanliness. There is but one way to do it, and there is but one way to make yourself the ideal lady. "And these things come not but by prayer and fasting." Prayer in its best sense, which means asking God to direct you always and in all things, and then never to grow weary in well-doing. And fasting in its best sense. Not merely from beautiful fruits and from the dainties that appeal to your physical nature, but from all the meannesses of life. Have the courage to be, as Ruskin says, "incorruptibly good," and teach yourself to be "infallibly wise." Learn that which you long for so well that it will not only make you better, but cause your goodness to act like leaven and permeate all of the world that is about you. Make yourself strong, not that you may stand head and shoulders above the man, but that being on a level with him, you may not fall, but having that great strength of woman, which is endurance, you may aid him if he should tremble or stagger. Be gentle always. There comes a time when a just anger is right; when the hawk comes near the dove-cote fight for your own and fight well, but fight after the fashion of woman. You would not interest man if you were always the same, but in your changefulness follow the advice of one who understands you, and while you are variable be "variable as the light, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon and exalt it."

Your possibilities are great; you have all rights, and too often your wrongs are of your own making. I cannot expect you to be a perfect woman, but I can expect you to imitate that one perfect woman, she who "was last at the cross and earliest at the grave." To be near those who are loved in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, till death do them part; that is one of your rights—a feminine omnipresence. The continual trying to do right, the continual trying to be good, the continual respect given to that which is right and good, and sweet and pure, will reflect itself, and you will find yourself growing every day more gentle, more kindly, more loving and more womanly. To be womanly—that is it. It means being the dearest companion of a man, the mother of sons, and the silent ruler of the whole world. In these positions woman's greatest strength will always be and remain; the loss of those cannot be compensated by the gain of other attributes. The word woman itself teaches what she should be: womanly. What the world is women have made it, and the conservative woman will always be the powerful woman.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

*A $5000 COLONIAL HOUSE

By Ralph Adams Cram

THE United States is preëminently the land of small dwellings. In no other country are to be found the economic and social conditions which create a demand for innumerable small homes of moderate cost, each on its own plot of land, each owned by its occupant. As a result, American villages and suburbs present an aspect utterly different to that which characterizes similar localities in the old world. The opportunity offered by these national conditions for architectural effect is very great. Unfortunately it is in a great measure thrown away, and in place of attractive streets lined with quiet, unpretentious, but beautiful and homelike houses, we have interminable lines of fantastic absurdities showing, not the individual taste of the unfortunate householder, but the ambition of speculators, themselves without taste, and bound to attribute the same lack to the purchasers they hope to attract.

Nothing scarcely could be imagined which would be worse, from an architect's standpoint, than the ordinary low-priced cottage of the present day. The "Queen Anne" cottages, with their spindle posts, jig-sawed gables and fancy roofs, all painted with the hues of an aniline rainbow, were quite bad enough, but the "Colonials," which have succeeded them, are, if anything, rather worse. The essence of Colonial building a hundred years ago was simplicity—simplicity of plan, of form, of decoration, of color.

It costs no more to build a cottage which is really good, artistically, than one which is intrinsically bad—less, in fact. Reserve, simplicity, dependence on the really good old models that have been left to us from the earlier periods of American building—these are the only qualities that are required, and generally they should not be hard to find nor to acquire. Arrange the rooms very simply, keep the lines of the plan as near a plain rectangle as possible, leave the roof alone, avoid many bay-windows, towers and dormers, make your chimneys just as large as is feasible, have nothing to do with yellow and white paint, and you will be pretty safe.

Nothing is much better as a model for American domestic work than Colonial architecture of the early part of the century; nothing is worse than "modern Colonial," for to the popular architect a house may be made Colonial by covering a confused plan and a chaotic exterior with details unintelligently copied from old Colonial furniture. He is serenely ignorant of the fact that what is good in an old Colonial house is its superb frankness, straightforwardness and simplicity. From a purist's standpoint much Colonial detail evidences a debased taste, and is merely the result of an uneducated builder's attempt to call to mind the work with which he himself was familiar in England. But against the plan and general mass of ancient Colonial houses no criticism whatever can be brought.

The accompanying design shows an attempt to restore something of the simplicity of arrangement characteristic of good Colonial work. As will be seen, the plan is a rectangle, broken only by an open porch in front and a covered porch behind. In the centre is the main entrance hall, nine feet wide, with a curved flight of stairs at the end. Opening from this hall on the right are two rooms of equal size, connecting with each other by means of arches on either side of the chimney. These rooms can be used as double parlors, or one may be used as a library or a reception-room. On the left of the hall is the dining-room, a little smaller than the rooms on the right. Behind this is a good-sized kitchen, china-closet and pantry, and servants' entrance and stairs.

On the second floor are three large bedrooms and one small one, together with a bath. A portion of the hall at the front of the house is separated from the stairway by a wide arch, and may be used either as a portion of the hall or as a sewing-room.

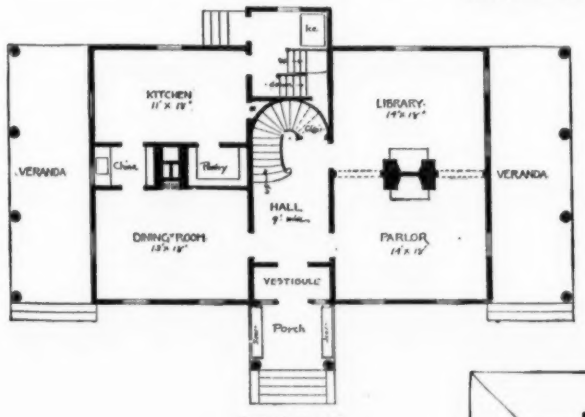
On the third floor are two servants' rooms, a linen-closet, and a large play-room.

The cellar extends under half the house only, containing the furnace, coal-bins, a cold closet, set tubs and a servants' lavatory.

As will be noticed, the exterior is treated with absolute simplicity. It is practically a reproduction of one of the old types of Colonial house. The walls are to be clapboarded, and the suggested color is stone-gray with white trimmings and dark green blinds. The chimneys have been made of considerable size in order to obtain something of the dignity so characteristic of this feature in work of the Colonial period. It is curious that this point is so often ignored. Small chimneys will ruin any design however good; large chimneys will do much toward dignifying the most trivial travesty of architecture.

The construction contemplated is of the utmost simplicity, consistent with absolutely first-class work. The foundations and underpinning are of local split stone. Walls, floors and roofs are lined with sheathing paper, and the walls are fire-stopped with brick at each floor. Inside, the floors of the first story, and of the halls and bath in the second, are of maple, the standing finish—whitewood—painted ivory white, except in the kitchen and bathroom, where the finish is maple slightly stained. There is neither stained glass nor fancy woodwork in the house. The effect, such as it is, is dependent solely on simple lines and quiet detail. Indeed, there is nothing in the Colonial style of architecture to offend the most fastidious.

A house built after this plan would cost, in the vicinity of the larger cities of the East, about $5000, including heating and plumbing.



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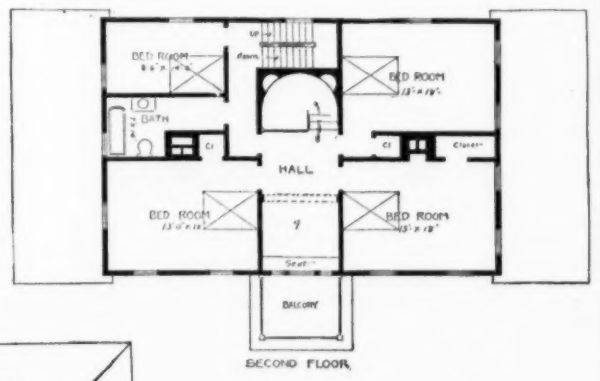

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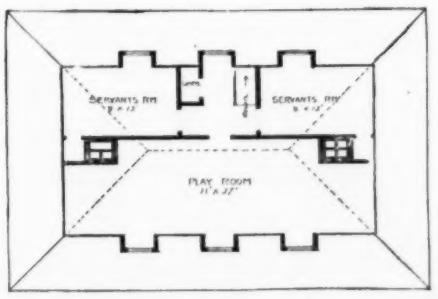

ATTIC

*The second in a series of plans and ideas for suburban houses of moderate cost which the JOURNAL proposes to publish. The first article, "A $3500 Suburban House," appeared in the December, 1895, JOURNAL. Other plans for houses costing, respectively, $3000, $3500, $4000 and $5000, will be given in subsequent issues,—all drawn, expressly for this magazine, by leading architects in different parts of the country.

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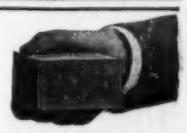

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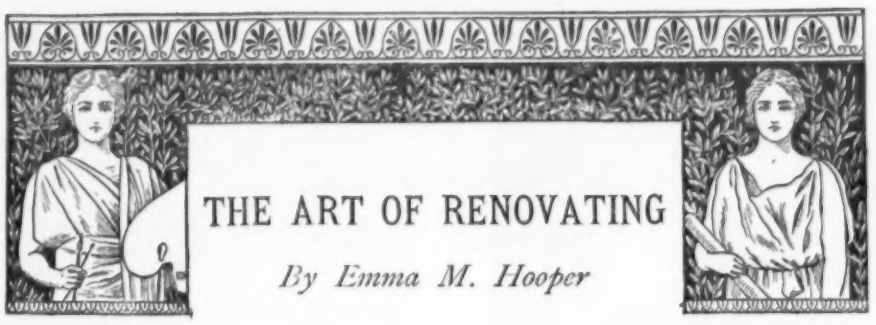

THE ART OF RENOVATING

By Emma M. Hooper

AT this time women of all ages begin to look over their wardrobes and to select those gowns which are worth doing over for wear in the rapidly-approaching spring season. To such I would say, do not begin work on anything too old to repay you for your time and labor, and whatever you do let it be carefully accomplished or the result will be only a disappointment. Combinations of colors and materials are allowed in a manner to delight an economical person, and render the making of old clothes into new garments a pleasing task.

CLEANING BLACK GOODS

EVERY one has or wants a black gown nowadays, and such goods as serge, cheviot, cashmere, Henrietta, etc., are easily cleaned. First remove the grease spots with naphtha, and remember that this fluid is very explosive when exposed to either light or fire. Make a lather of warm soapsuds, using a good, not strong, soap, and a teaspoonful of borax to every two quarts of water. Into this dip the goods up and down and wash between the hands; then wring gently and pat partly dry; hang in the shade, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Always rinse once in luke-warm water, and iron until the material is perfectly dry. Never rub a fabric that is being renovated on the washboard, nor wring it tightly, and in using naphtha remember that it roughens the hands, and that after using it it is well to put vaseline upon them and to wear old gloves. Wash alpaca in the same manner as cashmere, adding a little gum-arabic to the rinsing water. If the black goods are of a rusty color restore them by sponging with ammonia and alcohol. Always use a piece of the same material or one near to it to sponge with. Remove grease from colored cashmere with French chalk. Rub it on the spot, then let it remain all night, and in the morning brush off; if necessary repeat the treatment. Wash a colored woolen fabric, as cashmere or serge, in warm water, putting a tablespoonful each of beef's gall and ammonia to a pail of water. Have the rinsing water ready, with a small portion of beef's gall in that, and wash and rinse quickly; dry in the shade and iron on the wrong side with a warm, not hot, iron. French chalk can be used on any color and material. Benzine will remove paint—it is also very explosive—but sometimes leaves a stain like water. This stain may often be removed with French chalk. Grease is also removed by rubbing the spot with a lump of wet magnesia, and after it is dry by brushing off the powder. Remove all grease spots before cleaning a piece of silk or woolen goods. It is prudent to try the liquid you intend using, on a small bit of the material first to note the effect. In sponging any fabric always do it with downward strokes.

THE INEVITABLE BLACK SILK

A GOOD quality of black silk cleans well and repays one for careful handling. If too shabby to make up as a dress use it for a petticoat. If worn for the latter garment be sure and put ruffles of taffeta on it, for no other silk has the same stand-out tendency as taffeta. Have a clean, smooth table to sponge your silk upon, and rub on the side that will be worn out. Here are several fluids for sponging black silk, and all are excellent: Equal parts of warm water and alcohol; cold coffee made strong and well strained; stale beer; water in which an old black glacé kid glove has been boiled, using a pint of water to a glove and boiling it down to half of that quantity. Cut the selvedge here and there to prevent any drawing. Hang each piece on a line to drip nearly dry, and then iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, putting a piece of thin black crinoline between the iron and silk. Lay the pieces away without folding them. A very hot iron often discolors silk. If a white silk handkerchief was ironed with a cool iron, and with a linen handkerchief between the iron and silk, the latter would not yellow. Clean black ribbons as you do silk. Clean colored silk with water in which a kid glove the color of the silk has been boiled, using a new tin pan to boil it in; strain and add a little hot water and ammonia. Wash in this, and put half a teaspoonful each of borax and spirits of camphor to a quart of the rinsing water, and hang each piece up until it dries, but do not iron. Another authority says that ribbons should be washed in a lather of cold water and Castile soap, and should be ironed while damp, using a cloth under the iron.

CLEANSING LACES

FRENCH cleaners do not advise ironing lace, but if it is done have the ironing-board well padded and put a cloth between the lace and iron. Do not dry black lace by the fire or it will turn rusty. Wash black lace in a pint of warm water with a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in it, and use an old black kid glove for a wad to sponge it with. Borax, diluted alcohol, beer, strained coffee, and water in which a black kid glove has been boiled are all excellent renovators for black laces, as is also cold strained green tea. White cotton laces are washed in warm soapsuds, rinsed, boiled, rinsed for the second time, patted nearly dry and then pinned down on a clean towel over a smooth bed or pillow. Every point of the scallops must be carefully pinned down into shape. Grated breadcrumbs will clean white lace that is not very much soiled. Lace that has yellowed from age may be whitened by covering it with soapsuds and allowing it to stand in the sun. A creamy écru shade may be given to white lace by putting strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right color is obtained. All laces should be soused up and down and gently squeezed or clapped dry between the hands. White silk laces are cleaned by soaking them in milk over night, then they should be washed in warm soapsuds, rinsed, pulled out and finally pinned down on a towel while damp. Delicate laces are also cleaned with calcined magnesia. Spread the lace on clean white paper, sprinkle both sides of it with magnesia, place a second piece of paper over it, put it away between the leaves of a large book for a few days and finally shake off the powder. Gold and silver laces are cleaned with grated breadcrumbs mixed with powdered blue. Sprinkle this well-mixed preparation over the lace for a few hours, then brush off the crumbs with a piece of flannel, and rub the metal gently with a bit of red velvet, the color of which is as important as the material.

ABOUT VARIOUS THINGS

WHITE crocheted shawls are cleaned by covering them for a night with flour or white cornmeal; then shake them well and if not perfectly clean repeat the treatment. The stockinet and good rubber dress shields can be washed in warm soapsuds, pulled into shape and dried by pinning them up in a window. Japanese, China and pongee silks and handkerchiefs should be washed in warm water, rinsed at once and dried in the shade. When nearly dry, iron with a cloth between the silk and iron. Soak genuine whalebones, when bent, in warm water, and then at the end of thirty minutes iron them out with a hot iron. Navy blue flannel dresses should be washed in bran and water without any soap, but with a cup of salt to set the color. Soft water is always the best for cleaning, or hard water may be softened with a little borax or ammonia. When jet passementerie looks dusty and rusty wipe it off with a wad of black silk or cashmere dipped in diluted alcohol and finally wipe dry with a clean rag. There is a waterproofed crape for wearing in damp weather, but if the ordinary crape is worn and gets rusty and slimsy, as it will do in time, it can be renovated at home after a formula that I have personally tested many times. Rip out the hems of veils, brush away all dust with an old silk handkerchief, and wind the crape smoothly, catching it with pins, around a broomstick or clothes-stick. Fill the wash-boiler half full of water, and when it boils lay the stick across it, the ends resting on the edge lengthwise. Keep the water boiling and steam the crape all day, turning the stick so that every part of the crape may be steamed. Then put the stick away for twenty hours, as the crape must be perfectly dry before unpinning it. This will make it retain a good black color and it will be crisp to the touch. Clean ordinary spots from a black dress with a rag of the same, wet with ammonia and warm water.

THE RIPPING AND BRUSHING

RIP up your goods, using a penknife or small pointed scissors; pick out the threads and shake each piece. Brush woolen goods with a whisk, but silk is dusted by rubbing it with a silk handkerchief or piece of soft flannel. It will answer to simply shake cotton goods. Put the buttons, ribbons, laces, passementerie, etc., in separate boxes, and tie up the different materials in separate parcels ready for the cleaning.

WASHING SUMMER MATERIALS

PUT a tablespoonful of sal soda to a gallon of cold water for rinsing blue and purple lawns. Use a teacup of vinegar in a gallon of water to rinse green and pink cottons, as it will improve the color. Black and navy blue lawns, etc., should be washed in warm suds containing a cup of salt; rinse in very blue water and dry in the shade; then immerse in very blue and thin starch, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderate iron. Dry all cottons in the shade and use very thin, warm starch on them. Always iron on the wrong side and with a moderate iron. Never soak them over night. Wash gingham and percale in only warm water, and use salt in each water to set the color. It is said, though I have never tried it, that if the color has been taken out of a natural colored linen waist it can be restored by dipping in a solution of one part of acetic acid to twelve parts of water. You can remove scorch stains from a summer muslin by soaking the material in luke-warm water, squeezing lemon juice over it and sprinkling salt on the stains; then bleach it in the sun. If a white dress has coffee stains on it remove with the yolk of an egg and twenty drops of glycerine mixed together. Wash off with warm water and iron on the wrong side. Shirt-waists should have the collar and cuffs stiffly starched and the rest of the garment very thinly starched; iron with a moderate iron. Clean French and domestic sateens by placing them in a lather of luke-warm soapsuds containing a cup of salt; rinse in water and salt; dip in very thin, warm starch and wrap in a clean sheet; in two hours iron on the wrong side over a well-covered ironing-board. Iron embroidery on the wrong side and over a soft, padded ironing-board.

CLEANSING KID GLOVES

CLEAN kid gloves with naphtha; put them on the hands, rub with flannel dipped in naphtha, and then wipe dry with a clean piece of white flannel. Remove the gloves and hang them up in the air. The first steps in renovating are uninteresting, but must be done well or the after results will be far from satisfactory. Silk embroidery may be cleaned with a camel's-hair brush and spirits of wine. Prepare to do the task well or do not commence it. Be careful of explosive cleaning fluids, like benzine, naphtha or alcohol. Always air goods after cleaning them in a fluid of strong odor.

A STREET MATERNITY GOWN

WITH the early advent of spring many wish and should have out-of-door exercise, who cannot wear the usual gown decreed by Dame Fashion. I have spoken before of having a soft, easy and well-fitting corset, and of curving the top edge of the skirt front up, in place of down, so that it will not draw up. Fit the skirt with a few gathers in front in place of darts, and use a draw-string at the back. Have a reefer jacket of the striped or mixed serge, cheviot, plain mohair or whatever it may be. This has a fitted back, loose double-breasted front, rolling collar and revers, very large sleeves and eight large buttons on the front. Have the entire fit easy rather than snug, and when necessary the buttons can be moved to afford more room. This is worn with a linen chemisette and club tie, a silk stock collar and tiny plastron, and a cotton shirt-waist or silk waist. A mixed brown is pretty with brown velvet collar and revers. A black mohair looks well with a plaid silk collar and plastron. Blue or dark green is set off with black satin for the collar and revers. Such a suit is comfortable to wear, and gives a good appearance. With a linen chemisette wear a club or De Joinville tie. Wash-silk waists are neat made up just as cotton waists are. A striped piqué for midsummer wear can be made in the same fashion and worn with a dotted Swiss and lace collar and plastron.

FOR HOUSE WEAR

THERE is the inevitable tea-gown, which is now made with the loose Empire front shirred at the neck and then falling unchecked to the feet. This centre front should be of Japanese silk, cotton crêpe or some such soft goods. A Watteau back is the most becoming, and a bertha fall of lace or full epaulette ruffles and large sleeves. For midsummer, percale and white lawn Mother Hubbard wrappers are the most convenient. A silk blouse can be worn if it really drops in front over the waist-line. Striped lawns are made up with a blouse waist and always look very well. House sacques of lawn, cashmere or flannelette are useful and may be trimmed up in quite a dressy fashion. Select small-figured or narrow-striped goods. Have white or light dainty shades in place of gay colors. Have yokes put on all of the under petticoats, and if draw-strings are put in the back part at first no further enlarging will be necessary. Avoid any decided belting, be it wide or narrow. For a change a pointed jacket effect just below the waist-line in front is not a bad idea, with a soft draped plastron showing between. Above all, dress as comfortably and appropriately as possible.

THE FASHIONABLE NIGHTDRESS

SOME DAINTY LINGERIE

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

FROM that day a long time ago when the finest leaves and the daintiest thorn, the ones for material, the other for a needle, were used to make the very first garments, refined women all through the centuries have loved dainty underwear. She who is past-mistress in the art of needlework can just now possess this at a very slight expenditure of money. The work of the sewing machine is only noted upon the long seams, to make firm the bands or to place strong stitches wherever strength, rather than beauty, is necessary. Frills are often hemstitched, but sometimes simply hemmed in the old-fashioned way—that way being to place hundreds of tiny stitches as close to each other as possible, and to use for this purpose very fine thread.

MATERIAL AND TRIMMING

THE materials best liked are nainsook, victoria lawn, cambric, dimity, piqué and batiste. The last is seen in pale pink, pale blue and a very faint mauve, but when a color is chosen I can only advise its use for nightdresses, and then it must be laundered in the most careful manner, or else what is a faint color will soon become a faded one.

Valenciennes lace in the cream shades is used for trimming, and a great deal of fine torchon is also noted. Embroidery combined with lace is very effective, but personal experience has proved that, as a trimming alone, it does not wear as well as lace, and is not as dainty.

The Empire chemise, fitted to the figure, is fancied by ladies who wear corset-covers, inasmuch as it takes the place of the bodice and may be worn over or under the stays, while the full, long skirt portion answers for a short skirt. These chemises are as carefully fitted as possible, for if they ruffle up or get out of place they will cause the bodice proper to look ill-fitting, and wrinkles that are very objectionable will appear. No sleeves are in them, the armholes being trimmed and drawn up high on the shoulders with ribbons. A very pretty one is made of lawn with the neck cut round, and finished with a beading and a frill of Valenciennes lace. Through the beading is drawn white satin ribbon, which is tied just in front. The armholes have similar beading around them and are finished with frills of lace, but both the back and front of the chemise have a loose, bib-like section formed of points of fine embroidery, each outlined with a frill of lace. The stays are worn over this chemise, and the bibs lap over the stays and reach quite to the waist-line, and so do the duty of a corset-cover and protector. At the waist-line of the chemise is a broad beading, through which an inch-wide ribbon is drawn so that the fullness can be properly arranged. The skirt finish is a hemstitching and several fine tucks with the threads drawn in the same way.

On almost all dainty underwear narrow or wide beading appears, permitting the use of fanciful ribbons that may, of course, be taken out when the garment pays its visit to the laundry. And, by-the-by, the daintiest of women have their lingerie so made that it can visit the laundry, for no matter how well dry-cleaning may make it look, one's underwear is never perfectly pure unless it has had the threefold blessing of soap, water and sunshine.

A suit made for a bride shows a petticoat of white silk with rosebuds printed upon it; the trimming consists of three ruffles of the silk having their edges pinked, while the strings are of white wash ribbon about an inch wide. The stays are covered with silk matching the skirt, and the silk lacing is of white, the edge finish being a narrow frill of white Valenciennes, while white ribbon is drawn through the beading just below. Coutil imitating the Dresden silks is shown in well-made stays, and will, of course, outwear the silk that it imitates, and which, in prettiness, it quite equals.

On the fashionable nightdress the Watteau plait is conspicuous, and is to be commended, inasmuch as greater width is gained by it, and the shapeliness of the robe is preserved. Nainsook or cambric is oftenest selected for pretty nightgowns, although for those who prefer or need a heavier gown, dimity is recommended.

THE CAMBRIC NIGHTDRESS

THE nightdress pictured is of fine cambric cut square in the neck in front; the throat is seen, and below is a strip of open embroidery alternating with a row of lace insertion just the width across, while a very deep frill of lace forms the collar and comes down at each side in rever fashion. The sleeves are large, and each being very full, are drawn into a band of beading, which has as a finish a wide frill of lace that falls far over the wrist. Pale blue ribbon is drawn through the beading and tied on each sleeve in a jaunty bow well up on the outer side. The back of the gown is in a double box-plait from the neck; it is held almost to the waist-line and then it is allowed to flare.

A PRETTY MATINEE

Another nightdress which is developed in fine nainsook has rows of insertion and embroidery forming the entire front from the neck down to the waist-line, where a row of wide beading, with ribbon run through it, forms a belt so that a blouse effect is produced. The full skirt is gathered on to a stronger belt under the fancy one, while the back is in a Watteau plait and is not confined at the waist. The high collar is of beading with a frill of narrow lace as its finish, and a ribbon, matching the belt, drawn through it, and looped in a pretty bow just in front. The sleeves are full puffs that reach to the elbows, and are then drawn into cuffs of alternate rows of lace and embroidery, with a deep frill of lace as the finish for each.

If you wish to have your nightdresses marked in the most approved manner take a pencil and write your initials as you are in the habit of doing, either on the sleeve, the left preferably, or on a smooth place on the bodice, and then embroider them in white and so daintily that there will be no wrong side to the work.

THE DAINTY PETTICOAT

OF course, it depends on the gown under which it will be worn. For your summer dresses, those of lawn or any fine cotton, use for petticoats coarse Swiss; for the heavier costumes select either lawn or else that which is considered the latest, piqué. This will hold so much starch that it will force a skirt to stand out. The umbrella shape is the one invariably worn with the present style of dress skirt. A petticoat of coarse Swiss muslin is decorated by a deep hem and three ruffles; each frill is edged with rather coarse écru lace, while a band of beading is the finish at the top of the ruffles, and through it is drawn pale mauve satin ribbon.

Another skirt, intended to be worn with a cloth gown, is of corded piqué cut in the received shape, and with a deep flounce of very open embroidery reaching from the knee to the edge of the skirt.

FASHIONABLE ALPACA PETTICOATS

ALPACA in white, cream, gray, silver-blue, Nile green and, of course, black is liked for general wear and is developed in many pretty ways. The moreen or watered alpaca is also fancied in these colors, but for long service the plain alpaca is more desirable. Three-inch-wide ribbons scantily gathered are put on as ruffles, and sometimes a single ruffle of the alpaca bordered at the top and bottom with narrow satin ribbon is fancied. When the three-inch ribbon is used three small ruffles form the decoration. On a petticoat of pale green the ruffles are a light golden-brown satin; the bottom one has a wire braid under the lower edge that starts from each side of the front, but does not cross it. Another alpaca petticoat is a black one with a deep single ruffle of the material, finished at the top and bottom with half-inch satin ribbon, also black, which is sewed on by hand. Casings and silk strings are the finish at the waist. So many women now wear their stays after the French fashion, just outside the skirt, in reality being the last garment assumed, that skirts with casings and strings are in greater favor than those mounted on yokes, for by wearing the stays over the petticoat the fullness is pressed down. If, however, one should be very stout, the yoke is commended, but good-sized hooks and rings should fasten it at the back.

Silk skirts are in almost every instance made of the light changeable taffeta, and many contrasts in color are shown.

OTHER DAINTY PIECES

LIGHT-WEIGHT flannels in pale colors are fancied rather more than the all-white, although many beautiful flannel skirts are seen in the all-white flannel. A pink one that is particularly pretty has the edge below two fine tucks cut in square turrets, and these are bound with narrow pink satin ribbon. A ruffle of écru lace four inches deep is under them, which the space between permits to be plainly seen. The belt is of pink satin ribbon, and similar ribbons draw it together and are tied in long loops and ends.

A simpler petticoat is made of outing-cloth in stripes of blue and pink. There is near the edge a group of three fine tucks, and the edge itself is cut in Vandykes and scalloped with fine blue zephyr, while from underneath falls a band of knitted lace in the pink and blue colors.

Drawers are, if anything, shorter and broader.

THE PRETTY MATINEES

DAINTY little matinées, to be worn when one is obliged to remain in bed, are developed in flannel, cashmere or delaine. The effect must always be soft and loose, and although the jacket should have an elaborate air, expensive materials need not be used. The one shown in the picture is made of pale blue cashmere, with a Watteau back, and a loose front that falls away to show a blouse front of figured delaine, the ground being white with small blue flowers upon it. This is drawn in full at the waist and falls a few inches below it in ruffle fashion. A stock of blue satin ribbon is the neck finish, and below it on the blue jacket is a deep, flaring collar decorated with rows of narrow gilt braid. Ribbon ends draw the jacket fronts together carelessly over the blouse front. Full sleeves are gathered in at the wrists and have as a finish frills of écru lace.

Tiny bags of silk filled with orris powder thrown here and there among your underwear will further enhance its daintiness.

A FEW LAST WORDS

THE wise woman is that one who, every year, adds to her stock of underwear by one, two or three pretty pieces, and so she does not feel the amount of money which she spends on her lingerie. She must remember this year that the collar on her nightdress cannot possibly be too flaring or too large.

She must also remember that with her Swiss petticoat her lawn or organdy skirt will require no lining.

Few buttons are seen on the underwear of to-day, ribbon ties closing most everything, and the amateur must never make the mistake of putting a button on a skirt belt. If she does it will announce itself through the thickest of bodices.

IT PAYS to do your shopping with "The Quickest Mail Order House in the World"— BY MAIL

Lingerie—That much-worried word which in the United States language means muslin underwear with an accent — has come to be recognized as a February feature in retail trading. We have a word to say about ours — but we prefer to translate the name into Dry Goods English—

Under-muslins!

No. 4573

Generalities mean little and convey less, usually; as for instance — to assert that "our assortment this Spring is absolutely unrivaled" — would be axiomatic — but rather weak as compared with

"No. 4573 — Fine cambric gowns — yoke of tiny tucks joined with insertion of Normandy lace. The neck, yoke and sleeves bordered with cambric ruffle trimmed with Normandy lace — back gathered on yoke of 8 pleats—extra full skirt 60 inches long, $1.69."

And while fault could be found with our dwelling on the superior advantages which our foreign offices give us in securing exclusive designs — purchasers are more interested in

No. 34

"No. 34 — Muslin gowns — square neck trimmed with Guipure insertion edged on both sides with embroidery ruffle. Sleeves very full and edged with ruffle of embroidery-back gathered at neck, 58 inches long—$1.35."

No. 30

Even to tell you of the eloquent whisperings of our silent prices would fail to carry the conviction with it that must come to you as you read of these

"No. 30 — Muslin Empire Gowns—sleeves and sailor collar trimmed with Guipure embroidery ruffles. Yoke of Guipure insertion trimmed with four inch ruffle of embroidery. Skirt of ample fullness — 58 inches long — plain gathered back — 98c"

Sensational clamoring for recognition from the entire corporate body of Her Imperial Highness, The American Woman, finds less favor with us than the simple telling of plain, pertinent, persuasive price-pictures.

Send for Sample Copy
Carson-Pirie Monthly
"The most unique and certainly the daintiest magazine of fashions ever published."
February Number Now Ready
72 pages handsomely illustrated. Yearly subscription 10c.

In-doors and out— Smart costumes for street wear as well as dainty dressings for the house. They are the product of our own designers and made in our own workrooms—for when we guarantee a thing we like to know all about it first. We DO know all there is to know about these

Walking Suits—

so we put our name in every one of them, which means that it is a real $18.00 value in every respect. Material is all-wool storm serge, sponged and shrunken, in navy and black — with two-seam French back and extra full leg o'mutton sleeves pleated at shoulders; revers of velvet and velvet trimmed front with rows of tiny brass buttons and velvet trimmed collar and cuffs. The suit is lined throughout and the waist is boned. The very full skirt is made with the new flare, and gathered back, velvet bound. If quality samples interest you we'd be glad to send them for they show an excellence of fabric that is fully maintained in the workmanship. All usual sizes. In ordering, mention No. 228 and give bust measure and skirt length . . . ***$12.00***

After Shopping— (unless you do yours by mail) you'll have "that tired feeling." For its immediate relief there is no specific so pleasant to take as one of these dainty

Lounging Robes—

They are really fashioned most prettily and compare favorably with any garment we can buy outside for $5.00. Made from swans-down flannel, washable, with very large sleeves and skirt of ample fullness. The collar, Vandyke epaulettes and entire front trimmed with fancy silk gimp. Satin bows on sleeves, pocket and at throat complete the charming effect. Light colors, stripes mostly—samples if you'll ask us. They are ideal invalid robes, for they make anyone look well. In ordering, mention No. 1181 and state bust measure ***$2.75***

Silks 1896— The early importations are here. These prices speak more loudly of this opportunity than any description we can give.

Glace Taffeta—21-inch "printed-in-the-warp," in Persian and Oriental designs and colors, the queen of spring silks, $1.75 quality, $1.25; $2.00 quality, $1.50.
Fancy Habutai—woven colors, washable, 20-inch, 39 cts.
Fancy Kai Kai—plaids, stripes and checks, 20-inch, 23 cts.
Specimen values only, but enough to give you an idea of how we attained our silk supremacy.

SEND FOR "THE SHOPPERS' ECONOMIST" MAILED FREE! YOUR MONEY BACK if not satisfied with your purchase.
The most complete Shopping Guide ever published—128 pages devoted to good form in woman's wear, the correct Spring styles as shown in our seventy departments being accurately described and handsomely illustrated. Ready March 1st.
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.
100 to 112 STATE STREET
CHICAGO

Barbour's Calendar
For 1896

Size 5½x8 in. Sent on receipt of Two 2-cent Stamps.

This Calendar, of which the above illustration is a small and partial reproduction, is a remarkable product of the Lithographers' Art—in bright colors—appropriate to the figure.

Barbour's Lithographs (Dolls—12 for three 2-cent stamps—Yachts—10 for four 2-cent stamps) are already famous. The Calendar will be an unusually attractive ornament to any room.

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Mamma calls me Miss Fidget
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HOME PARTIES AND CHURCH SOCIALS

A Page of Suggestions by Experienced Entertainers

A PATRIOTIC HOME AFFAIR

By Edith Lyndon

IT was not only Washington's Birthday that we were preparing to celebrate, but also sister Jean's, which fell upon the twenty-second day of February. We were determined to make this birthday party a very patriotic affair, and began by using our water-colors to such good effect that our invitations, with an American in the upper left-hand corner, holding the star-spangled banner, and bearing the wish that the recipients thereof would appear upon the evening of the day we celebrate in a costume made to represent one of the States or Territories, were quite unique. For ourselves we planned gowns of red, white and blue cheese-cloth, Jean wearing a liberty cap, thus personating Liberty, while I was to carry a pair of scales, thereby representing Justice. We decorated the house with all "sorts and conditions" of American flags, and in the most prominent place in the parlor hung a picture of the hero of the day, George Washington. When our guests appeared on the evening of the twenty-second we gave each one of them a small blank book with a cover of heavy water-color paper, upon which was painted our flag; to this was attached with the narrowest of tricolor ribbon a white programme pencil.

Our guests had certainly entered most heartily into the costume plan, for almost every State and Territory had its representative. Florida was represented by a striking brunette in a bright orange gown decked with garlands of artificial flowers, while a basket of oranges hung on her arm. A young man in full Highland costume came as Georgia, thus drawing upon the early history of the Colony. We quickly recognized a young girl in the palest of pink gowns hung over with artificial peaches as Delaware, while a young man displaying in large letters upon one shoulder, "Race-Track Law," and upon the other, "Republican Veto," was plainly New Jersey; Minnesota was there in the person of a youth dressed as a miller. Virginia, the State named in honor of the "Virgin Queen," was a young girl in full Elizabethan dress; Pennsylvania was represented by a sweet little Quakeress and a typical William Penn; a young lady adorned with every imaginable kind of modern small timepiece was Connecticut. Washington was with us in the person of a young man dressed as George Washington, while "Mother Massachusetts'" history was recalled by a most fascinating young lady dressed as a witch.

WE gave our guests half an hour in which to guess what States the various costumes represented, and to register their guesses in the little blank books. At the expiration of that time we found who had been most successful guessing, also who had been least, and awarded prizes accordingly. We next distributed numbered slips among the company, upon each of which was written the part we expected the recipient to take in the remainder of the evening's entertainment. We had prepared these slips with considerable thought. We heard that Miss W—— played a pretty arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner," so we asked her to come prepared to play it, and her slip read, "No. 1—Piano Solo, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'" Miss S—— has obtained an enviable reputation as an elocutionist; in response to the request upon her slip she favored us with "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle."

All of our guests, however, were not musical, nor were there many gifted elocutionists among them, so one company of nine or ten received slips requesting them to get up a charade bearing upon American history or life, while a somewhat larger company was asked to get up a tableau representing a scene in United States history.

The charade company made a pleasing bit of acting out of the word "American" (A-merry-can), giving us four acts in all, three for the syllables and one for a final representation of the whole word. It was left to the tableau company to give the most amusing part of the programme, a burlesque of "Paul Revere's Ride." "Paul Revere's" steed was a dilapidated hobby-horse, and Ned Wills, who personated "Paul Revere," rocked furiously to and fro; John Blank at suitable intervals put up placards reading, "Medford," "Lexington," and "Concord," and as the name of each historic town appeared a group rushed out armed with old swords, shovels, etc., ready to answer the rider's summons.

Like all things our pleasant evening had to come to an end, "Paul Revere" having "spread the alarm."

A BUNDLE PARTY

By Clara J. Denton

ON returning from school one day I found a dainty little note awaiting me. It had arrived by private messenger. Upon the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, in the place usually occupied by the postage stamp, was a neat pen-and-ink sketch of a collection of bundles of various shapes and sizes. On removing the envelope I found the same unique device heading the sheet of heavy note-paper, while beneath it was the following neatly-written invitation:

Miss Ethel Rood presents her compliments to Miss Ella Mayburn and requests the pleasure of her company at a "Bundle Party" on Saturday afternoon, February Twenty-fourth, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-four.

84 Washington Avenue.

I studied the pen-and-ink drawing carefully, but failed to gather from it any hints as to the nature of a "Bundle Party." So a great deal of curiosity was blended with my anticipation of a good time as I entered my friend's parlor on the designated afternoon. There I found many guests, but nothing at all in the shape of bundles. But very soon a portière was drawn aside and our hostess led the way into the adjoining room, where, upon a large table, reposed packages of all shapes and sizes. On the wrapper of each was very distinctly marked a number. To each guest was then handed a slip of blank paper and a lead pencil. And then our hostess gave us the following explanation: "There are thirty bundles upon this table; each bundle is numbered. Each one of you may handle any or all of the bundles as long and as much as you please, provided that you do not open them nor tear the wrappers. When you have used your sense of touch to your entire satisfaction you must write down the name of the article that you think is in the bundle, and number your guess as the bundle is numbered. Should you find a package, on the contents of which you cannot decide definitely, put its number on your list and make a dash after it. When you have examined all the bundles and recorded your guesses I will open each package and hold the contents up to your view. You will then consult your lists, and those who have hit on the article will hold up their right hands, and I will mark opposite each girl's name the numbers that she guesses correctly. To the one whose name has the most numbers attached will be given a prize."

AS there were only fifteen guests and thirty bundles there was no lack of employment for our fingers, and more than an hour had elapsed before all the bundles had been examined and the guesses recorded. Then our hostess took up a bundle, announced its number, and after giving us time to examine our lists she opened the package and held its contents up to view. When she had credited the number to those who had raised their right hands she asked each unsuccessful guesser to read out the name of the article she had assigned to that particular number. She had opened first what she considered a very puzzling bundle. It was a peacock feather, and as only two of the girls had hit on the right article, while the other guesses were very wide of the mark, the reading of these not only made much amusement but gave the unsuccessful ones confidence to read their failures aloud.

It is possible to vary this "Bundle Party" by making of it an auction sale instead of a guessing contest, and this entertainment may prove quite as enjoyable as those already described. To do this it is necessary to appoint one of the elders of the company auctioneer, and it is well in doing this to select a person having a ready wit and who is an easy speaker. Provide the auctioneer with a mallet, and place on a wooden table in front of him an assortment of bundles and parcels of varying sizes and shapes. To each guest must be given, on arrival, a small bag, box or basket containing either fifty or one hundred beans. If there are many parcels and a limited number of guests it will be better to give each guest one hundred beans, as they will then have plenty of currency for their purchases. The only point to be especially observed is that each guest must receive the same number of beans, so that there may be no advantage given any individual. The auctioneer, after the guesses have been registered and before the parcels have been opened, will hold the packages up for bids from the assembled guests, the package in each case being awarded to the highest bidder. The opening of the parcels later will add greatly to the merriment and amusement of the guests, who will then discover how wise their bids have been.

A TEA AND TEST SOCIAL

By Mary Isaline Heath

SOMETHING novel for an evening's entertainment is a "Tea and Test Social," which may be held in a church parlor. The letter T or its sound is the keynote to the whole. Have prepared for each person a folded card with pencil attached. Written or printed on the folded cards is the Tea Test. Each "kind of tea" should have the corresponding number, with blank space for filling in the answer on the opposite side of the folder.

The Tea Test:

1 What our forefathers fought for.
2 A total abstainer.
3 A carpenter's instrument.
4 "——, thy name is woman!"
5 The greatest thing in the world.
6 Forever and ever.
7 Something new under the sun.
8 The mother of invention.
9 Faithful allegiance.
10 The crown of woman.
11 The best policy.
12 "Sweet are the uses of——."
13 The soul of wit.
14 The "Four Hundred."
15 Mother Eve's failing.
16 A witty retort.
17 To laugh.
18 The power of the age.
19 Beauty's temptation.
20 The religion of civilization.

Allow twenty minutes for the test. Then at the tap of a bell let the participants exchange cards and check off the answers as they are read by the one in charge.

If any decorations are used they should be in green and white, suggesting the leaves and blossoms of the tea plant. The refreshments, which might be sold for a small sum, might properly consist of any edible commencing with T.

A BOOT AND SHOE CHURCH SALE

By Margaret Byerly

THIS entertainment is not as formidable as it sounds from its name, and it has the great merit of combining a bazaar on a small scale with some very practical and evident charity on the part of each attendant. Send out the notices of the sale on small brown cards cut in shape like a man's boot or a lady's slipper, announcing on each that "A Boot and Shoe Bazaar," admission by package only, will be held on Tuesday evening, March 17, in the parlors of the church. At the bottom put a note: "Guests are expected to bring for charitable donation an old pair of boots, shoes, gaiters or slippers. Such gifts will secure admisson." Outside the entrance to the bazaar place two large boxes, into which the bundles of old shoes should be placed until they are afterward distributed to the poor. An official of the bazaar, dressed in the costume of a shoemaker with cap and leather apron, should stand at the door and charge a quarter admisson to all those who are not provided with bundles.

Within the door there should be a counterfeit "old woman who lived in a shoe," who for five-cent donations should hand out small bundles containing shoe-laces, button-hooks, shoe-button cases, doll's shoes, shoe-shaped match-boxes, etc. There should be two counters, at one of which should be sold bedroom shoes and slippers, shoe bags and cases, knit leggins, evening rubber overshoes and gaiters, and fancy articles made in the shape of shoes or slippers. At the other, a notion counter, should be button-hooks, shoeing-horns, laces, mending-cases, packages of shoe buttons, needles and cottons, and bottles of shoe blacking and russet dressing.

A QUOTATION HUNT

By Polly Pemberton

UPON entering, by invitation, a friend's parlor one evening last June, I was puzzled by the sight of the numerous little slips of paper that seemed to be everywhere—pinned to curtain, chair, mantel lambrequin and cushions, over table and piano cover, on picture-frames and on bric-à-brac the little slips found lodgment. Presently the guests arrived, and our hostess informed us that on each slip was written one-quarter of a familiar quotation. We might pick up any slip we wished and proceed to find the rest of the quotation of which it formed a part. We were allowed to ask for parts of quotations, the one asked being obliged to hand over the slip asked for if he or she happened to have it. At a given signal we started and a lively time ensued, the object being to see who could match the greatest number of quotations. I first picked up a slip on which I read, "to see oursels," I found "Oh! wad sae power" in the hands of one of the company. "The giftie gie us" had taken refuge in the corner of a white picture-frame, and "as ithers see us" was nestled comfortably in a fold of a portière.

The prizes were appropriate, but inexpensive, the most elaborate one being a dainty booklet for the most successful searcher, while the member of the company who had been least successful received a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, to which was attached a note expressing the hope that they would aid in future searches.

WHEN A WOMAN IS A HOSTESS

By Agnes H. Morton

"COME under my roof-tree, and allow me for a few hours to become responsible for your welfare and happiness." The conventional form of invitation does not so read, but that is its purport.

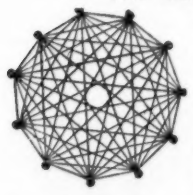
The caterer and the florist are convenient factors in social entertaining on a large scale. The material elements of welfare and happiness are readily secured and deftly combined at the bidding of a well-filled purse. But the spiritual elements are not to be had for money or for price, and the suggestion that a brilliant conversationalist might be engaged "by the hour" to take charge of the mental and moral conditions of a social gathering, would be regarded as a mild attempt at satire.

Whatever the æsthetic or sensuous attractions, the ultimate fact is that when people assemble socially they meet to talk. In popular definition "sociable" means "conversation," and "unsocial" means "silence." The success of any social gathering will be largely decided by the prevailing spirit of the conversation. And in this, more than in any other feature of the occasion, the personality of the hostess should appear. No matter how many gifted conversationalists there may be present, she should not permit an outsider to create the atmosphere of her house. Even the most diffident woman, who glides unobtrusively through a throng elsewhere, should courageously assert herself when the responsibility of entertaining rests upon her. In her admirable fearlessness she may recall the terse self-announcement of Rob Roy, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."

By this I mean the spiritual fearlessness of a conscientious woman, not an ostentatious show of authority. The spiritually valiant woman is strong for herself first. The hostess who entertains delightfully and creditably is an unselfish woman. If she deliberately guides the conversation it is because she has an intelligent ideal, which, if realized, means added happiness to her guests, while, at the same time, it scores a triumph for the generic character and specific individuality of her style of entertaining, and marks her as one of the most accomplished of women.

Every hostess will recognize a variety of combinations in the conversational circle. Her guests may include people of all dispositions, sometimes friendly to one another, sometimes hostile; sometimes uncongenial, and often unacquainted, or—worst of all—prejudiced. Moreover, there may be those in the circle whose conversational method is as faulty as their vanity is sensitive, and to correct the former without offending the latter is a peculiarly difficult undertaking.

THE IDEAL CONDITION

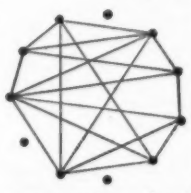


THE ideal condition to which the hostess aims to bring her circle of talkers, may be represented by a diagram in which every individual in the circle is shown to be in magnetic relation to every one of the others. How far short of this ideal the usual conditions are may be illustrated by a few typical instances in daily experiences.

TALKING EXCLUSIVELY BY TWOS

THE chain of interest is broken into short links. This defeats the purpose of a social gathering and destroys all semblance of a circle. When a comparatively small number are present conversation should be general and impartial. Even in large assemblies, where this fragmentary chatting is inevitable, the hostess should encourage such constant varying of groups as will result in a general mingling. To do this she must observe particularly those few who are conspicuously disposed to be selfishly exclusive. By herself joining such a group and diverting the attention—by a change of subject, by introducing other people, or on one or another pretext carrying off one of the "fixtures" to another knot of talkers, she may gracefully and effectually counteract the *tête-à-tête* tendency. She has a special right to do this, and on the less formal occasions she exercises this right in person. At a formal reception, where the hostess is obliged to keep her state, this duty of commingling and promoting general sociability devolves upon her "aids"—her recognized representatives—who radiate the hospitality from its centre.

THE SELFISH GROUP



SOME people are naturally talkative, while others are naturally reserved. This difference in individuality is one of the pleasing "varieties of life." But sometimes the more silent ones are unduly repressed, and might willingly have more to say if the garrulous ones would give them a chance. Sometimes the result is that several are left in awkward isolation. If the fault is due merely to social inexperience it may need only a gentle reminder. But when the ignoring of one or more is intentional, and even ostentatious, the case is more serious. If an undeniably objectionable person has been unfortunately included among the guests the hostess is accountable for the indiscretion of introducing such an element, and she may blame herself if the circle rebel to the extent of manifesting some disapproval. But even in this case polite people will rigidly observe the forms of civility while under the same roof, even though the "cut direct" be given an hour later on neutral ground. But when the neglected one is guiltless of anything deserving contempt the pronounced slight is usually the expression of arrogant snobbishness, and a hostess is justified in being indignant that any one should have the effrontery thus to insult a guest of hers; yet she will reflect that this phase of ill manners indicates a lack of perception in these people, who probably have no idea of the real character of the individual whom they are snubbing on some general principle of their own.

DUTIES OF THE HOSTESS

THE hostess has two duties to perform simultaneously—that of giving to the slighted one her own sympathy and sustaining, and that of enlightening the others as to the merits of the case. To this end she will address friendly remarks to the neglected one that will bring the latter into the conversation and prove the ability of the talker, or if the neglected one is gifted as a reader or a musician, or in any line of art, the hostess may utilize that fact to bring her quiet guest into prominence. I have seen a plainly-attired, diffident girl shrinking painfully under the scrutiny of her sisters in silken attire, until the hostess reassuringly guided the little brown wren to a perch on the piano-stool, when, encouraged by the kind words and genial smile of this fairy godmother, the voice, at first tremulous, grew strong and sustained as she sang. More than one proud lip quivered as that voice, with its birdlike mingling of cheerfulness and pathos, revealed—unconsciously—the heart of a girl of sensitively refined nature. Every one forgot the "made-over" brown dress. Who criticises the wren's feathers? Perhaps some of the group were moved only to the extent of a mild curiosity as they observed, to their little minds, the incomprehensible paradox of a poor girl in the best society. But they were silent and respectful and rather thoughtful, and perhaps the idea would become clear even to their minds eventually. At any rate, that girl was never again snubbed by those people.

In some such way the hostess may demonstrate the claim of her slighted guest to the respect and friendship of the others, and at the same time she does a real service to those whose rudeness is, after all, primarily due to ignorance. For cruel and selfish as they may be, they verily "know not what they do."

THE MONOPOLIST

HOW long should one talker be allowed to "have the floor," and when should he be silenced? That depends. It may happen that one speaker has something to say that all the rest are breathlessly pausing to hear. Some impromptu, unpredictable conditions may create this rare exception. But the rule, so general as to be almost universal, is that homily is not to be permitted on ordinary social occasions. The hostess should politely discourage the monopolist. This may be done by constantly addressing remarks to other members of the circle, and leading the conversation away from the homilist's pet hobbies. Such a move is easily accomplished, provided the hostess is possessed of fine tact and is sufficiently acquainted with the topics most interesting to those to whom she appeals, and her venture is so delicately made that no one suspects her strategy, or dreams that the conversation is being guided by her.

THE HOSTILE FACTIONS

IN extending invitations a hostess will generally avoid bringing hostile factions together—if she knows it. When this happens accidentally it is an awkward situation for everybody. Probably the simplest thing that the hostess can do is to ignore it, and assume that all are on the best of terms. Her cheerful friendliness toward every one may induce them to treat each other with the outward semblance of civility, which may have the effect of developing some measure of cordiality. Enemies who are compelled to be kind to one another sometimes discover that they have ceased to be enemies. Nothing cultivates kindness so thriftily as kindness. Moreover, to meet, even at the risk of a clash, is often exactly what hostile factions need as the first practical step toward reconciliation. In these radical cases it is not enough for the hostess to follow the passive plan of cheerful ignoring—which preserves peace for the time, but may have little permanent effect.

If she aims to secure lasting results in thus summoning belligerents to a treaty of peace she must adopt a more active method. As the process involves the mastery of stubborn antagonisms she will wisely search, first of all, for some "common ground," and make the most of this basis of affiliation. It may be some homely domestic appeal to mother-love or filial devotion, or some exhortation to patriotic unison of sentiment against a common foe, or, best of all, some scheme for inveigling both parties into an exchange of helpful courtesies that will arouse on both sides a pleasant sense of conferring benefits, and a corresponsive emotion of impulsive gratitude. There is no more subtle and effectual way to win over an enemy than to let him do you a favor. If a hostess can manage to place her hostile cliques in such a mutual relation she has very nearly won her victory. The conditions in such hostile factions are always unique, and always require a ready tact to meet them. When a brave hostess makes these daring combinations with the firm purpose to be a peacemaker she is undertaking one of the most difficult and unselfish of enterprises. Every lover of social harmony will bid her Godspeed.

THE CONTROVERSIAL GROUP

THIS represents a circle in which the debating spirit is rife, to the imminent peril of the social spirit. The antagonisms which were impersonal at the start are liable to become personal in the irritating atmosphere of counter-assertions. Lacking order, such discussions are dissensions rather than debates. A discreet hostess will conduct the conversation away from subjects that prove to be a basis for wrangling disagreements, and lead up to something attractive and harmonious. This should be done very artlessly, for if a wrangler is conscious of being dragged away by the collar he will obstinately return to his bone of contention.

THE UNCONGENIAL GROUP

IN this circle the individuals have diverse aims and tastes. There is no hostility, but merely an absence of mutual interest. Conversation starts slowly and is maintained with difficulty.

When such a company is convened by invitation I infer that the hostess is a woman of great originality and versatility. If all are her chosen associates it proves that she has a remarkable power of affiliation. Readily sympathizing with every one herself, she may not realize what a variety of contradictions they represent until she happens to bring them all together, and then she is confronted with a problem that her individual association with them had not involved—that of harmonizing "all sorts and conditions of men," and making them as congenial to one another as each one is to her. She will often find that she has her hands full. But to that style of hostess it is an inspiring task, and well repays the enthusiasm which she brings to its accomplishment.

Wherever a social group stands in need of a discreet conversational guide the hostess becomes preëminently responsible, but she should be cordially seconded in her efforts by the abler members of her circle. A guest who would consciously antagonize the hostess would be guilty of a very great breach of courtesy.

Let us hope that our hostess, by her discretion, and her "patient continuance in well-doing," may teach the "more excellent way" to any who need the lesson, and that her guests, one and all, may find in her home a literal illustration of the truth that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

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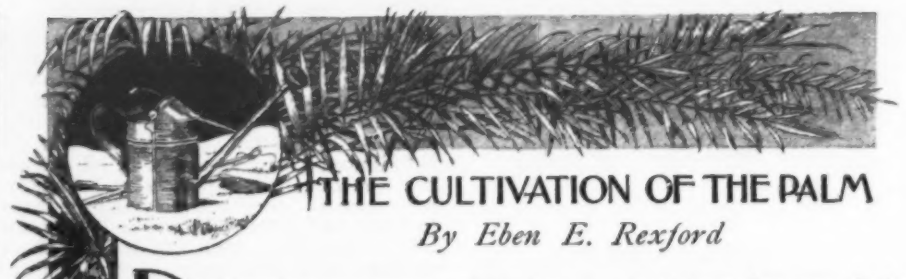


THE CULTIVATION OF THE PALM

By Eben E. Rexford

PERHAPS the most popular plant in use today for decorative purposes in hall, parlor, sitting-room and library is the well-known Rubber Plant (*Ficus elastica*), with its great thick, shining foliage and stately habit, but this popularity is not enjoyed because it is considered the most beautiful of all decorative plants, but because it is of comparatively easy culture and succeeds where most other plants fail. The amateur who does not succeed with other plants may expect a reasonable degree of satisfaction from the Ficus if he will give even ordinary care to it. It is for this reason that we see it occupying the position of honor in many homes. But if you say anything to the mistress of the house about her beautiful plant the chances are that she will reply by saying that she likes it because it requires so little care, but she "does wish she could grow Palms." To own a fine specimen of Palm has been the height of her ambition for many years. She has invested a good many dollars in Palms at the florist's, and she has hoped that success might ultimately crown her efforts, but each attempt has ended disastrously. The leaves would after a little turn brown at the tips, and then take on a sickly yellow hue all over. Instead of producing new leaves the plant would soon lose all its old ones, and by-and-by, after waiting patiently for a turn for the better, and hoping against hope until she became discouraged, the plant would be turned out-of-doors to recover or die. And generally death resulted, and gradually the conviction came that there must be some knack about growing Palms that the amateur could not hope to attain. "It is really discouraging," said a lady to me not long since. "The plants that they offer for sale at the greenhouses are almost always fine and healthy specimens. If I ask the florist about their adaptability to culture in the house he will tell me there is no trouble in cultivating them. 'Just water them well and see that they're kept out of the sun—that's all you need to do.' If I've heard one florist say that I've heard a dozen. Past experience ought to have taught me wisdom, and convinced me that I haven't the 'knack' of Palm growing, and am not likely to acquire it, but it hasn't, and I buy a plant every year and bring it home, only to see it sicken and die after a little, just as all the others have. If there's any secret about Palm growing please tell me what it is."

THERE is no secret—no "knack"—about the successful cultivation of the Palm. To grow this plant well one must have a knowledge of its habits and requirements, and attempt to make conditions favorable to its development. Of course we cannot expect to so change conditions that they will not continue to be unfavorable, in some degree, but we can so modify them by intelligent consideration of what is wrong, and an attempt to overcome the obstacles in the way, that it will be possible to succeed with plants whose culture under unmodified conditions it would be folly to attempt. The fact is, most plants are willing to make some concessions. If they see that you are really anxious to have them do well, and are considerate as far as possible of their likes and dislikes, they will not insist on having things all their own way, but will adapt themselves to circumstances to a considerable degree.

The amateur florist who has given but little attention to the cultivation of plants, and the difference in conditions under which they are grown, goes to the greenhouse and selects whatever plant suits her, and has it sent home, expecting it will continue to flourish. But in a short time she notices that a change is taking place, and wonders what is amiss. She fancies that perhaps the plant needs more water, and more is given. No improvement takes place, and more water is applied, water being, in the minds of many beginners in floriculture, a panacea for all the ills that plants are heir to. Sometimes the idea comes that the soil may not be rich enough, and a fertilizer is made use of. This, fortunately for the plant, hastens the end, and it is not long before it is dead. The fact is, the conditions prevailing in the greenhouse are entirely different from those prevailing in the living-room, and these should be considered.

THE hot, dry air of the living-room lacks that vital principle which the air of the greenhouse had in it, and encourages the development of insect enemies which rapidly sap the plant of its impoverished life-blood.

It will be understood from this that it is necessary to modify the conditions characteristic of the living-room as much as possible. The air must be moistened by the evaporation of water about the plant, or by the application of it to its foliage. Fresh air must be admitted, to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out of it by too intense heat. The plant must have a place near the window where direct light can exert its beneficial effect on the soil. Care must be taken to give only enough water to keep the soil moist. Good drainage must be provided, also. This item is too frequently overlooked altogether. But you cannot expect to grow good plants if it is ignored. If water is applied liberally to a plant not having good drainage, a large share of it is retained by the soil, and this induces, as has been said, souring of the soil and decay of the roots. When I find a Palm whose leaves are turning brown at the tips I first of all examine the soil in which it is growing. In the majority of cases I find the earth a wet, soggy mass. The roots show more or less disease. The first thing I do is to repot the plant, providing the best of drainage. Water well, and then set the plant aside, in good light, but out of the sun, to get a fresh start. Give only enough water to keep the soil moist until signs of growth are seen. Little water is required by a dormant plant. It may be weeks before the plant begins to grow, but as long as it seems to be holding its own the chances are that it is slowly establishing itself in the new soil, and that by-and-by it will reward your patience with a stronger and healthier growth than it had before you bestowed such tender and patient care upon it.

IT does not seem to be generally understood that a plant not standing in direct light does not require as much water as the plant near the glass. It is not taken into consideration that the less light a plant gets the less rapidly evaporation takes place, consequently the less frequently it will be necessary to apply water. Some amateurs always apply the same quantity daily, no matter where their plants stand, nor what the condition of the soil is. This is all wrong. I believe that more plants are killed by over-watering than in any other way. The rule of giving water only when the surface of the soil looks dry should be adhered to. Plants near the glass, or in sunshine, and those in active growth, will, perhaps, require water daily, but those not so situated, and those not growing much, will require much less. Therefore the necessity of adhering to the rule, and letting the looks of the soil govern you in this matter is one that will be only too apparent.

WHILE the Palm is able to endure a good deal of heat it does not require the high temperature that many seem to think necessary to its successful culture. Indeed, some of the finest specimens I have ever seen grew in a room which was kept several degrees cooler than the living-room. But a temperature of seventy or seventy-five degrees suits them very well if care is taken to give some humidity to the air. This can be done by keeping water constantly evaporating on stove or register, and by daily showering of the plants. Observe that I say showering. I do not mean simply sprinkling. The plants should be wet all over their foliage. Of course it will be necessary to remove them to some place where the application of water will not do injury to the room when this shower-bath is given. This is some trouble, but it is slight compared with the benefit the plants will receive from it. Once a fortnight it is well to go over the plants with an infusion of whale oil or Sulpho-Tobacco soap, applying it with a soft brush to every part. This will prevent insects from establishing themselves on them. Be sure to get at the depressions between the leaves and the main stalk, as there is where the mealy bug will be likely to take up his quarters. Scale will take possession of all parts of the plant, if allowed to do so, but frequent scrubbing, as advised, will prevent his doing any injury. It is quite natural for old leaves to turn yellow and die off. Remove them carefully as soon as they become unsightly. Do not strip nor tear them away, as many do, thus often injuring the plant, but cut them away smoothly with a sharp knife.

WHILE a Palm may be kept entirely away from the sunshine to advantage it cannot be kept in a shady place, at a distance from good light, without injury. If you use your Palms for decorative purposes about the mantel, or in corners of the room, do not allow them to remain there any longer than is absolutely necessary. Give them a place near the glass again as soon as possible.

Never shower a Palm and allow the sun to shine on it while water stands on the leaves. If you do, more than likely brown spots will appear, making the foliage look as if blistered or scorched. It will be necessary to look out for this if you have a greenhouse to keep your plants in, as a bubble in the glass of the roof often focuses the rays of the sun upon the plant, and if it is wet at the time it is sure to be disfigured. The best soil for the varieties of Palms in general cultivation is made up of ordinary garden loam and a little sand. They have strong roots and like a heavier, firmer soil than most plants.

I FREQUENTLY receive letters in which the complaint is made by the writer that her Palm seems to be inclined to take to stilts. "Its roots won't stay in the soil. Why?" I do not know why they do not, but I can assure the complainants that no harm is done to the plant by this elevation of its crown above the soil, apparently by an extension of its roots at the top instead of the bottom, as is usually the case with plant roots. If unsightly, pot the plant lower when you give it a shift. Perhaps the use of deeper pots would do away with this behavior of the plant in some degree, as it likes to send its roots down deep into the soil. I have often wondered why a deep pot was not constructed for Palm growing. One of ordinary width, but of twice the depth of the common pot, would be admirably adapted to the needs of this plant. Will not some flower-pot maker take advantage of this suggestion and give us a Palm pot? If made in the shape of a vase, with tasteful ornamentation, such a pot would add to the effect of the plant it held, and do away with the necessity of a jardinière. If I were buying a Palm for use in the sitting-room or parlor I would buy it about mid-summer, because, at that time, it will be growing in an air that is without artificial heat, and when you bring it home you can so care for it that the change from greenhouse quarters to those in the home can be made less noticeable than at any other time of the year. You can accustom the plant to the conditions which prevail in the room it is to grow in without obliging it to undergo violent or abrupt changes of temperature. This could not be done if you deferred the purchase of it until after the plant had been subjected to greenhouse heat in fall. You will find that a plant can be made to adapt itself to new conditions much more successfully by degrees than all at once.

THE changes to a plant bought in mid-summer will come about so gradually by fall that it will not mind them much. Therefore buy your Palms in summer, and allow them to become familiar with their new home by slow and easy stages. On no account plant a Palm in a jardinière unless it has some means of drainage. If the pot in which the plant grows is not ornamental it can be set into a jardinière when doing duty in parlor or hall. If jardinières large enough to accommodate specimens of good size are not obtainable the pot can be concealed by a covering of light silk or muslin of an unobtrusive color. A prettier covering, however—in fact the prettiest covering of all—is provided by some vine of drooping character, which will not only cover the surface of the soil but hang over the sides of the pot in such a manner as to afford all the concealment necessary. These vines may be grown in shallow pans for this purpose, and used either in the pans or turned out of them and crowded together about the base of the Palm. Very often a pot of Ivy can be used to excellent advantage. The pot in which it is growing can be placed behind the Palm, and its branches trained over and about the larger pot in a carelessly graceful fashion that will be very pleasing and effective.

The best varieties of Palm for amateurs to undertake the cultivation of are: Latania *Borbonica*, the Fan Palm; Phœnix *reclinata*, of spreading habit; Areca *lutescens*, very graceful and of easy cultivation; Kentias *Belmoreana* and *Fosteriana*, two popular and beautiful varieties; Sieforthia *elegans*, a stately kind with long and finely arching fronds; Rhapis *flabelliformis*, a kind sending up several stems from the crown, unlike most varieties, thus giving us a more compact plant than any of the other kinds named. Palms do not require such large pots as many amateurs give them. To give one a large pot while it is still a small plant is a mistaken kindness. Wait until the old pot is well filled with roots before shifting it. In repotting disturb the roots as little as possible.

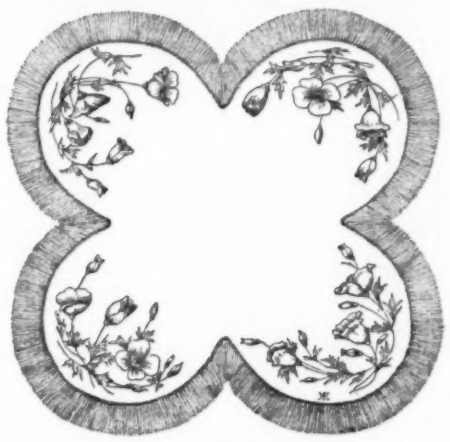
EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on page 33 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

NEEDLEWORK BY BALTIMORE WOMEN

By Emma Haywood

THE Baltimore Design and Art Club, still in its infancy—it is not yet two years old—has already justified the enterprise of its founders. This happy outcome of what was reasonably regarded as a somewhat hazardous undertaking, is presumably due, in large measure, to the wide experience in their several departments of the persons who are responsible for the conduct of affairs.

The club was started in May, 1894, by Mrs. L. H. Bennett and Miss S. O. Rose, aided by a small but enthusiastic band of workers. Mrs. Bennett has charge of the artistic element, and Miss Rose devotes herself to the business department. Mrs. Bennett's studies cover a period of employment in two or three of the best institutions for the furtherance of art needlework in this country, these positions following a liberal education in Europe.



DESIGN FOR TABLE CENTRE

The chief aim of the club is to raise the standard of artistic needlework, both in regard to designing and intelligent execution, offering, at the same time, an impetus to the pursuit of such work by affording opportunity for the sale of it on commission, also by taking orders for every description of fancy-work, and filling them by giving out the work to those who are able to execute it efficiently, and are thus provided with a means of adding to a slender income. Many of these women have learned how properly to execute the designs confided to them by attending the embroidery classes instituted by the club. These classes are under the auspices of a thoroughly experienced embroideress, the sight of whose finished work is quite sufficient to inspire in her pupils not only confidence, but a spirit of emulation.

The rooms of the club on North Charles Street are very artistically fitted up, the work on view for sale being arranged with great taste and judgment. Extra sales are held by the club at popular places of resort, both in summer and winter.

Nearly all the designs that emanate from the club are originated there. The illustrations on this page, drawn from the finished needlework, are an earnest of the good work of the club, giving some idea of the scope and beauty both of design and detail. These examples are not so much picked specimens as they are a fair type of the general excellence attained in every branch undertaken. For the benefit of those of my readers who may be interested in the actual working out of the designs I will describe the very beautiful sofa-pillow given in accompanying illustration, which relies more for clever designing and taste in coloring for effect than on the amount of labor expended. As a matter of fact it is by no means laborious in execution. The pillow is carried out in soft shades of golden brown and yellow, the triple satin ribbon ruffle being in three of the same shades employed in the embroidery; the underneath ribbon, therefore the widest, is the darkest. The foundation is of satin sheeting, a material very useful for such purposes; it is light, but so low in tone as to be almost a fawn color; this throws up the golden-brown and yellow tints beautifully.

The large central and smaller flowers partake of the nature of a poppy; the elongated foliage is arranged in graceful scroll-like fashion, the whole design flowing so easily that it gives one a restful feeling. Much time is saved by tinting all the forms in transparent water-colors in delicate shades to match the embroidery silks. Every part is outlined in long and short stitch with Roman floss. But that which gives the real finishing touch is the judicious, though sparing, use of the Japanese untarnishable gold thread, couched down in double parallel lines, forming the central veins of the leaves, also the stamens and calyx of the central flower.

QUAINT TABLE-COVER OF AGRA LINEN

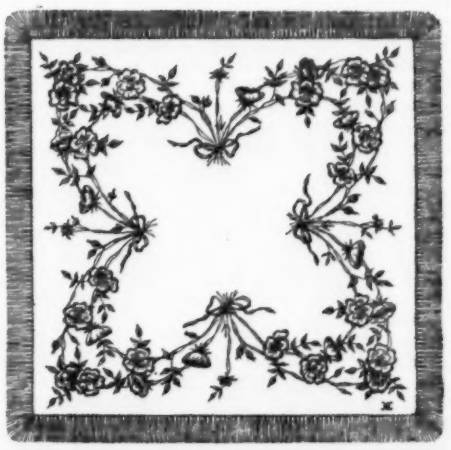
The illustration for the table-cover is of quaint design on Agra linen; it measures about one yard and a quarter square. The coloring is a matter of choice but it comes well in écru and old china blue, or in fawn color and bright brown. The design in this case is, likewise, tinted with water-color or tapestry dyes to match the embroidery silk; the tint is quite flat, so that it presents when outlined the appearance of appliquéd work. The outline is in close stem stitch, except on the border, which is worked in open buttonhole stitch within a plain hem. V stitch is employed at intervals to cover the main design, brier stitch being substituted for the fillings on the border. The eight circles formed by the design are filled in with darning and lace stitches in white Roman floss. This beautiful heavy embroidery silk is, likewise, employed for the colored silk that works out the design; this should match the tinting exactly.

A VERY BEAUTIFUL SOFA-PILLOW

A SHAVING-GLASS FRAME

The shaving-glass frame is quite a novelty, forming a pretty and useful gift for the sterner sex. It is worked on stout silk linen; any preferred color will serve. The outlines are stem stitched in a dark shade of a contrasting color; the fillings are in white, or a very pale shade of the color of the linen. The fillings are put in with darning and brier stitch. The material used for working is embroidery cotton, now obtainable in all artistic shades. The cover for the glass, set in the circular frame, is backed with a package of shaving paper.

The designs for table centres are to be worked on white round thread linen in natural colors. For the rose design pink or yellow flowers are equally suitable. The double garlands tied with ribbons are most artistically arranged. The bow-knots may match the roses or be put in with very pale green. The golden-gate poppies shown in the other design are worked in rich sunset yellows, the foliage in cool greens. The shape of this centre-piece is both novel and pretty. It may be noted that each of the four sections is filled with a different arrangement of the poppies. The heading of the fringe is worked in white with buttonhole stitch. Both these designs are worked in solid embroidery long and short stitch with filo-floss. If the linen is cut up to the points there will be no difficulty in fringing. If desired the square centre-piece may be hemstitched, or a narrow border of fine drawnwork above the hem would be an addition.



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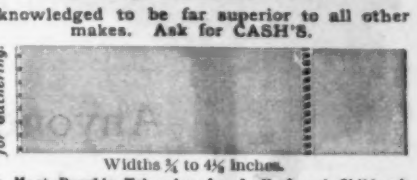

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CHILDREN'S DAY AND NIGHT NURSERIES

Their Furnishing and Their Adorning

NURSERY FURNISHING

By Annie R. Ramsey

WRITING of the nursery I am tempted to make the word plural since I so firmly believe in the English plan of two nurseries in every house, one for the day, the other for the night; but our architects make such luxuries impossible for all but the very rich, and in arranging our rooms we are forced to use what we find. We have some choice, however, in the position of the nursery, and let me beg you to defy the time-honored custom of using the top story of the house as a cage for your birdlings. It may be a great sacrifice to give up the "second-story front" or the room in the "L" which is generally used as the family sitting-room; but if your nursery is to be what it should, one of these rooms must be devoted to it. If not, and you recognize your duty to supervise nurse and children day and night, you must either have them in your part of the house most of the time or else spend enough of your life on the stairs to wear out ten backbones.

IT goes without saying that the nursery should be as sunny as possible, with plenty of windows for light and air, and an open fireplace; whether the fire is ever lit in it or not, this last is necessary for perfect ventilation. In days not so very far back it was decreed that a nursery should be as bare as it could be made, so that the "children should not hurt anything," but we have changed all that, and the present danger is that we shall smother our children in luxury and beauty. Modern philosophy, however, points to a golden mean and insists that while a child's sense of beauty is a gift—a precious one—worthy of all cultivation, it should not be overburdened by too much at a time, and modern æsthetics is showing us how to make decoration cheap and strong, yet artistic and effective.

Given the sunny room and bright outlook there are still a few preliminaries to be insisted on: First, the carpet should not cover the whole floor—this custom only results in a perfect dust trap. It should be replaced by rugs over a waxed or painted floor. I prefer the last, as a wax floor is apt to be slippery if kept in good condition, and very dirty if not. I said rugs advisedly, for if you have one big rug it is almost as impossible to give the necessary beating and shaking as if it were a carpet; therefore several small rugs put close together make the best floor covering. The best color for the floor is in most cases a deep golden-brown, or even a buff if the room is used in summer principally. No dark paint should be permitted in the floor or woodwork of the nursery.

A PRETTY color scheme is pink walls, buff paint (which is a cross between pink and yellow), white window curtains, under over-curtains of buff cretonne, with bunches of deep red and pink roses, and all of these may be found in materials cheap enough to allow of their frequent renewal. In almost all stores nursery papers are sold, on which are illustrated the dear old stories from Mother Goose and the fairy books. These are not pretty papers, but they have the merit of interesting children, who love to pick out Tom Thumb, Cinderella and their other favorites, and if chosen of a delicate general tone they make a not inartistic background. I have used with great success a paper, where, in spite of the brilliant spots made by numerous Boy Blues and Red Riding-hoods, the general tone was a pale olive, and this, with Indian red in my woodwork and red roses on an olive cretonne for curtains, made a really charming nursery.

All around the room should run a strip of moulding, some four inches deep, as a chair rod. This should be just the height of the back of a chair, so that the wall is protected when the dear boys thrust their chairs back too suddenly, or when the tiny toddler is pushing a chair before her as she makes her first voyage across the floor. Below this moulding, cover the walls with thick brown paper—when your babies reach the scribbling age—and on it allow the children to draw and paint freely. This affords them the keenest delight, and the paper, though not pretty, is easily replaced when it becomes too highly decorated, and too much of an eyesore. By insisting that their artistic efforts shall be confined to this dado the lesson is given of care for mamma's pretty things in other parts of the house, and with a little judicious oversight some training is given to the child in drawing and observation. I have known one nursery to be treated in this way with blackboard paper—costing about fifty cents the square yard.

ABOVE these naïve mural decorations should always hang some really good pictures. I do not mean that these should all be *chefs d'œuvre*, but some few masterpieces I insist upon. Children like pictures whose story they can feel, whose bright colors they enjoy. For these tastes there are many provisions in the colored prints and photographs which now abound, only choose them carefully so as to lead the tastes to better things, and mingle with them pictures which are really good to all the world, some autotype of a Raphael or Murillo, a Madonna whose glorious face shall grow to be a part of the childhood on which it shines.

THE furniture of a nursery should be as simple as possible: A square table, with rounded corners, steady and solid, with a cover of baize tacked on with nails under the projecting edge. This for the older children makes the best place for games and for writing, and the safest place for the evening lamp—where one is needed. I think each child should have his own low chair, but not with rockers, please, to gnaw off the paint from the washboard and trip up the younger babies; and there should be one cozy, comfortable seat for mamma or nurse, to gather the little ones about her at evening. These chairs and the table, with a big sofa, are about all your room needs if you have capacious closets. If you have not, long, low presses may be built into the wall filling up the recesses on each side of the chimney projection. These presses should be partly drawers and partly shelves, and each child should be given his special shelf and drawer as his place of safety for his toys. They should be low enough for the children to reach to every part, and the inexorable rule should be, that as the afternoon wanes and suppertime draws near, each child should put his belongings in order and make the room tidy for papa's visit—a habit easily taught and a wise custom on both sides. The sofa I have spoken of is a great delight to children, and is indispensable in these days of illness, when the drooping head is too heavy for play, but able to be propped up over books and paint-box. And what a glorious playground it is—serving for every imaginable beast on which to ride, and to build every conceivable form of building in which to live. A cheap sofa may be made from a box six feet long, two and a half feet wide and two feet high. The box is put on castors, and the lid is not solid but a frame over which burlap is stretched taut, and on which a mattress is made to fit. The whole is then covered with some bright, stout stuff—cretonne or jute. This with three square pillows makes a luxurious sofa, and should not cost more than ten or twelve dollars. The box part serves admirably as a hospital for broken toys, or a storehouse for nursery linen and such conveniences.

THE night nursery is simply furnished by a bed for each child, a small table, and the usual toilet arrangements of a bedroom—the only object worthy of special mention being the bed for the baby, who, by-the-way, should have his individual couch from the hour of his birth, and not begin life in mamma's. Of course, if you have plenty of money his lordship is easily served, and you have but to choose among the dainty *barcelonnettes* with their satin upholstery and frills of lace; but if money is a consideration you naturally feel that no great sum should be spent on a bed which must so soon be discarded, and yet any mother does want a dainty, cozy nest for the coming joy. For my first little daughter I prepared, from an ordinary clothes-basket, a bed which cost me about five dollars. I selected a deep oval one of medium size, made a sack of ticking the same shape but larger than the bottom, and filled this with feathers from two old pillows. Then a mattress to fit over this was made by an upholsterer, who filled it with a cheap grade of hair for two dollars. I lined the basket with pale blue silesia, and outside I hung around it a deep ruffle of white dimity edged with lace, which entirely concealed all the wicker, except the handles and the brim around the basket; these I wove with pale blue ribbons, making voluminous bows at each handle, and when I had put in a pair of "baby" blankets and a small hair pillow, my bed was ready. Very pretty it looked perched up on two chairs turned face to face, and most convenient it proved, for not only could it be taken from room to room with greatest ease, but in moving around the world I found it a blessing; on shipboard it was brought on deck for Miss Baby's nap in the open air; when we landed it was packed with all her belongings, and, sewed up in linen, was sent as a trunk from place to lace.

A VERY good bed for a summer baby is a small hammock filled with soft blankets. This can be hung across a corner of the room out of draughts, and has the advantage of occupying small space when not in use. A hammock, I need hardly say, should be part of the nursery possessions when you migrate for the summer, and the child allowed to spend much time in it, in the shade of the trees or porch. The chief objection seems to be the ease with which our small tyrants tumble out, but if the hammock is swung low, and watched with ordinary care, the chances for a tumble are not great. And who has yet invented a bed from which a healthy active child cannot contrive to fall? Later in life this first bed is replaced by a crib, and I urge upon mothers the necessity of providing a brass or iron one with a woven wire spring, and a good mattress and pillow made of a good quality of curled hair. A feather pillow should never be used in either crib or cradle.

PICTURES FOR THE CHILDREN

By Alice Graham McCollin

HOW many people realize what a wealth of artistic material there is available for the furnishing and decoration of the apartments which are devoted to the little lords and ladies of creation? Not until one actually sets upon a search for pictures which are suitable and which will appeal to a child's interest and emotion, does he realize what an assortment there is from which to select. To the very young in the nursery, pictures of children appeal more directly than any other subject. Copies, colored or in black and white, of Sir John Millais' world-famous "Cherry Ripe" and "Bubbles" have a charm which is unequaled. The little "Master of the Hounds," with his dogs and hunting toggery, is also most attractive. Within the reach of almost every parent are the colored copies of Ida Waugh's and Maud Humphreys' charming children, and Kate Greenaway scarcely needs to be suggested. Some of E. A. Abbey's drawings appeal to childish tastes, and F. S. Church's cupids and maidens arouse feelings of pleasure in whoever sees them. Photographs and engravings of Sir Joshua Reynolds' little people of a bygone century, charm and lead to intelligent and instructive talks of a past era. Landseer's and Rosa Bonheur's animals offer an almost unlimited field for choice. Bouguereau has exquisite children to offer.

Copies of the portraits of famous children, such as "The Little Dauphin," "The Princes in the Tower," "The King of Naples," should not be given to very young children, as the stories which must be told in answer to the questions about the subjects, are too painful for childish imaginations to dwell upon.

PICTURES of Napoleon, of Joan of Arc, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Columbus, of Washington and of Lincoln are interesting to children who are old enough to be told something of history. Pictures of historic events, such as "The Discovery of Steam," a charming portrayal of the boy Watts with the spoon and kettle; of Franklin with his kite; of "The Signing of the Declaration"; of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and of his "Farewell to His Army," are valuable in themselves and for the historic knowledge they will bring.

Military pictures are as charming to boys as those of Court scenes and famous beauties are to girls. Copies of famous statues are good in themselves, also as an education of the artistic sense. Pictures which have an unlimited power for good, and are of unending charm to children of all ages are those of Christ and of the Madonna. The picture of the infant Christ in the manger, of the adoration of the Wise Men, of the Shepherds, of the Boy in the Temple and in the carpenter shop, and of the Man Christ blessing little children, are beautiful and inspiring. There are so many exquisite and beautiful Madonnas that it is difficult to suggest any one more than another which would attract the eyes of childhood. Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," with its background of angel children's faces and with the famous adoring cherubs below, should, however, have a place in every nursery. The tradition runs that while Raphael was painting this Madonna for Pope Sixtus he happened to glance down from the scaffold where he was at work, into the church below him. There he saw two children leaning in the attitudes which he has rendered immortal, gazing up at his work. Instantly the idea of the adoration of the children seized upon him, an idea which the finished canvas portrays with exquisite and undying skill.

This is but one, but so famous an example of the Child in Art, that it seems well to repeat this legend.

Frames of light oak prove most durable for nursery pictures; the dainty white ones which will appeal to most mothers very soon lose their freshness, and gilt frames are apt to tarnish.

A STORY AND A GAME

Arranged for the Children by Ada Chester Bond

"BLOSSOM"

BLOSSOM—"May"—"Mary Elizabeth Akers"—they were all three the names of the little girl here pictured with her hat decked and her hands filled with wild flowers, and her hair streaming in the breeze as she joins quite merrily in the very interesting game of "Follow My Leader."

I am going to tell you about "May's picnic," as her mamma called it; "Blossom's freak," as teasing Dick dubbed it; but the little girl whispered it to herself as "My King's Daughter's work."

To begin at the beginning we must go back two years to the day when Mrs. Akers began to wear a little silver cross and explained to her little daughter that the cross meant that her mamma was a daughter of the King—our Lord Jesus.

"But I belong to Him too, mamma; I must wear the pretty cross too."

"If Blossom wears the cross she must do a really hard thing."

"Is it as bad as taking medicine, mamma?"

"It is to give up trying to make Blossom happy, and instead to think of Bridget, Tottie and Dick. It will not always be easy, my pet; it is not always easy for mamma."

"Is that the reason you gived away your concert tickets?" asked the little girl.

Her mamma whispered, "Yes, but I did not mean any but the King to know."

Blossom said no more at that time, but her mother noticed that the little girl was very careful to put others before herself, and about a fortnight later she said:

"I wish, mamma, you'd let me wear the cross for a 'try' week. I'll take it off if I'm selfish."

That was the beginning. Two years later came a summer in the country, when Blossom at once set about picking flowers twice a week for the Flower Mission. One day she came running in with her flowers, calling for mamma:

"Oh, I've such an idea! Such a lovely plan if you can only let me do it."

"Well?"

"It's a big plan," said Blossom slowly, "and a 'spensive one, I'm afraid, but—mamma, aren't you going to get me a lovely white sash and a Leghorn hat?"

"Yes, dear, I've promised myself that treat."

Blossom's face fell. "Why, did you care, mamma? I didn't know that your heart was set on it—just like mine."

"Don't you love to see Tottie in her pretty new dress and slippers?"

"I guess I do! Isn't she cunning! And do you feel that way 'bout me? Oh, I see! And papa feels that way 'bout you! When you put on that pretty tea-gown he looked so pleased!"

"But what's your plan, Blossom?"

"Well, I thought if you didn't buy me the sash and the hat, perhaps you could buy tickets for some girls to come here for a week that can't go to the country. We'd have a picnic and give them lots of good times—'In His Name.'"

"I am not sure that papa would care to have rough children spending a week with his youngsters."

"I didn't mean truly poor, but friends, only we'd pick out poor friends. There's Miggie and Jessie Loring. Then the twins, Ruth and Rufus—Ruth won't go without her brother."

"Four visitors mean a good deal of extra bed-making and dish-washing."

"I'll do all I can to help, mamma," said Blossom very earnestly.

Mamma hadn't the heart to tease her dear little girl another moment. "Let me do the extra work for my share," she said. "I'm sure papa will agree, so you can plan your party for the first week in July."

What a happy little girl Blossom was! She ran off to tell Dick, who, to tease her, called the picnic a "freak," but he went quietly to his mother and said:

"Mother, won't you put Blossom up to asking Joe Loring? He's a real nice fellow. Then there's a boy in our Sunday-school class that's an orphan; can't you ask him?"

"Certainly. I'll tell Blossom you——"

"Now, mother, don't! I wouldn't have her know! But you write to Miss Williams and see if Tom Driscoll can't come—I'd just like to have him see a real mother!"

That made six, and at the last moment Miss Williams asked if little Jim Parker could be taken with Tom. Ten children in one house! Can't you imagine the fun. They came out with Mr. Akers late on Friday afternoon.

The week fairly flew; but as the picnic was to be on Friday that did not matter.

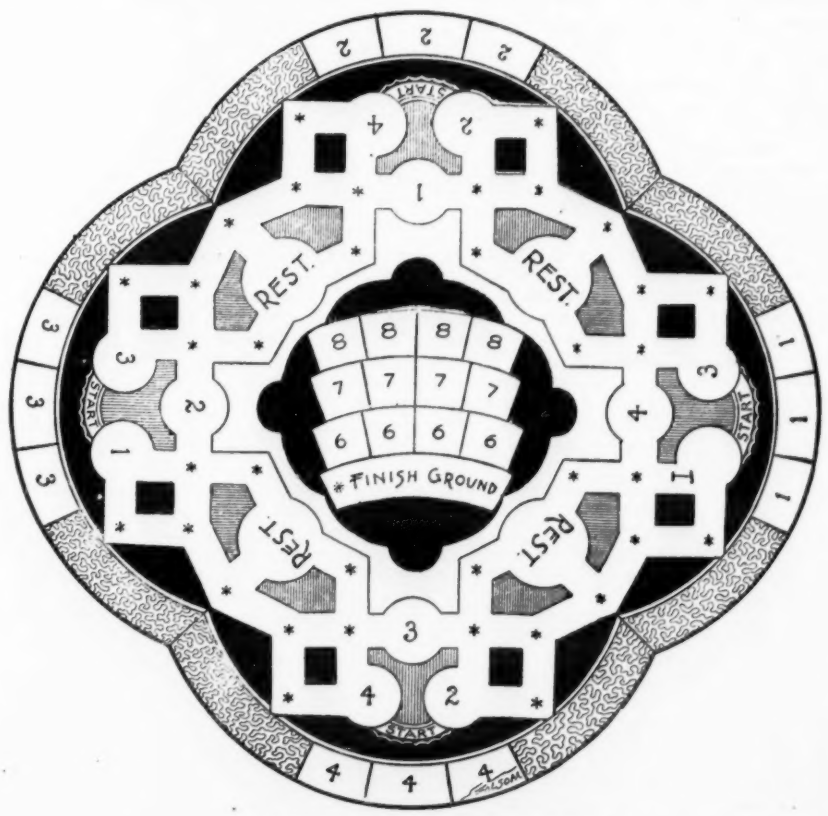
And when Friday came and the picnic, the children sang and feasted, and, last of all, they started "Follow My Leader," and Tom led them such a dance!

And when the day was over Blossom lay in her own little bed with such a happy look on her fair face that Mrs. Akers called her husband to see it.

"She does indeed 'Follow the Leader,' doesn't she?" said Mrs. Akers.

FROM START TO FINISH

THIS game must be played by four persons, each one of whom uses three buttons, of a color that will not conflict with the others when moves are being made. All that is needed beside the board and buttons are a dice-box and one die, a sheet of paper and a pencil with which to keep tally. The player who wins the first place, by throwing the highest number, proceeds to start the game by throwing the die; if he gains four or over he places one of his buttons on the circle marked 1, and gets one mark. Then the player at his left throws, and if successful places his button on number 2, and has one mark credited to him; then the other players follow suit, until all the numbered circles are covered with buttons. The first to have the circles covered is entitled to move toward one of the "rests." These moves are made without the die, a move being from circle to star, or from star to star; a move to "rest" counts 2. When a piece has reached the "rest," the die must be brought in play again if the player wants to move to "finish." A throw of four or more entitles a player to take his button from "rest" and place it upon any unoccupied space in the "finish," placing to his credit the number marked on the space. Only three buttons can occupy one "rest" at the same time. No button can pass or jump another button on the paths. When a player has a button on "rest," and one on a path, he can move the latter or throw to "finish." When all the buttons reach "finish" the game is given to the one having the highest number on the tally sheet.



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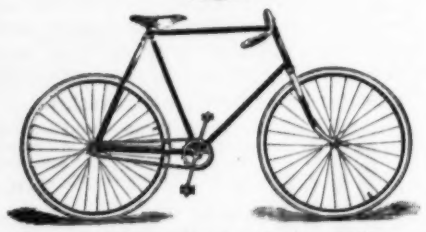

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

"Comfort all who mourn." These words came to me one day at a grave, and I did not think until that day how many people own graves. Some hardly own any other property, but they do own a grave somewhere, and to my mind it is a wonderful piece of property; only think of what is connected with it. Why we should not have had the most wonderful idea the world owns to-day without a grave. Jesus said unto Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life."

My mother was a very still woman, she did not talk much, but I think I know now what she thought about when she was at "her grave," for she called father's grave "her grave." I remember we did not want her to go to Greenwood so often and we urged her not to go; she only looked at us, but she went all the same, and then we soon found out that instead of its making her sadder she always looked more cheerful when she came home from the grave. I used to go with her sometimes, and she never moved more quickly than when getting the water, and planting the flowers, and seeing that everything was just right. I never remember to have seen her cry there, she was so busy. I think I know her better now. I think she thought that things that are seen are temporal and those that are not seen are eternal, and in order to see immortal flowers it is not necessary to turn from the flowers that will so soon fade, you have only to look through them. And then my mother believed in the resurrection of the dead—a very old-fashioned doctrine, I admit, but one with a heap of comfort in it, and there are hearts, you see, that live on love, and love always wants a person. Now I started with the thought of comforting those (and there are a great many) who own a grave, and the comfort I want to give comes in changing "my grave" to "our grave." Christ does not want to be shut out from graves; He has a great interest in our graves. He was in one Himself once and He came out of it, so we must call these graves "our graves," meaning Christ and we own those graves. They are ours. Then you will glorify Him, and that is your deepest need and His highest pleasure. You know He said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify Me."

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THE SOURCE OF COMFORT

I SHALL never forget a conversation with a beautiful woman not of my nationality nor of my creed who said of God, "I am sure He loves me; we are such good friends and we live in such harmony," and she shocked me by saying, "I am very good, I could not be better," and when she turned to me and said, "Don't you feel so?" I could have answered, Oh, no, I do not feel I am good, but she was so surprised that I did not feel as she did. The more I questioned her, the less I felt inclined to say I was good, and finally when she told me that she had lost all that she called precious, husband, child, every relative, all her property, and then as she said, "I do not think of myself at all, I just give every moment of my time to help the poor girls of my country; I do not think of myself at all" (and I knew she didn't), and finally added, "Oh, I am sure God loves me, don't you think He does?" I said of course He does. Then she said, "Why do you not think you are good and that He loves you? Oh, yes," she said in her broken English, "I could not be better than I am, He knows that." Telling you this reminds me of another incident in London last summer: I was to speak one Sunday evening by appointment, and a lady of rank, of a foreign country, signified her desire to go with me; I was surprised as she did not profess to be a Christian at all, but she went. On our way home she slipped her delicate hand in mine and said, "I do not see as you do, but I feel I understand you better and feel closer to you than many who are Christians"; and then she said, "There is one thing I cannot understand: you are so bright. I do not feel bright." She had her grave, I had mine, but she did not see the One who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," but she will, I am sure. God so loved the world, and the world means men and women, not good men and good women, but bad men and bad women, and He came to make these good by opening their eyes to see what a good Father they have.

NOT TO BE OPENED

SOME "Shut Ins" never know till they are let out, maybe, into God's beautiful Beyond, how much they have done for those who, perhaps, went in to speak words of cheer to them, and who received far more than they gave. This was the case with me one day when I went to see one of God's "Shut Ins." I had known her in former days, and I knew of some peculiar trials she had in those days, and not from any motive of curiosity, but out of pure interest, I alluded to the past and asked her how it was with her now. She smiled one of the sweetest smiles as she replied, "Oh, that is all boxed up," and she added, "I said to a young friend of mine the other day who was speaking of her trial, Oh, box it up well, put on the outside, as I have, 'not to be opened.'" In that moment I made up my mind I would box up some things and mark "not to be opened," but, perhaps, some of you will say, I should like to box up some things, but how can it be done? Well, I imagine my young friend needed the injunction of St. Paul, "forgetting the things that are behind." She would not speak of what had been a sore trial to her—"not to be opened" was on the box. Yes, you say, but the difficulty is just how am I to forget—how am I to forget an injustice? Well, if God did not forget our injustice to Him, I don't know where you and I would be. Now when He gives a command we are to rely upon Him for strength to keep the command. If God really tells us to forget, and we wish to obey Him, He will enable us to forget. I remember once being so surprised at seeing a friend of mine meet one who had deeply injured her at one time of her life, and as she met this person she was really affectionate.

I said to her when the person left us, "Why, is not that the one who said so-and-so about you?" She said, "Why yes, I had forgotten it entirely," and then she smiled as she said, "Well, I wanted to forget the things that are behind, and I really did in that case." "Boxed up"! Now don't you think it is about time many of you boxed up some things? What a good thing it would be if in families some things were boxed up and marked "not to be opened." I have known husbands and wives to remind each other of things that should never have been spoken of again, and if possible, forgotten. Skeletons should be kept in closets or boxes, but they get out and they are not pleasant to look at.

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LOVE THAT HIDES

I WONDER if I ever told you of an old stump I had in a garden once? We had gone to a new church, and had a new parsonage, and, of course, I wanted to see what kind of a garden we had, and there, right in the middle of the garden, was as ugly a stump of a large tree as I ever saw. The question was, what should I do with that stump. One thing was certain, I could not get rid of it—the only thing I could do was to cover it. No one would have suspected in a short time that there was any stump there. It did not require much thought to see that soil deep enough could be placed on the top and all around, and that flowers could be planted and vines trained so that instead of a thing of ugliness you should only see flowers, and people said, how lovely!

Have you never seen women veil defects? I have. Oh, they know how to do it, with smiles and sweet words, and telling of all that was lovely in some one, and idealizing at that. You could only see the flowers they planted, and yet the ugly stump was there—but "Charity covereth." The most dreadful thing in a family is a calling of your attention to some fault or other in some member of the household. I have seen husbands do it, speak of the fault of a wife, and have seen the wife try to cover the mistake of the husband in so doing. Oh, it is so pitiful. Cover! Cover! say lovely things of one another before friends. You might better err on that side than on the other. I wish young husbands and wives would not act as if there were no need of cultivating what they have. Some act so foolishly, as if they should say of a garden, now that it is mine it will grow anyway. No, it won't, you will have to care for the flowers that are yours. Far be it from me to excuse any one from not being true to marriage vows, but women live on what first won them. They can't live very well on mere legal ties, and many a young wife is exposed to fearful temptations. Even love is a talent which can only grow and increase as we take pains to nurture it!

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE

I KNEW of one beautiful young girl who married a man considerably older than herself. He had been used to his club, and after a short time, when the novelty wore away, he spent his evenings at his club again, and left that pretty young creature night after night alone at home. She was far from her mother, could not go anywhere alone, and after a time a young man she had met, whom her husband had introduced, relieved her loneliness by spending the evenings with her, and there came a tragedy afterward too sad to tell. I would like to say to married people that love once won must be kept, and kept in the way you won it. There is no reason why the sweetheart of the early days should not remain the sweetheart forever. But the fault is not by any means on one side always—it is on both sides. I believe there are men downright hungry for love. They don't want to be used simply as money-making machines!

I should like to see a little more of the old-fashioned worship that the words in the marriage covenant were intended to convey—"With my body I thee worship." It would sound refreshing to hear a little oftener, "He fairly worships her," or, "She never can see any one but her husband, she simply idolizes him." Oh, how lovely it sounds. I am so thankful I have been so fortunate in my life to have known so many perfect men. How they come up before me as I write. I heard a good deal on the other side of the water in one company I happened to be in, of emancipated women, till I got a little tired of the word emancipation—and finally I quite startled them by saying, "Well, I'm so thankful I'm not emancipated." Not long after I was introduced on a platform by a gentleman who did not know me, and he said that they would now be addressed by one who was interested in the cause of the emancipation of women. There was a smile on the faces of the audience who knew me better than the one who introduced me. I simply said in regard to emancipation that all I wanted for either women or men was emancipation from selfishness!

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THE FRESH FLOWERS

I WAS in the hall of a beautiful English home last summer, when the hostess entered with a tray full of vases, and I found that my flowers that were beginning to fade were to be removed for fresh ones, and I exclaimed as I took a look at my roses, some of which were only a trifle paler, "I didn't know fresh ones were coming!" In a flash I saw a deep truth; I had seen flowers removed of more than one kind, but I didn't see at first that fresh ones were coming. If we could see deeply enough we should see that He never breaks down but to build up, He never removes flowers save only to put fresher ones in their place. It is always expedient for us when anything goes away, because something better may take its place, but it is a long time usually before we see it. I think the great trouble with us is that we do not really get hold of what God calls riches—and, of course, He knows what real riches are. We think what we see with our natural eyes is the desirable thing. God says what we see is temporal, what we do not see is eternal, and He is training us to see the things that are not seen by mortal eyes, but, notwithstanding, there is a book called His Book, in which these things are stated, and there are people who say they know these things are so, yet we have to find it out for ourselves, and we do after we have "suffered awhile." And when we do see that it was expedient for us that so much was taken away, then we are getting rich toward God; whenever we think His thoughts we are getting rich—and I assure you to get to do this is a tremendous business. I am very glad He did not merely give us His thoughts, but He embodied His thoughts and gave us a living person to come and live with us, to live out His thoughts. I fear we do not take it quite in what a mercy it is that we have an example set before us and all within our reach. We cannot say, "But He did not know such a plain, humdrum life as mine." Yes, He did; He lived in such a stupid place, and the people were the stupidest kind of people, and for thirty years, as far as I can see, about all He did was to help and work in that lowly home. Now I am not going to say anything about or against the "New Woman" or the "New Man"—so far as I can see both need improvement—but I do say that the thing that women and girls want most of all things, is a character like Jesus Christ's, and that can be made in a house with very humdrum work to do, or out of it if necessary. All I contend for is the perfect character, and the emancipation that women most need is the emancipation of the spirit, freedom from sin, and then you can defy, as Madame Guyon did, any earthly prison, and say,

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The flight, the freedom of the soul."

Margaret Bottome

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GENERAL GREELY will begin his series of three papers showing the side of George Washington less known, perhaps, than any other—his personal side—in the next issue of the JOURNAL. It may be confidently promised to our readers that General Greely's Washington papers will be among the most interesting ever printed upon the subject. Washington's domestic, social and religious character will be considered in these papers. The Washington of history will be ignored; simply the man Washington, as he lived among the people, will stand forth.

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WILL be supplied with as much dispatch and cheerfulness by the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau as the costliest one. The Literary Bureau has furnished thousands of books during these past busy months, and has met every demand made upon it with satisfactory results. It is now made possible for any woman to buy a single book at the same allowance from the regular price which heretofore was granted only to large buyers from the publishers.

KATE GREENAWAY'S LITTLE MAIDS

FULL of merriment as they participate in a home party, will be seen in the next issue of the JOURNAL, and will doubtless receive the same enthusiastic welcome from children and parents with which her previous JOURNAL contributions were greeted. For these dainty illustrations Laura E. Richards has written some of her characteristic rhymes, which seem to fit most charmingly the quaint little maidens of Miss Greenaway's.

A NEW EDITION OF "5000 BOOKS"

IS now ready, and marks the one hundredth thousand printed of this easy guide to the best books. Many corrections have been made in this edition, and several new portraits added. No charge is made for this 288-page book; it is simply asked that ten cents be sent to cover cost of mailing. For this small amount "5000 Books" will be sent to any address.

HOW MANY YOUNG MEN THERE ARE

WHO long for a professional career for which only a college training will fit them, but are compelled to forego the ambition of their lives through inability to meet the necessary expenses. The JOURNAL, with its offer of free college and university educations, stands ready to interest itself in just such young men. Between two and three hundred scholarships have been awarded to girls. Similar scholarships in the leading institutions of learning throughout the country await the claim of young men. A complete outline of the plan will be mailed to any young man who will address the JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau.

MR. PADEREWSKI TO HIS ADMIRERS

THE next issue of the JOURNAL will contain a personal tribute from Mr. Paderewski to his thousands of admirers among American women. The great pianist's tribute will take the form of a new composition which he has written expressly for this purpose, and which is offered as a slight token to his admirers for the kindnesses which they have everywhere showered upon him. Mr. Paderewski's composition will, in its entirety, be exclusively published in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

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and no other is so perfectly adapted for use by women.

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FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

By Frank Dempster Sherman

WHAT though the skies be cold and gray
And winds be wild and shrill,
Love's messenger shall find his way
Across the vale and hill:
For sunlight he shall have your face,
For stars—two eyes that shine
Where my heart has its dwelling-place—
Your own, dear Valentine!

He turns to neither left nor right,
But straight ahead he goes;
His guide is Hope, whose footstep light
The surest pathway knows:
He bears my message in his scrip,
A song whose every line
Shall turn to music on your lip,
My own dear Valentine!

Oh, when you hear his eager knock
Upon the door begin,
Make haste to lift the heavy lock
And bid young Cupid in.
Glad then shall gleam the skies above,
And glad this heart of mine
To be at last with her I love—
With you, dear Valentine!

THE STORY OF A DOG

By Margaret J. Preston

THE brief life-story of my sleek little friend shall not contain a line that is not absolutely true; perhaps that is more than can be said of many longer biographies. He kept no diary and wrote no letters, therefore we can know nothing of his introspective life, except as it was made outwardly manifest. He had no confessions to make, no views to maintain, no reforms to promote, and yet so long as the world loves a lover the story of such an intelligent, unwavering, perfect devotion as Nim's will be well worth the telling.

He was separated from his mother (one of the most diminutive of terriers) when he was no bigger than a fortnight-old kitten, and presented to a charming woman, one possessed of that gentle beauty which is attractive alike to men, women, children and dogs. There was something in her manner which must have fascinated Nim from the moment of his passing under her care. She became thenceforth the one object of his worship, the being from whose presence he was never willingly absent day or night.

His mistress lived on a beautiful estate some miles out of Baltimore. In driving about the neighborhood Nim was allowed to take a place in the carriage beside the driver; but when the carriage was ordered out to drive to the railway station to catch the train, he perfectly understood that he was never to ask permission to go, and he never did. One day a visitor, who had been dining with my friend, was about to be sent in her carriage to meet the incoming train. The dog did not happen to be present in the room while the stranger was preparing to take her departure. His mistress deciding suddenly, caught up a straw hat and sprang into the carriage to drive with her visitor to the station. Just as the door closed behind her, Nim bounded into the house and immediately presented himself, in his wistful way, before one of the servants who was sewing, as clearly as possible saying, "Where has she gone?" As no reply was given he stretched himself out on the rug and began to cry. After lying there for ten minutes he eagerly sprang up as if a sudden thought had taken possession of his mind. He flew around to the head of the bed where two small boxes were kept—one containing the handsome Sunday bonnet, which was always worn to town; the other a bonnet in which home drives were taken. Climbing up, he, with the top of his head, knocked off the cover of the box containing the second-best bonnet; but turned immediately away from it, knocking off the cover of the other box. As soon as he saw the handsome bonnet all his anxiety vanished, and soon he was stretched upon the rug sound asleep, having settled the question that his mistress had not gone into town without bidding him good-by, for there was her town bonnet to prove it.

The intensity of his joy when she returned after a few hours' absence in town, was something human-like. He would go to meet her when he heard the whistle of the train on which he expected her, and the way he would kiss her very feet was touching to see. I might multiply instances showing how wonderfully this little creature seemed to comprehend much of ordinary conversation, and especially all remarks addressed to himself, but that would require more space than this little denizen of the dog-world has any right to demand.

Poor Nim! I shall never forget the day the news ran through the house that he was nowhere to be found, nor the unfeigned grief of his mistress over the singularity of the fact that for an hour she had not seen him. When it became certain that he was really gone a handsome reward was offered for his return, living or dead, but to this day not a ray of light has been thrown over his disappearance.

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to one or two uses of **Pearline** (use without soap) will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that **Pearline** washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way you ought to be ready to believe that **Pearline** (use no soap) is the best for washing and cleaning **everything.** That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some **Pearline.** 476

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Suits at $8 and $10, reduced from $18 and $20. Jackets $4, reduced from $10 and $12. Capes $3, reduced from $6 and $8. Fur Capes $7, were $12.

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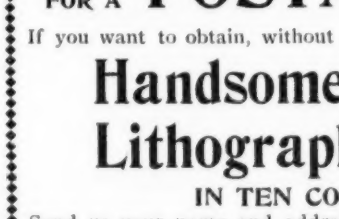

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Small margins of profit make very cheap goods. **Black Ostrich Tips.** Great Values. Three Leaders. Order Catchers.

7	**in. long,**	**3**	**in. wide,**	**47c.**	**per bunch of**	**8**
8	"	**4**	"	**79c.**	"	**8**
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These are beautiful glossy black and mounted so the centre tip is higher than the others, as the present style of wearing them is. I also keep Ladies' Mackintoshes. Order of me.

C. C. WETHERELL, 122-124 Wabash Ave., Chicago

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 2)

up the office and survived the term. Vice-Presidents Clinton, Gerry, King, Wilson and Hendricks have died in office. John C. Calhoun resigned to become Senator from South Carolina. In 1886 a new statute was passed by Congress changing the succession, and now in the event of the death or removal of both the President and Vice-President, the succession devolves upon the members of the Cabinet in the following order: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior.

THE Constitutional provision for counting the votes after they are sent in to the President of the Senate, and by him opened in the presence of the Senate and House assembled in joint session, is a little indefinite: "And the votes shall then be counted," says the Constitution. There was no question raised so long as it was only a matter of addition. But there came a time, in 1876, when two returns of electoral votes appeared from the same State and for different persons, and the question then became acute and very threatening. Who was to decide which of them was the rightful vote of the State—the President of the Senate, the joint body voting as one body, or the Senate and House voting separately in their own chambers? And, if so voting, they differed, what was to be done? There was then no method of settling in the courts beforehand the question which of the rival bodies of electors was the true one, and as the question whether Mr. Hayes or Mr. Tilden had been elected turned on the question which of certain returns were the true ones, a high and dangerous crisis was precipitated. This was settled by an expedient, *viz.*: an Electoral Commission, or Court, consisting of five Senators, five Representatives and five Judges of the Supreme Court, to try the disputed questions, and this Commission decided in favor of Mr. Hayes. As an outcome of this, February 3, 1887, Congress passed an act making the following provisions: Section 2 provides that any contest regarding the election of electors must be decided, as provided by their State laws, at least six days before their meeting on the second Monday in January. Section 3 provides that a certificate of election must be issued by the State Executive in triplicate to the electors, and transmitted by them to the President of the Senate with their votes for President and Vice-President. Section 4 provides that objection to the reception of any returns must be in writing and signed by one member of each House. "No electoral vote or votes from any State, which shall have been regularly given by electors whose appointment has been lawfully certified to according to Section 3 of this Act, from which but one return has been received, shall be rejected, but the two Houses concurrently may reject the vote or votes when they agree that such vote or votes have not been so regularly given by electors whose appointment has been so certified. If more than one return, or paper purporting to be a return, from a State shall have been received by the President of the Senate, those votes, and those only, shall be counted which shall have been regularly given by the electors who are shown by the determination mentioned in Section 2 of this Act to have been appointed, if the determination mentioned in said section provided for shall have been made; . . . . but in case there shall arise the question which of two or more of such State authorities determining what electors have been appointed, as mentioned in Section 2 of this Act, is the lawful tribunal of such State, the votes regularly given of those electors, and those only, of such State shall be counted whose title as electors the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide is supported by the decision of such State so authorized by its laws; and in such case of more than one return, or paper purporting to be a return, from a State, if there shall be no such determination of the question in the State aforesaid, then those votes, and those only, shall be counted which the two Houses shall concurrently decide were cast by lawful electors appointed in accordance with the laws of the State, unless the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide such votes not to be the lawful votes of the legally-appointed electors of such State." If the two Houses disagree the votes of those electors holding the certificate of the State Executive shall be counted.

THE President now receives no official notice of his election, nor any commission or certificate of the result of the count. He just takes notice himself and presents himself for inauguaration. I do not know that a different practice formerly prevailed, but there hangs in my library a parchment which reads as follows:

"Be it known that the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, being convened at the city of Washington, on the second Wednesday of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, the under-written Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate, did, in the presence of the said Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and count all the votes of the electors for a President and Vice-President of the United States: Whereupon, it appeared that William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, had a majority of the votes of the electors as President; by which it appears that William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, has been duly elected President of the United States, agreeably to the Constitution, for four years commencing with the fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the seal of the Senate to be affixed, this tenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one.

"RH. M. JOHNSON,
"Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate.
"By the Vice-President.
"ASBURY DICKENS,
"Secretary of the Senate."

THE FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

By Celia Logan

QUEEN ANNE, of England, justly entitled "The Good," was the first woman to bring her influence to bear to effect a reform in favor of her sex. She declared that not only should there be no ban against self-supporting women, but that many male pursuits were better adapted to women than to men.

Besides the founding of many charitable establishments and the opening to women of many pursuits which, up to that time, had been exclusively in the hands of men, the Queen, although not herself either learned or literary, encouraged women to follow the profession of letters for a livelihood, and advised and encouraged learning among them. In this admirable course she was ridiculed and attacked by the great literary male celebrities of her reign, such as Swift, who laughed her out of endowing a female college which a certain Mary Astell was desirous of founding.

Mary Astell's idea of a female college would now be considered as peculiar as comprehensive. There was to be gratuitous instruction given to young girls in order to fit them for the pursuit of literature as a profession. In case of failure in that calling, and in the event of their remaining single, the college was to afford them shelter and support for life.

Queen Anne promised Miss Astell funds with which to found the college, but, ridiculed by Swift and overruled by her ministers, she could not fulfill her promise, and the college was not built.

MISS ASTELL was among the first to take up her pen after the Queen had signified her approval of literature as a feminine pursuit. Mary Astell had some success as a writer, notwithstanding her being a pioneer in the calling.

Queen Anne having announced that in her opinion literature was an occupation "peculiarly fitted for ladies of gentle birth and superior education," many attempts were made by them to divide the field of letters with men. One startling innovation was made—of a kind never before attempted in England. This was the establishment of a magazine catering exclusively to women. It was the first journal for women ever issued in England, and was called "The Ladies' Diary, or Woman's Almanack."

THE editor was one W. Tippet, quite an appropriate name for the editor of a ladies' fashion periodical. Her salutatory ran thus: "This being the first Almanack printed for the use of the fair sex, and under the reign of a glorious woman, some would advise me to dedicate it to the Queen, with some such dedication as this: 'To the Queen's most excellent Majesty, this 'Ladies' Diary, or Woman's Almanack,' being the first ever published for the peculiar use of the fair sex, is, with all humility, dedicated to your most sacred Majesty.'"

In the first issue there was a "picture in copper" (engraving) of the Queen, and a string of verses in her praise. According to the prospectus, the Almanack contained "directions for love, marriage, preserving (not hearts but fruit), cookery, perfumery, bills-of-fare, and many other concerns peculiar to the fair sex." Editor Tippet was fond of the word "peculiar." Then followed the calendar "with the common notes of the year, when marriage comes in and out," and the eclipses. All this filled one page. The leader treated of the happiness enjoyed in England under the reign of Elizabeth and of the then reigning Queen Anne. The rest of the Almanack consisted of what the editor called "delightful tales." The magazine, as it would now be termed, was highly successful, and was extensively read by the fair sex, for whom it was designed.

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BY MAIL

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(non-shrinkable), mud and dust easily removed, will not crush or wrinkle.

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With Silk Shell Edge, $3.00

COLORS—Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Tan, Cream White and Mignonette.

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a very warm Winter skirt made with **French Yoke** and **Silk Shell Edge.** The latest and most **Fashionable Flannel Skirt.** These flannels have been shrunk as cassimere is fulled.

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WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

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DISHES FOR THE WINTER TABLE

SOME WHOLESOME RECEIPTS WRITTEN BY WOMEN WHO HAVE TRIED THEM

DELICIOUS POTATO PANCAKES

BOIL six medium-sized potatoes in salted water until thoroughly cooked, mash them and set aside to cool; then add three well-beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour enough to make a pancake batter. Bake quickly on a well-greased griddle and serve very hot.

A GOOD HOMINY PUDDING

TWO cupfuls of cold boiled hominy, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and a cup of sweet milk; mix thoroughly, season to taste and bake in a buttered pan for half an hour. This pudding may be served with the meat course at dinner.

SAVORY STEWED KIDNEY

CAREFULLY prepare a moderate-sized beef kidney by removing all the fat and fibre; place in boiling water in a porcelain kettle and boil slowly for about half an hour, then cut into small pieces and place in a farina kettle; cover with milk; add a tablespoonful of butter and thicken with flour until about the consistency of custard. Season with salt and white pepper, add a little chopped parsley, and serve with boiled rice.

A CURRY OF MUSHROOMS

STEW a quart of button mushrooms for about twenty minutes in enough good stock to cover them well; add a tablespoonful of butter and thicken with a teaspoonful of curry and a teaspoonful of wheat flour; boil slowly for ten minutes longer, and just before taking from the fire add half a cupful of cream. Serve on very hot toast on a very hot dish.

CABBAGE WITH CREAM SAUCE

WASH thoroughly a medium-sized cabbage; cut off the thick stalk. Plunge the cabbage into slightly-salted boiling water and boil it until it is uniformly tender. Drain, and serve with a sauce made by mixing together one and a half ounces of fresh butter and a scant tablespoonful of flour until creamy; add to this half a pint of warm milk, a small teaspoonful of salt and a sprinkling of cayenne. Put in a farina boiler and cook until it will cling lightly to the spoon, then add another ounce and a half of butter and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, stirring until smooth.

DELICIOUS CHICKEN PIE

TAKE a pair of chickens, not too young, that have been carefully dressed; remove all the fat and skin, and the tendons from the drumsticks. Place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and allow them to simmer gently for about two hours, keeping them tightly covered during the entire time. Remove the chickens from the fire, and add to the liquor in the saucepan a pint of milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour creamed with one of butter, season with a very little cayenne pepper, some onion juice and salt, and when thoroughly cooked and just before removing from the fire add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour over the chicken, which should previously have been cut into pieces and placed in a deep earthenware pie dish. When both sauce and chicken are quite cold place over all a rich cover of good paste, making an incision in the centre for the steam to escape; ornament prettily, brush over with the white of an egg and bake in a moderately hot oven. When the paste is cooked the pie will be done.

ECONOMICAL LAYER CAKE

RUB one cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter to a cream. Stir in one well-beaten egg; add two cups of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls baking powder; add one cup of sweet milk, and beat until very light. This makes a very delicate layer cake. It may also be baked in a long tin, flavored with lemon, and fruit added. A nice marbled chocolate cake may be made by adding one tablespoonful of grated and melted chocolate to one-third the mixture, and dropping it in the cake tin in alternate spoonfuls with the white batter. Pink sugar may be used in place of the chocolate and the whole delicately flavored with vanilla.

DELICATE SPICE CAKE

STIR two-thirds of a cup of butter and two-thirds of a cup of sugar together. Then stir in three well-beaten eggs; add two-thirds cup of molasses and stir well. Then add two and one-half generous cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful mixed spices (cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg), a tiny pinch of salt, and, lastly, one cup of milk. Bake slowly in a rather shallow pan.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

ADD one cup of molasses and five tablespoonfuls of cornmeal to one quart of fresh scalded milk. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pudding dish, then pour in the mixture. If whey is liked add a cup of cold milk to the pudding as soon as it begins to cook. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

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BUYING AND COOKING TERRAPIN

By Mrs. D. B. Fitzgerald

LIVING on the eastern shore of Maryland where terrapin abound I am in a position to let housekeepers into a secret which will enable them to enjoy this table luxury at a very moderate cost. Ask a dealer to give you the price of terrapin and he will quote counts at sixty dollars, scanty-backs at forty dollars and half-backs at thirty dollars per dozen. It is, perhaps, necessary to explain that the words "count," "scanty-back" and "half-back" are terms descriptive of three different sizes of terrapin. A count is a terrapin about seven inches in length, measured along the middle of the lower shell. A scanty-back is one about six and one-quarter inches in length, and three scanty-backs are rated as equal to two counts. A half-back is about five and three-quarter inches long, and two half-backs are equivalent to one count. Size is the only factor which enters into the price of terrapin. In respect to quality all terrapin are precisely the same, except that the larger ones sometimes contain eggs, which are never found in very small ones. This, however, is a matter which presents no difficulties to the expert cook, for the yolk of a hard-boiled hen's egg in a terrapin stew cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. The yolk of one egg can be transformed into four terrapin eggs which will deceive the very elect. Now even if you are rich enough to pay the extraordinary price asked for large terrapin I advise you to prefer scanty-backs and half-backs to counts, for the reason that you get much more for your money. You will pay the same price for twelve counts, eighteen scanty-backs and twenty-four half-backs, but in the kitchen and the dining-room you will find that eighteen scanty-backs or twenty-four half-backs contain a great deal more meat than a dozen counts. If you have even slight reasons for economy always buy the smaller sizes in preference to the larger.

BUT suppose you are not able to pay thirty dollars for a dozen terrapin. In this case let me tell you a secret which is known to few people except those who are fortunate enough to live close to the shores of the Chesapeake Bay. Terrapin less than five or five and one-quarter inches in length have no fictitious market value. They are sold, as beef and chickens are sold, for just about what they are actually worth. City dealers do not quote these terrapin to their customers, and do not generally handle them because the low price makes the margin of profits small, but a special order given to your dealer will get you as many as you want, from a dozen up to a barrel. In quality they are just as good as counts, and they sell from one dollar and eighty cents to two dollars a dozen. How much meat will a dozen such terrapin yield? More than you think. Last week I visited some large terrapin pens on the Synepuxent Bay. While there I purchased fifteen terrapin, most of them quite five inches long, for two dollars. Nine of these terrapin were served at supper the next evening to a party of six—four guests, my husband and myself—and the quantity was very satisfactory. Of course, it was not, in Maryland parlance, a "terrapin supper," where very little is served except terrapin; but the whole fifteen terrapin would have been amply sufficient to furnish the materials for a "terrapin supper" in the strictest sense of the term.

At a dinner where terrapin is served, one five-inch terrapin to each person is an estimate amply sufficient, and such terrapin ought to cost fifteen or twenty cents apiece, and if properly prepared the appreciation that will certainly be manifested by family or guests will more than compensate you for the slight additional inroad upon the expense account.

It is important to get the terrapin, but it is even more important to know how to serve them just right. The following receipt has been repeatedly tried and pronounced a "symphony in terrapin." The directions are for the cooking of one count, or, what is about equivalent, six five-inch terrapin. Drop the live terrapin into a pot of boiling water, cover closely and cook until tender. This sounds cruel but it is really the quickest way of killing them, and the only way to preserve the juices of the terrapin. When thoroughly cooked take off the shell, and (being careful to preserve the juices) remove the head, gall and sandbags, nothing else. All that remains is good. Be particular not to remove the bones. Pick the meat to pieces, put it in an earthenware dish and set it to cool. Fifteen minutes before dinner put the meat in a porcelain dish and set it on the stove to stew in its own juice; at the end of five minutes add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of rich cream, a little pepper and salt, and set back to stew for seven or eight minutes longer. When ready to serve pour in a gill of sherry or Madeira. During the process of cooking keep the dish or pan tightly covered. If these directions are followed you will have a dish fit for an epicure.

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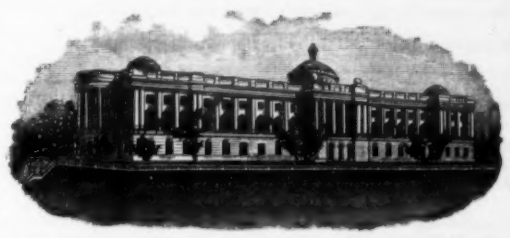

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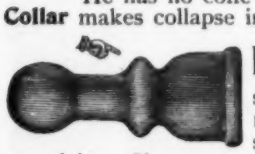

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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

WIDOWED MOTHER—Read "Almost a Man," and either give it to your boy to read or talk to him about the subject on which it is written. Boys usually feel much more than they can express, and it is always best to appeal to their latent manliness.

GIRL'S MOTHER—Cravenette is an admirable material for a girl's bicycling costume. It is from fifty-six to sixty inches wide and costs from one to two dollars a yard. It can be obtained in various colors, is impervious to rain and sheds the dust readily.

MRS. B. C. L.—Lap-robes for baby carriages are made this winter with an opening at the side, near the middle, for convenience in placing or removing the child. The flap is buttoned over, effectually excluding the air. One of white lamb costs ten dollars.

CAROLINE R.—Five skeins of single Germantown wool will be enough to knit a baby's blanket a yard long and twenty-eight inches wide. Finish the edge with shells done in crochet, five long stitches to each shell. Make it all white and it will look well after it is washed.

MRS. C. L. S.—Styes are sometimes very troublesome; if they persist ask your physician to prescribe a tonic, and give the child nourishing food. Dissolve as much boracic acid in a cupful of warm water as the water will take up, and bathe the tumors frequently with it.

STELLA M.—It is thought wisest to sterilize the milk given to a baby. Directions for sterilizing were given in the June number of the JOURNAL. Some physicians assert that the cooked milk is more digestible than the uncooked. The milk from a herd is as good as from one cow.

A. M. P.—You can obtain a bottle of library paste for ten cents, which does not dry up as mucilage does and cannot be spilled. Keep this and a small brush in a corner of the cupboard and let the boys use it for pasting their scraps in the book. Always make it easy for them to do things at home.

MRS. E. S. K., JR.—The handkerchief bib is made of a hemstitched cambric handkerchief cut in two diagonally. One point have embroidered with forget-me-nots in blue, a dainty vine, or tiny wild roses. The other two points tie behind. They are pretty over a cloak in the street, but are too delicate for every-day wear.

ZERO—A fur-lined garment is warmer and more comfortable than one where the fur is on the outside. It is not necessarily clumsy. The pelisse itself should be plainly cut, without much fullness, and a wide fur-trimmed collar, or small cape, added to relieve the plainness. As your climate is so severe the sleeves of the coat should be lined with fur also.

EDNA P.—Creeping-aprons are made with high neck and long sleeves to thoroughly protect the clothing underneath. Gingham is a suitable material. It is not wise to use too heavy a fabric, as the child may take cold when the apron is removed. One can be bought ready made for a dollar and a quarter. Two yards and a half of gingham will make one. A pattern costs fifteen cents.

ANXIETY—If your boy is very restless at night and uncovers his feet make him Canton-flannel night-drawers with feet. Two yards and a quarter will make one pair for a child three years old. You can procure a pattern for fifteen cents. If you do not like these make his flannel nightgown very long, half a yard below his feet, sew tapes on the bottom and tie the edges together.

A PUZZLED MOTHER—An all-wool plaid material, a diagonal serge or mixed cheviot is more useful than cloth-finished flannel for a school dress for a girl of twelve. A plain fabric shows spots easily, and even if the stain is removed the traces are apt to be left behind. If it is made with a jacket different waists can be worn. Send for a catalogue of children's fashions and you will see how the newest dresses are made.

THE YOUNGEST AUNT—A miniature crib, the framework made of stout wire, wound with baby ribbon, the inside lined with silk and a cover attached, makes a pretty box to hold safety pins for the baby. The words "Safety Pins" can be embroidered on the lid, or painted if you wield the paint-brush. A chamois bag, the sides gathered on a round piece of chamois-covered cardboard to form the bottom, the top finished with a double drawing-string of blue ribbon and pinked or embroidered, is a most useful receptacle for powder and puff in traveling.

MOTHER OF AN INVALID—As your daughter feels the cold so much let her wear nightdresses of shaker or outing flannel instead of the ordinary cotton ones. Knitted or crocheted bed socks add much to an invalid's comfort. They should be made long enough to afford some protection to the legs. If she is obliged to lie constantly on her back rub it night and morning thoroughly with alcohol and dust it with powdered French chalk. Whenever you can during the day rub the lower part where the weight rests. This promotes the circulation and lessens the danger of bedsores. If possible, change her position occasionally, relieving the pressure with pillows.

BRIDE'S MOTHER—The old rhyme concerning lucky and unlucky days for the wedding runs thus:

"Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no day at all."

It was evidently considered neither wise nor prudent to put off such an important matter as a marriage until late in the week. Sunday is not mentioned as a possible day for the ceremony. (2) The superstition that opals are unlucky is held not to apply to the wearer born in October, as it is the birthday stone for that month. There can scarcely be a more beautiful gem than the fire opal with its deep gleams of rosy light.

GEORGIA—The exquisitely-embroidered linen photograph frames are easily soiled by dust, which ruins their beauty. They are now protected by glass. A sheet cut the size of the frame is laid over it and the edges bound together with strong white glazed paper gummed firmly in place. This can be done at home by any one who has skillful fingers. Frames ready to be embroidered can be purchased with the glass in place. It is secured by a narrow gilt rim cut in points. These points can be bent back to remove the glass and the linen, and replaced when the work is done. For a birthday gift work the birthday flower of the month in which the anniversary falls, upon it. (2) Read the answer to "Jennie C. L." for suggestions.

JENNIE C. L.—In giving a birthday party for your twins the table should be decorated with the birthday flower of the month in which they were born. The primrose is the one for February. The others are January, snowdrop; March, violet; April, daisy; May, hawthorn; June, wild rose; July, lily; August, poppy; September, convolvulus; October, hops; November, chrysanthemum; December, holly. Each has an appropriate sentiment attached to it. The primrose means youthful sunshine; the snowdrop, consolation; the violet, modesty; the daisy, innocence; the hawthorn, hope; the wild rose, simplicity; the lily, purity; the poppy, the comfort of sleep; the convolvulus, contentment; hops, aspiration; the chrysanthemum, cheerfulness; holly, foresight and protection. (2) A pretty gift for girls of seventeen would be watches with the birthday flower enameled upon them. One for February has the sign of the zodiac for that month—Pisces, the fishes—on the case, and a spray of primroses on the face.

INEXPERIENCED MOTHER—If your baby eight months old requires a laxative add oatmeal gruel to her food. To make it allow one tablespoonful of oatmeal to each cup of boiling water and boil one hour. Use this, without straining, to dilute the milk you already give her. If it is too thick thin it by adding a little more boiling water if you wish, though the milk answers this purpose. The milk should be sterilized. Always add a little salt to a baby's food. A tablespoonful of orange juice given alone an hour and a half before feeding is sometimes effectual. Cover prunes with water, boil until they form a pulp, strain the liquid and give a large teaspoonful every morning. Gluten suppositories are effective and harmless. The abdomen may be pressed and gently rubbed with warm oil for fifteen minutes at a time twice a day. The baby should have a drink of water several times in the twenty-four hours. Sometimes half a teaspoonful of beef juice, increased to half a tablespoonful if necessary, given with the other food twice a day will give relief. Cathartic medicine should not be given without the advice of a doctor. It gives temporary relief, but does not remove the cause of the inaction. You would find valuable assistance in this matter in the "Care of Children," sent by the Literary Bureau connected with this office, for eighty-five cents.

MRS. H. R. J.—A friendship calendar would give great pleasure to your married daughter in her new home, particularly as it is to be so far away from the ones with whom she has spent her life. Have blank slips of paper, four and a half inches long by three and a half wide, cut at a stationer's—it is a mistake to have them too small. At least four hundred will be needed, to allow for waste. Make a list of the friends by whom she would wish to be remembered, including as many as possible. Thirty-one or two is a good number. Send twelve slips to each of these, requesting them to write a quotation or an original sentiment, either in prose or verse, upon each slip, leaving an inch and a half at the top for the date to be filled in afterward. When the slips are returned write the day of the month and week at the top of each in red ink. It is best first to make twelve separate piles, placing one contribution from each friend in each heap. Then arrange them so that appropriate sentiments will come upon particular anniversaries, and slips from the same friend will not be too near one another. Make a special request that the name of the writer, and not the initials only, shall be written at the foot of each slip. When all are collected and arranged send them to a bookbinder to be pressed and gummed on a card. As they are bulky it is well to have them divided into two portions. The card can be ornamented with flowers, text or rhyme by an artistic friend.

MRS. T. R. A.—"The Heart of Oak" books are an admirable progressive series of five books that would answer your purpose to perfection. They are edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, and Miss Kate Stephens. Number one begins with the alphabet and contains some of the best of the Mother Goose rhymes, many other classic poems and even extracts from Shakespeare, though it will be a surprise to most people that the immortal bard has written lines simple enough to be suitable for little children. Number two has many old favorites, as Mary Howitt's "Spider and the Fly," beside poems from Tennyson, Emerson and Wordsworth. Number three includes, beside much good poetry, the stories of Wallace and Bruce, from Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather"; "The Battle of Trafalgar, and the Death of Nelson," from Southey's "Life of Nelson," and many other stirring narratives that appeal to the love of heroism instinctive in all children. Numbers four and five are filled with selections of equal merit. There are many extracts from the writings of James Russell Lowell, Hawthorne, George William Curtis, Edward Everett, the speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Washington's Farewell Address, and the works of Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, Browning, Matthew Arnold, etc., the masters of the English tongue. These books can be procured together or separately through the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL.

MOTHERLY SISTER—The following suggestion which has been sent to me may help you to induce your little brothers and sisters to go to bed more willingly. The parlor is always very enticing to the little ones in the winter evenings and it is hard for them to leave it cheerfully. No matter how well-behaved children may be, the fatal words, "Bed time," are almost invariably productive of disastrous results. In all the families except one where I have seen children ordered to bed, the mandate has been followed by pathetic requests to stay up a little longer, or by downright disobedience, when the poor little victims were borne screaming to the upper regions. It is of the one exception that I wish to speak. In this house there is a flock of little ones, whose birthdays only come a year or so apart, and the mother believes in sending the babies to bed with the birds. It was not easy at first to enforce this rule until she hit on a very successful plan. At half-past seven she sits down to the piano and plays a few chords. The children all stop their play and run to her. The one who touches her first is "leader" for the evening. The others all form in single file behind him or her, the mother plays a march, and the babies march twice around the room and then up to bed, the mother running after as soon as the last little footsteps reach the uppermost stair. This performance seemed almost Utopian to me, and I asked the mother how she thought of it, and how she managed to train the children. She replied, "The children suggested it themselves. The two older ones go to a kindergarten, and like to teach the little ones who stay at home the various games they learn at school. They are particularly fond of marching, and one night when they were marching around I led them for awhile, and finally led them up to bed before they realized what I was about. Since then the plan has been carried on, till now I don't lead them myself, but play for them instead."

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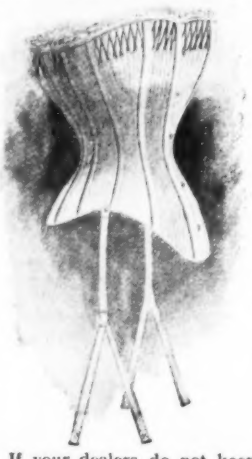

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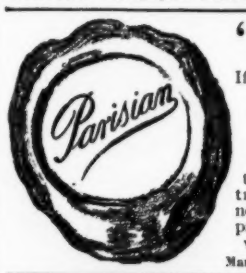

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture.
EBEN E. REXFORD.

X. L.—The specimen sent is Cinnamon Vine.

C. M. G.—The trouble with your Rose is from rust.

M. A. C.—The plant inquired about is called Chorizema.

A. A. S.—Specimen sent, Balsam *impatiens*, or Zanzibar Balsam.

GRACE R. M.—Rose Campion is a plant of the genus Agrostemma.

L. B.—I do not know what the Gloria Vine is. The name is doubtless a local one.

MRS. A. B. G.—Rex Begonias like a soil of loam and leaf-mould with some sand mixed in it.

MRS. M. D. S.—Easter Lilies may bloom a second time, but you cannot depend on their doing so.

MRS. C. L. M.—The plant of which you send specimen is an Acacia. It is not hardy at the North.

SNOWBALL—The Forget-me-not or Myosotis requires a somewhat shady location, and deep, rich soil.

MRS. T. B. B.—The specimen of Magnolia which you send is covered with scale. Try kerosene emulsion for it.

L. O.—Palms will not bear a hot sun. For sunny windows try Geraniums, Lantanas, Abutilons and plants of that class.

MRS. M. A. C.—Your Cactus is trying to rest, and you are trying to force it to grow. It would be better to let the plant have its way.

C. P.—See page twenty-two of this number for article on "The Cultivation of the Palm." (2) Zamia is not adapted to culture in the house.

BERTHA W.—Apply Paris green, in solution, to your Sweet Peas and Pansies. Do not make it very strong at first, but experiment to ascertain the proper strength to use.

MRS. A. C. L.—I would advise buying young plants of Cyclamen in preference to attempting to grow them from seed. Use kerosene emulsion whenever its use appears necessary.

C. R.—Citron seeds will not produce Watermelons. Although both belong to the same family they have some distinct characteristics which prevent their "mixing," as you suggest.

WAX—The thick leaf sent is Bryophillum. The other leaf was so bruised that I could tell nothing about it. In sending specimens for identification always wrap each leaf by itself.

HOLLY—I think you will find it quite a difficult matter to move a large Holly. It would not only be expensive, but uncertain as to results. It would be better to try a smaller specimen.

C.—Maidenhair Fern requires a light, rich soil, such as leaf-mould affords. Drain the pots well; give enough water to keep the soil moist all through. Keep in a shady place, but let the light be good.

J. L. F.—The brown spots on the Cactus of which you speak are what is termed scale. They can be removed by scrubbing, or by the application of a solution of Fir-Tree oil soap, applied with a stiff brush.

MRS. O. D. P.—The specimen sent is Aucuba. It is not hardy out-of-doors at the North. A plant often has wholly green leaves and variegated ones on the same branch. This plant is adapted for decorative use in the greenhouse.

MRS. G. O.—Heather is the Scotch name for plants of the genus Erica. Heath is the common name. It is a plant having evergreen leaves and small, beautiful flowers. It is not adapted to pot-culture outside a greenhouse in this climate.

C. H. L.—The points of difference between the varieties of Palms named cannot be described very well. Go to some greenhouse and observe them side by side. You will readily see wherein they differ. (2) I know of no such work as you mention.

READER—"Mrs. J. P. G." writes that if you will water your Hoya (Wax Plant) with very hot water it will have a tendency to make it bloom. She pours boiling water in the saucer of the pot. Rest for the plant is secured by withholding hot water.

MRS. B.—Heliotrope turns brown from two causes: lack of root room and lack of water. It has very fine roots, and it is often difficult for water to penetrate the mass at the centre of the pot. Failure to wet this mass thoroughly often leads to ill health.

L. W. J.—The Chinese Primrose should be kept growing in pots through the summer. (2) The Cineraria is a spring or summer bloomer, and old plants are not worth wintering. It is well to procure young plants of both, respectively, for summer and winter blooming.

MRS. J. H. H.—Try an emulsion of kerosene and sour milk on your Peonies, or scatter powdered borax about the roots. I do not think, however, that the ants injure the buds, as they are there to catch a sort of aphis which will be found in great quantities on the Peony if unmolested.

MRS. B.—Begonias do not require very large pots, and should not be kept wet at the roots. (2) I do not approve of the use of ammonia in water in the promiscuous way advised by some writers on floriculture. I have tried both hard and soft water on plants, and I can see no perceptible difference in results.

MRS. J. C. F.—Palms like a warmer air in winter than they would be likely to get in a pit. (2) Coleus seeds are treated exactly like any other seed. It is a mistake to think that each kind of seed needs a special treatment in order to induce it to grow. (3) I cannot tell what is the trouble with your Chrysanthemums.

AMATEUR—The Camellia is propagated by cuttings rooted in bottom heat. (2) You can keep the aphis from your Solanum by applications of Sulpho-Tobacco soap. (3) The Rose Geranium is one of our best house plants; yours doubtless failed to give satisfaction because it was infested with insects. It is generally quite free from them.

M. J. S.—Hyacinths can be planted in the ground again at once, or they can be kept in a cool, dry place during summer. (2) Cyclamens can be kept as nearly dormant as possible by putting them in a shady place and giving very little water. (3) Chinese Primroses should be kept growing in order to have large plants for winter blooming.

E. C.—I know of no method by which a sandy soil can be permanently enriched without the mixture of stronger soils with it. The use of manures will benefit it to some extent, but not permanently, as sand lacks the elements which go to make up a lasting soil. Adding loam may be expensive, but it will prove to be the cheapest method in the end.

MRS. E. M. K.—It is not a good plan to separate Dahlia tubers in the fall. Leave the whole bunch as dug, and separate at the time of planting or starting in boxes in the spring. Some persons put the whole bunch into a box of earth and do not separate them until planting-out time comes, breaking them apart in such a manner that each tuber has a sprout attached.

MRS. C. T. P.—Lotus is not hardy in central New York. Plant the roots in May, in six inches of soil, at the bottom of tub or tank. The depth of water must be regulated by variety of plant, development, etc. In fall the tubs can be placed in cellar after pouring off most of the water. An article will be given on the cultivation of aquatics in one of the spring numbers of this magazine.

E. S. S.—A great many complaints come in about Geraniums behaving as yours do. Mine show signs of the same disease. There is some kind of bacteria at work on the plants. I cut my plants back severely in spring and used Sulpho-Tobacco soap freely on them during the season, and most of them are making a strong and healthy growth. When I find a plant that seems diseased I throw it out.

M. H.—All I am able to make out from your letter is that you have had trouble with your plants and want a remedy. I am sorry that I cannot help you, but as you have not told me what the trouble consisted in, and what kind of care the plants had been given, I am powerless to render you any assistance. You will readily see, when you come to think of it, that your letter leaves me completely in the dark as to kind or origin of trouble.

H. O.—Leave Lilium Auratum in ground, covering the bulbs well. (2) Tuberose bulbs are worthless after blooming, unless for the purpose of propagation. (3) Summer-blooming Oxalis is easily wintered by leaving the bulbs or tubers in a pot, keeping them quite dry, or they can be wrapped in paper and kept away from frost. (4) Tigridia is not hardy. (5) Keep tuberous Begonias as advised for Oxalis. (6) Cyclamens should bloom during the winter.

MRS. J. H.—You will find Othonna, Vinca and Monewort good vines for planting about the edge of cemetery vases. For flowers use Geraniums, Heliotropes, Petunias or Plumbagoes. For foliage plants try Abutilon, Souvenir de Bonn, variegated, Coleus in variety and Cannas. It must be borne in mind that plants in the cemetery, in vases, seldom get the care they ought to have, consequently the more exacting sorts are not available there. (2) Some good, hardy plants for the lawn are Perennial Phlox, Coreopsis *lanceolata*, Dicentra, Hollyhocks and Aquilegias.

MRS. J. W.—I cannot name a Rose from so meagre a description. If your plant looks healthy, but is standing still, have patience, and by-and-by it will make more growth. Most plants insist on having rest at some season of the year, and very likely your Rose is getting ready for future work by "resting up." (2) The Amarylis has alternate periods of growth and rest, and each must be made as complete as possible. When growing, give water freely and some fertilizer, but discontinue the application of much water as soon as growth ceases. Then keep quite dry until new growth sets in.

MRS. H. T. B.—I would use lime-water for the worms whose ravages you complain of. The soil will get no heavier when using it than it will if clear water is used if your pots are properly drained. There is no danger of making the water too strong of lime, as only a certain quantity of the element which kills the worms can be held in suspension, and this is never in excess of safety to the plants to which it is applied. Some plants do not like it. Azaleas will not tolerate lime in soil or water. Experiment is necessary to determine what kind of plants to use it on.

MRS. L. M. N.—In keeping your old Primrose plant for next winter's growing I would advise separating the roots, and forming new plants. You can probably secure a bit of root with each division of the old crown. If so pot each piece in a small pot, and thereafter treat exactly as you would seedling plants—shifting from time to time as the roots fill the pots, until you have your plants in six-inch pots. Old plants left as they were at the end of the season are generally weak and seldom do well a second time. But by the method advised above it is possible to make good, strong plants out of the old.

J. M.—The Calla is easily grown. Plant the roots in loam or muck, drain the pots well, give plenty of water while growing, but not as much at other times, and in summer put the pot out-of-doors on its side and give no water from July to September. Then repot, give water and light, and in a short time the plant will start into growth again. A rich soil is required, or the frequent application of some fertilizer. Do not keep the roots standing in water, but give a liberal amount daily. If good drainage is given, this will allow you to keep the soil moist at all times without any risk from over-watering, which often induces decay of the roots.

M. W. H.—Mildew is caused by dampness and cold draughts generally. Perhaps the removal of your plants to some other location or a change in existing conditions may remedy the trouble. (2) Kerosene emulsion or Sulpho-Tobacco soap will kill the aphides which infest the leaves of the Snowball, and prevent the leaves from being injured each spring. (3) The soap advised above will kill aphides on any plant. Apply it to your Honeysuckle quite early in the season. (4) Tobacco water will kill the lice on your Asters, and if those on your Dahlias are the same, use this remedy there. Tobacco dust can be applied with good results, first sprinkling the plants to make it adhere to them.

INQUIRER—A list of Tulips for winter blooming of single varieties would be: In red—Crimson King, Duc Van Thol, Vermilion, Pottebaker, Brilliant, Waterloo. In white—White Duc Van Thol, La Reine, Pottebaker, L'Immaculée. In yellow—Duc Van Thol, Chrysolora, Yellow Prince, Duchesse de Parma. Cottage Maid and Groot-meister are red and white. Keiser-kroon is yellow and red. In double Tulips the best selection, in red—Gloria Solis, Rex Rubrorum, Murillo: In yellow—Tournesoli, Yellow Rose. In blue—Ma-cousine, Purple Crown. In white—La Candeur, Rose Blanche. (2) For winter blooming the following list of Dutch Hyacinths is considered very satisfactory: In single red and pink—Norma, Gigantea, Gertrude, Lord Macauley. In double red—Grootvoist, Veronica, Czar Nicholas, Noble par Merite. Single white—Madame Van-der-Hoop, Snowdrift, Voltaire and Seraphine. Double white—La Tour d'Auvergne, Anna Maria, La Verginite. Single blue—William L, General Palissier, Charles Dickens. Double blue—Blocksberg, Garrick, Richard Steel. Single yellow—La Citroniere, Alida Jacobs, La Pluie d'Or. Double yellow—Goethe, Jaune Supreme, William III. Any of the Hyacinths mentioned in this list will richly reward the slight care that they require.

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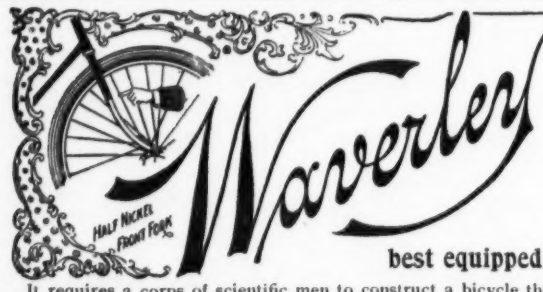

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LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

FREDONIA—"Thanatopsis" means a vision of death.

CALIFORNIA—Homer was called "The Father of Epic Poetry."

WELLBANK—"Blackwood's Magazine" has been in existence since 1817.

QUESTIONER—Jeremy Taylor was called "The Shakespeare of Divines."

DALTON—There is a memorial to James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey.

SPRING VALLEY—"Margaret Sidney" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop.

M. S.—The poem, "The Lover's Litany," was written by Rudyard Kipling.

TISKILWE—Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") has three daughters but no sons.

GRACE—Maria Susanne Cummins was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1827. She died in 1866.

LISLE VERT—Ralph Waldo Emerson died at his home in Concord, Massachusetts, in April, 1882.

O. A. B.—"Alice Elliot" was a *nom de plume* used by Sarah Orne Jewett when she first began to write.

STOUGHTON—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney was born at Boston in September, 1824. She resides now near that city.

MANY INQUIRERS—Eugene Field died suddenly, at his home at Buena Vista Park, Chicago, on the morning of Monday, November 4, 1895.

BEAVER FALLS—In Mr. Burdette's "Rise and Fall of the Mustache," on page 177 you will find "Reminiscences of Exhibition Day."

LOVEL—Ralph Waldo Emerson was born at Boston in 1803; he died at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1882. He is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Concord.

E. S. R.—The Lord's Prayer was arranged as a hymn, to be sung by the children in the public schools of New England, by the late Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

HIAWATHA—The three friends whose names were suggested in Longfellow's poem, "To the River Charles," were Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom and Charles Amory.

WALTON—The quotation,

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,"

you will find in the eighty-sixth stanza of Byron's "Don Juan."

EMMA—Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was written in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who died at Vienna in 1833. The allusion is to the place of his death and the place of his burial. (2) N. P. Willis died in 1867.

BERTHA K.—Miss Braddon, the novelist, was married to Mr. John Maxwell, an English publisher. Mr. Maxwell died last year. (2) The phrase, "No man is a hero to his valet," is commonly attributed to Madame de Sevigne.

SULPHUR GROVE—Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson is editor of "Harper's Weekly." (2) "Gath" is the *nom de plume* of Mr. George Alfred Townsend. (3) The widow of George W. Curtis resides at New Brighton, Staten Island. (4) Eugene Field resided in one of Chicago's suburbs.

JACKSONVILLE—The grace,

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket,"

was said by Burns at St. Mary's Isle by request of the Earl of Selkirk.

DIAL—Professor Boyesen died at his home in New York City in October, 1895. In 1874 he became Instructor of German at Cornell, and in 1880 received the same appointment at Columbia. There, in 1882, he became Professor of the German Language, and in 1890 the chair of Germanic Languages and Literature was created for him.

X. X. L.—Alfred Austin, who, in January last, was appointed to the Poet Laureateship of England, was born at Headingley, near Leeds, in 1835. He was educated for the bar, but abandoned it for journalism. He has written several novels and many narrative poems as well as many short ones. His early poems were published by Blackwood.

GRETCHEN—

"The path that leads to a loaf of bread
Winds through the swamps of toil,
And the path that leads to a suit of clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to the loaf of bread
And the suit of clothes, are hard to tread,"

is the first verse of a poem called "Paths" written by S. W. Foss. (2) "Letters to Dead Authors" is by Andrew Lang.

C. V. C.—Write only on one side of the note sheets, leaving a margin to the left, number each sheet carefully and write your name and address legibly on the left-hand upper corner of the first sheet. Then send your manuscript off to the magazine which you think it will suit, inclosing sufficient postage for its return in case it should not be accepted. The high-class magazines usually express their decisions concerning submitted manuscripts within a month of the date of their receipt, and pay for them upon acceptance.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—An American citizen can secure copyright in Great Britain by complying with the following conditions: First, enter the title at Stationers' Hall, London, the fee for which is five shillings (about one dollar of our money), and five shillings additional if a certificate of entry is required. Second, the work must be published in Great Britain or her dominions simultaneously with its publication here. Third, five copies of the publication must be furnished—one for the British Museum and four on demand of the Company of Stationers for four other libraries. The Librarian of Congress cannot take charge of any copyright arrangements with other countries.

ANNA—The Holy Grail in mediæval legend was a cup or chalice supposed to have been of emerald, used by Christ at the Last Supper. In this vessel Joseph of Arimathea caught the last drops of Christ's blood as He was taken from the cross. By Joseph, according to one account, it was carried to Britain. Other accounts affirm that it was brought by angels from Heaven and entrusted to a body of knights who guarded it on the top of a mountain; when approached by one not perfectly pure, it vanished from sight. The Grail having been lost it became the great object of search or quest to knights errant of all nations, none being qualified to discover it but a knight perfectly chaste in thought and act. The stories and poems concerning Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are all founded on this legend.

MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

Questions of a Musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this department by a special corps of Musical experts. Any books mentioned may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

THEKLA—Bryant's "Thanatopsis" has been arranged as a chorus for male voices by Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, of New York City.

A. N.—Ditson & Co. publish a song entitled, "Dark Eyes Has Left Us," by W. R. Dempster. The song is listed in their Catalogue Number One under this name.

EVE—Josef Hoffman was born, it is claimed, on June 20, 1877. He made his *début* as a pianist at Prince's Hall, London, in June, 1887. He is a native of Warsaw, Poland.

J. J. M.—In general it may be said that it is proper to take a full breath between the words of a song if the flow of the musical phrase and the sense of the words of the song are not thereby impaired.

SUBSCRIBER—Your question as to the formation of chords in the different keys could not be intelligibly answered in the space at our command. We would advise you to take up the study of harmony, from which you may learn what you wish to know.

B. F.—Miss Clara Munger was, we understand, the first vocal teacher of Emma Eames in Boston. Her last year of study in Boston was with Charles R. Adams, at whose "Pupils' Operatic Musicale" she made her *début* as "Marguerite" in "Faust."

LILIAN—Charles Kinkel, the composer, is dead. If you will address his daughter, Mrs. Florence Kinkel Mack, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, you can, perhaps, secure the information you wish. (2) Anton Rubinstein died at Peterhoff, Russia, in November, 1894.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER—From fourteen to sixteen years of age is the time when a boy's voice changes; occasionally this change is delayed until the seventeenth year, but this is unusual. One cannot tell absolutely at the age of seventeen to what class the boy's voice will belong three years later.

W. L. HOLBROOKS—Hohmann's "Practical Violin School," published by Banes, will probably give you the information you desire. Wichtel's is excellent and highly recommended. There is a little book published by Jean White & Co., of Boston, called "The Violin and How to Master It," which also may be of use to you.

LAWRENCE MOSS—For full information concerning the copyright of musical compositions write to the Librarian of Congress, who will forward you, free of charge, the regulations and requirements necessary. (2) The JOURNAL is always glad to examine musical compositions and will be pleased to see the arrangement of which you write.

OPHELIA—Harmony is the study of the rules or methods governing the formation and use of chords, or combination of sounds of different pitch. The Czerny "Velocity Studies" are usually given piano pupils in their earlier and intermediate lessons, and a pupil who has completed the course in them is not necessarily an advanced pupil, although advanced pupils will always find them of value.

MINNIE M.—The questions which would be asked a candidate for an instructor's position in a musical conservatory would depend upon two things, the rank and standard of the institution and the position applied for. A teacher of piano, violin, voice culture, etc., would be required to give satisfactory evidence of her complete knowledge of the rudiments and technique of the work she chooses, and should have, also, some knowledge of harmony, thorough-bass, counterpoint and composition. She should be able to answer any reasonable questions on the above subjects or in her special line of work.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—In purchasing a piano it is well to consult the references given by the different firms, and decide in favor of the one recommended by the greatest number of musicians. It is said by experts that the tone given out after striking the keys hard is the tone to which the piano will ultimately wear. If it is at all metallic or thin the piano should not be bought. The ideal piano should have brilliancy, sweetness, volume, a singing quality of tone, an easy action, and should be guaranteed to wear for ten years at least. It should improve with use, but this very few instruments do. We cannot guide you as to cost except to say that the best is always the cheapest.

C. E. S.—The following is a partial list of soprano solos suitable for introduction in a church service. At your request we have omitted those from oratorios:

"Save Me, O God"	Randegger
"Tarry with Me"	Raff
"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"	Tours
"The King of Love My Shepherd Is"	Gounod
"Sancta Maria"	Faure
"The Manger Cradle"	Neidlinger
"Oh, Mother Dear Jerusalem"	Chadwick
"Jesus, Thou art Standing"	Geibel
"The Pilgrim"	Adam
"Ever Safe with God"	Cantor
"Fear Not Ye"	Parkhurst

B. Y.—The fingering for organ music is founded upon the same principles as that for pianoforte music. As the organ notes, however, sound only so long as the keys are held down, many passages which in organ music require the substitution of one finger for another in preparation for a following chord or note, in order to obtain an unbroken legato effect, could be effectively played on the piano without so careful attention to detail in fingering, the vibration of the piano string continuing after the finger has been raised from the key. (2) The American and English methods of marking fingering are the same, the thumb being indicated by an x and the four fingers by one, two, three and four. The other method, known as foreign, is used in all other countries, the thumb being marked one and the fingers two, three, four and five.

SIR GALAHAD—As to the range of the barytone voice, few barytones can sing higher than the G above middle C, and F may be said to be, on the average, the highest effective note. The limit of the lowest range varies usually from A flat on the first space in the bass clef to the E flat below it. Both the range and the quality of voice are taken into account in the classification of voices, although the character, or quality, is the more important factor in this decision. Male voices having the range you describe may be barytone, although it is very seldom that a barytone voice can sing so high a note. In such a case, where the range is common to both tenor and barytone, the quality is the determining feature. This is an example of the quality, and not the range, being the deciding factor in the classification of the voice. Male voices which are intermediate in quality (not in range, as the barytone has some of the notes of both bass and tenor) are classed as barytone. The barytone is a high bass, not a low tenor, voice, and is classified as one of the divisions of the bass voice.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

I would ask of my girls that, when they write to me desiring an answer by mail, they will be careful to write clearly, not only their own names and the name of the town in which they live, but the name of the State as well. Also, before their signatures, when they do not send addressed envelopes, will they please put in brackets either "Miss" or "Mrs." to prevent me from seeming rude? I want to thank my girls for all their kindness to me, and especially for the appreciation they have shown the little book which I consider belongs to them.

B. N.—It is not customary for schoolgirls to have an "at home" day.

KATHARINE—Rub crude vaseline well into the scalp to keep the hair from falling out.

GERTRUDE J.—Almost any carpet weaver can make silk ribbons or silk strips into a portière.

SYDNEY—Among soups, only bouillon is served in cups, and it is taken directly from the cups.

SYMPATHY—There would be no impropriety in writing a note of condolence to a man friend.

VIOLET—Regular brushing will do more to keep blonde hair glossy and light than anything else.

MARGARET—The young man should ask permission to call upon both your mother and yourself.

D. O. C.—I do not know why peacock feathers are considered unlucky, but the superstition is a general one.

C. A. A.—Any picture of inanimate things, such as fruit, flowers or bric-à-brac, would be a study in still life.

SUBSCRIBER—I would advise you to write to the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL for such books as you desire.

G. E. F.—It is in bad taste for a young girl to accept presents of jewelry from a man, or to wear his jewelry.

C. G.—When the plate is passed for a second helping, the knife and fork should be laid on it slightly to one side.

A CONSTANT READER—Wilson Barrett, the English actor, is a widower, and has, I believe, several grown daughters.

MERRILLA—If your mother goes with you there will be no impropriety in visiting your betrothed during his illness.

B. M. L.—A polite inclination of the head is sufficient thanks when a stranger opens the door for you in a public place.

M. B.—If you meet a man friend on the street it is proper for you to speak first, to show that the acquaintance is pleasant to you.

P. R.—In introducing a young man to a lady simply say, "Miss Brown, may I have the honor of presenting Mr. Jones?"

ETHEL H.—Write to the author of the article to which you refer, and undoubtedly the information you desire will be given to you.

GENEVA—If a collation of any sort is given after the marriage the clergyman who performs the ceremony should be invited to it.

Y. C.—When making an evening call a young man may remain from half an hour to an hour. This, of course, refers to a formal call.

OMEGA—If for some reason the lady does not wish to wear her wrap, and it is a large one, it would be proper for her escort to carry it.

ANNA—A secretary should write a clear, distinct, businesslike hand, should be a good arithmetician, and, above all, be very systematic.

NINA—By reading the magazines and the best books, thinking them over and talking about them, you will gain ease in conversation.

DOROTHEA—All foods containing starch, such as bread, potatoes and rice, will tend to make fat. Sweets are fattening and so is chocolate.

ALVA—I think it very foolish to be guided by fortune-tellers and astrologers, especially when a question of any importance is to be decided.

EDITH—A lady takes a gentleman's arm; when she is very old or an invalid it is permissible for him to take hers, but under no other circumstances.

K. T. D.—A bride has her linen marked with her maiden name. The prettiest way is to have her initials embroidered in white upon her lingerie.

DOLLY M.—An afternoon tea is nothing more than an ordinary "at home," and people come and go, and pay short or long visits according to their desires.

PAULINE—If a man is introduced to you as "Doctor Brown" address him in that way. Do not use the word "sir" when speaking to men of your own age.

MARIE—A married lady when calling on another matron leaves one of her own and two of her husband's cards; a lady never leaves a card for a gentleman.

A. J. W.—A small bit should be broken from the slice of bread and conveyed to the mouth by the fingers. (2) A silver watch can be worn in chatelaine fashion.

L. A.—When two ladies are walking with a gentleman he should take the outer side. (2) A young lady does not receive men callers until after she has made her *début*.

A. S.—Any of the books you mention may be had at a specially advantageous price from the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL. Address your letter directly to the Literary Bureau.

GEORGIA R.—If a man is introduced to you as "Doctor Smith," you should, of course, address him in that way. (2) The invitation to a wedding dinner should be acknowledged.

G. M.—If Mr. Brown expected to escort Miss Smith to the club and found it impossible, he should, as soon as he knew this, write a note to her fully explaining the state of affairs.

W. G.—Even if this friend should ask you to call him by his Christian name I would advise your continuing to address him as "Mr. Brown," and then he will show the same respect to you.

PROPRIETY—I do not approve of cousins who have passed childhood kissing each other. The tie of kindred is not a close one, and for that reason, if for no other, such a familiarity is not wise.

LURLINE—Regrets to the wedding invitation, as it comes from the bride's mother, should be addressed to her. (2) I would advise having a professional cleaner make fresh the white silk parasol.

SOLO—As the physician who has been so kind to you is married it would be most proper, and would show the greatest courtesy on your part, if you sent the little gift to his wife rather than to him.

J. Z. G.—In speaking to the bride wish her all happiness, and congratulate the groom upon his good luck in winning such a charming wife. For a birthday wish many happy returns of the day.

BESS—In writing to a man friend it would be in best taste to sign your letter, "Yours very cordially." (2) Your seal may have upon it the first letter of your Christian name or of your last name, as you fancy.

HOPE AND OTHERS—Almost all work that is money-making needs to be done away from home. (2) The use of the typewriter has superseded long-hand writing, and little copying by hand is given out.

ALICE—In speaking of one friend to another do not use the Christian name, but refer to her as "Miss White," unless the friend with whom you are talking is quite as intimately acquainted with her as you are.

MAB AND OTHERS—I cannot give addresses in this column, nor can I answer very personal questions, but if you will write, giving your real name and address, and inclose stamps, I shall be glad to answer by mail.

ALABAMA BOYS AND OTHERS—I cannot discuss the question of the marriage of first cousins, and I must ask my many friends, both girls and boys, if they will excuse my refusing to give any opinion upon the subject.

MAUDE—Every wedding present should be acknowledged by a personal note of thanks. Of course, these may be written by the sister or mother of the bride if she is too busy to attend to them, but her name should be signed.

PEGGY—At a quiet home wedding the bride would wear, with a traveling dress, her hat and gloves. (2) A simple menu consists of salads, sandwiches, ices, bride's cake, small cakes, coffee, lemonade and any other beverage you may desire.

MAUD M.—The only unmarried daughter should have "Miss Morton" on her cards. (2) If plain black is assumed at the death of a mother it should be worn for one year, and during that time the wearer would not go to any large entertainments.

L. H. G.—When an "at home" card is received a married lady in calling in the afternoon would leave one of her own and two of her husband's cards. If the cards were for an evening reception her husband would go with her and no visiting-cards would be left.

KEITH—There would be no impropriety, as you are a stranger, in mentioning this to the ladies you meet, and so giving them an opportunity, if they desire, to call upon you. (2) Finger-bowls are only in order after dinner, or when fruit has been served. There should be one for each person.

INQUIRER—If the young lady is to be married at the house of a friend the invitation should read in this way: "Mrs. James Lewis requests the pleasure of your presence at the marriage of Miss Mary Brown to Mr. John Smith on Wednesday at high noon, December twenty-fifth, 555 Fifth Avenue."

A. M. O.—It would be in very bad taste for a hostess to leave visitors, who were relatives of her husband's, alone, while she went to an entertainment to which they had not been invited. A well-bred woman thinks first of the comfort and pleasure of her guests and counts her own as entirely secondary.

LILLIE—Thank you for your kind words. It pleases me very much to know that anything I have written has helped a girl, and especially one who is out in the workaday world. The best encouragement I can give you is to say, "God bless you and give you health and strength so that your burden may seem light."

E. L. C.—The bridegroom sends the bride and her bridesmaids their bouquets, pays the clergyman's fee and furnishes the carriage in which he and the best man go to the church, and in which he and the bride return from the church. He usually gives the ushers and best man some souvenir of the occasion, oftenest scarfpins.

CARNATION—A girl of sixteen could, with propriety, wear a simple, pretty party dress at her sister's wedding. (2) Unless a girl expects to go into a great deal of society she will find that with those dresses she has already, a smart walking dress, a handsome visiting dress, and two house dresses will be sufficient for her trousseau.

MARYLAND—It is in very bad taste to have "Mrs. Doctor Brown" on your visiting-cards, or to permit yourself to be addressed in that way. The fact that your husband is a doctor does not make you one. Your cards should read "Mrs. James Madison Brown," and you should be known socially as "Doctor and Mrs. James Madison Brown."

J. B. V.—When you wish to notify friends that you are visiting in their city send a card by post with your address written upon it and the date of your visit, that is, your arrival and departure. (2) The preferred visiting-card is rather smaller than has been used for some time, is longer than square, is quite thin and has the name engraved in script.

JULIE—I do not think it is necessary for you to speak to the young men with whom you are not acquainted simply because they are in your class at school. (2) The ordinary cold cream, sold by most druggists, is that which I recommend for use on the hands. (3) The Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL sells my book entitled "Side-Talks with Girls."

C. R.—I cannot recommend anything for the eyelashes, inasmuch as in applying a preparation to them the eyes would be apt to suffer. (2) A girl of seventeen would wear her dresses as long as those of a grown woman. (3) If the invitation is in the third person answer it in that way. If it is written informally give it an informal and pleasant answer.

M. E.—Oxalic acid will remove most stains from the hands; of course, one should be careful in using it as it is a deadly poison. (2) It is not in good taste for a young girl to appear at a boarding-school table in a loose wrapper. (3) Soda is apt to stiffen and take all gloss from the hair. (4) I do not think it wise for girls to wear scarfpins or college pins belonging to their men friends.

DAISY—In writing to a firm begin your letter, "Messrs. James Brown, Smith & Company: Gentlemen:—" (2) A young girl usually wears mourning for her mother for one year; after that, plain all black is assumed for six months, and then any color desired may be put on. What used to be known as "second mourning," that is, the wearing of gray, lavender and white, no longer obtains.

MANZANITA—It would be wiser, as the French class only consists of yourself and one gentleman, to have either your mother, sister or a woman friend present during the lesson. (2) It is perfectly proper to write a letter of congratulation to a man friend who is recovering from a serious illness. (3) Young girls who do not wish to have the world speak harshly of them do not go out driving with young men alone at night.

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THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

GLOVER—The Johnstown flood occurred in May, 1889.

O. H. W.—Sicily is called "The corn chamber of Italy."

QUAKERTOWN—"Bullion" is uncoined gold or silver.

MARGUERITE—The birthday stone for October is the opal.

L. D.—The Kohinoor is in the possession of Queen Victoria.

JEANNIE—The birthday stone for March is the bloodstone.

GRAFTON—Ismail Pasha died near Constantinople on March 2, 1895.

BATAVIA—Java is the most important island of the Dutch East Indies.

IAY—Chauncey Depew was born at Peekskill, New York, in April 1834.

KEITH—The name Bonaparte was originally spelled Buonaparte.

RITTENHOUSE—National banks are organized under National laws.

GOSHEN—John C. Calhoun was the author of the term "State's Rights."

LESTER—Frederick Macmonnies, the sculptor, was born in Brooklyn in 1863.

GALTON—The Brotherhood of St. Andrew was organized in Chicago in 1883.

RACHEL—There is no free training class for kindergarten in New York City.

GWENDOLIN—Women are admitted to the New York State bar on the same terms as men.

G. M. A.—The next National encampment of the G. A. R. will be held in St. Paul, Minnesota.

O. H. R.—Western University at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, admits women on the same terms as men.

GRAND ARMY—General George B. McClellan is buried in Riverview Cemetery, Trenton, New Jersey.

TRENTON—The birthday stone for May is the emerald. (2) The name "Dorothy" signifies gift of God.

GEORGINE—Easter Sunday will this year fall on the fifth of April. (2) A cameo is the reverse of an intaglio.

G. J. A.—Alma Tadema was born at Drowryp in the Netherlands, January 8, 1836. He has been twice married.

PORT CHESTER—Express charges vary according to the character and weight of the article and the distance it must be carried.

KALAMAZOO—There is a free class of stenography and typewriting in connection with the Cooper Institute in New York City.

MISS L.—Inéz de Castro was exhumed six years after her assassination, and crowned Queen of Portugal by her husband, Dom Pedro.

CURIOUS—No person bearing an hereditary title can become a naturalized citizen of the United States without first renouncing the title.

J. S.—The average height of the Sierra Nevada is ten thousand feet. (2) The Smithsonian Institute at Washington was established in 1846.

CAIRO—Kingdon, Jay, Marjorie Gwynne and Vivien are the names of George Gould's four children. (2) The finest rubies are found in Burmah.

REBECCA AND M.—A slight earthquake shock was felt along the Atlantic seaboard from Delaware to Long Island on the first of September last year.

X. Y. Z.—There is a statute law which provides that when a legal holiday falls on a Sunday, the day following shall also be observed as a legal holiday.

M. F. D.—Mrs. Langtry made her American *début* at Palmer's Theatre, New York, on November 6, 1882. The play produced was "An Unequal Match."

LANCASTER—Queen Victoria's titles are as follows: Her Majesty, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India.

JEAN—Joan of Arc was born in 1412. She was burned at the stake at Rome in 1431. Bastien-Lepage's picture of her is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

LITTLE TOM—John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, on December 2, 1859. (2) The cleanest cities in the world are said to be Paris, in France, and Brock, in Holland.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The Monroe Doctrine, in American politics, is the doctrine of the non-intervention of European powers in matters relating to the American continents.

ANNIE W.—There is an Elizabeth Cary Agassiz scholarship in connection with Radcliffe College. It was established in honor of Mrs. Agassiz, who may be said to have been the original founder of the college.

MOFFETT—Hovenden's picture, "Breaking Home Ties," belongs to Mr. C. C. Harrison, of Philadelphia. (2) Lake Superior is the largest sheet of fresh water in the world. Its area is 31,200 square miles; its length 412 miles.

MANY MEN—It is customary for men to wear deep mourning for wife or mother for not less than a year, black clothes, black necktie, black hat with crape band and black gloves. The use of mourning stationery is optional.

GRAY'S FERRY—New York is said to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world. (2) The Nautical School in New York is in no sense of the word a reformatory. (3) Jay Gould is buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

PALATA—The expression "to see the lions" dates from the time when the royal lions at the Tower of London (before the existence of the Zoölogical Gardens) were a London wonder which strangers were usually taken to see.

INQUIRER—The Thousand Islands are partly in New York and partly in Canada, lying in an expansion of the St. Lawrence River from the northeastern end of Lake Ontario for about forty miles; there are over sixteen hundred of them.

NATALIE—Buzzard's Bay is an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean lying southeast of Massachusetts. (2) Joseph Jefferson was born at Philadelphia in 1829. Jefferson's autobiography has been published; in it you will find all that you desire to know concerning him.

F. F. P.—Adelaide Neilson, the actress, is buried at Brompton Cemetery, London, England. (2) The original "Blarney Stone" was not at the World's Fair. In the Irish Village there was a reproduction of Blarney Castle and also one of the Blarney Stone.

LEX—The climate of California varies according to the distance from the ocean, situation with reference to the mountain ranges and height above the sea level. There are, however, certain peculiar features which obtain all over the State, and the climate is altogether mild and uniform.

TRASK—Any young man of good character can secure a bond for any position of trust which may be offered him, by paying a small annual premium to one of the many guarantee and surety companies that are in existence in the large cities. Of course references must be given.

PERPLEXED—The centurial years are leap years only when they are divisible by 400. The year 1900 is not so divisible and, therefore, it will not be a leap year. (2) The "House of Lords" in the British Parliament consists of the whole peerage of England and of certain representatives of the peerage of Scotland and Ireland.

H. P. T.—Mary Anderson was born at Sacramento on July 28, 1859. Her parents removed to Louisville, Kentucky, when she was only six months old, and her home was there until her seventeenth year, when she went upon the stage. Her retirement from the stage occurred in 1889. Shortly after this she married Mr. Antonio de Navarro.

GORHAM—The third National Republican Convention was held at Baltimore, Maryland, on June 7, 1864. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson were nominated; Lincoln received the vote of all the States. The States in rebellion were unrepresented, except Missouri, the delegates from which were under instructions to vote for General Grant.

WINDSOR—A "composite picture" means a succession of photographic impressions imposed one upon the other in the same plate so as to produce in a single picture the combined likeness of various persons. (2) The free delivery of mail matter by carriers took effect July 1, 1863, and was put in operation in forty-nine offices. (3) John Wanamaker was born in Philadelphia in 1837.

MRS. J. T.—The building associations of Philadelphia do not, as a rule, lend money outside of the county in which they are organized, and never on property outside of Pennsylvania. (2) Brooklyn has the largest church membership of any city in the United States; Philadelphia has the largest number of churches. According to some recent statistics Philadelphia has 664 churches, New York 534, Chicago 500 and Brooklyn 383.

MANY INQUIRERS—Washington's birth is recorded in the family Bible as having taken place on "ye 11th day of February, 1732." This was before the adoption of the modern calendar by England, and this day was observed by Washington as his birthday until his twentieth year. The first known public celebration of Washington's birthday was on February 11, 1784. The old-style date was still adhered to. This was during the lifetime of the first President, and completed his fifty-second year.

SEVERAL MEN—Port Arthur, which Russia is said to have acquired by treaty with China, is the strongest fortified place on the coast, and one of the best harbors, though it is closed by ice during three months of the year. It is at the southwestern end of the Gulf of Corea and is the arsenal of Northern China, containing cannon, foundaries, gun factories, powder mills, ship yards and docks. It is defended by a system of forts armed with Krupp guns and all modern appliances of fortification, making it in competent hands well nigh impregnable.

CARRIE—Numerous experiments with hypnotism as a curative agent have been made but the results have not been satisfactory. (2) The late war between China and Japan was called "The Yellow War." (3) The origin of the expression "Jones, he pays the freight," is as follows: Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Jones of New York, a large manufacturer of scales and a large advertiser, in quoting the prices of his scales in his advertisements invariably added the words, "Jones, he pays the freight." When he became a candidate for office the phrase came into popular use.

APPLEGATE—The President of the United States, both on his arrival at and departure from a military post or when passing its vicinity, receives a salute of twenty-one guns. The Vice-President and President of the Senate receives a salute of nineteen guns; members of the Cabinet, the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, a Committee of Congress officially visiting a military post, and Governors within their respective States and Territories receive a salute of seventeen guns. The Assistant Secretary of War receives a salute of fifteen guns.

MARIETTA—Applicants for examination under the Civil Service Law must be citizens of the United States of the proper age. No person habitually using intoxicating liquors is eligible. No discrimination is made on account of sex, color, or political or religious opinions. The limitations of age are: For the Departmental Service, not under twenty years; in the Customs Service, not under twenty-one years, except clerks or messengers, who must not be under twenty years; in the Postal Service, not under eighteen years, except carriers, who must not be under twenty-one nor over forty, and in the Railway Mail Service, not under eighteen nor over thirty-five years. The age limitations do not apply to any person honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty.

ORANGE CITY—The following information concerning the Anneke Jans heirs is all that we have been able to obtain: In 1638 Everadus Bogardus married Anneke Jans, the widow of Roelof Jans. The lady had inherited from her first husband a farm of sixty-two acres, situated in what is now the centre of the business part of New York City. This piece of land was known for many years as "Dominie's Bowery." In 1647 Dominie Bogardus sailed for Holland. The ship was wrecked in Bristol Channel, and Bogardus was among the passengers that were lost. Whether it was because his heirs did not pay due attention to attesting their claim to the "Bowery" or whether they were in some way bought off is not now known, but shortly after the taking of the New Netherlands by the British, in 1664, this land was in the possession of the Government and was known as the "King's Farm." In 1705 this tract was granted by the crown to Trinity Church corporation and became the foundation of its great wealth. The descendants of Anneke Jans Bogardus have made many attempts to have their claims recognized by the courts, but without success. As the church's title to the property from the crown is complete it is extremely improbable that the heirs will ever get any part of it.

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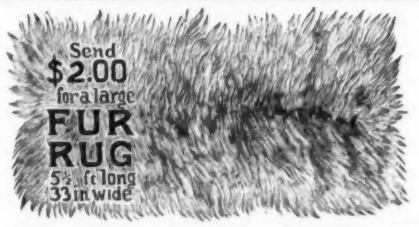

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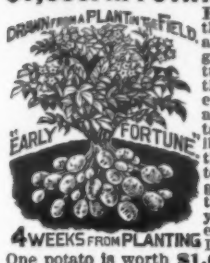

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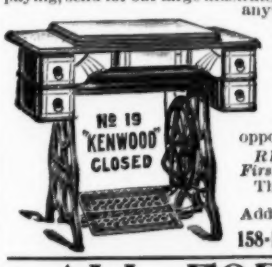

REFERENCES: Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Agency, First National Bank, Chicago; whose capital is $6,000,000.00.

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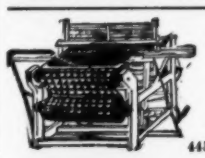

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